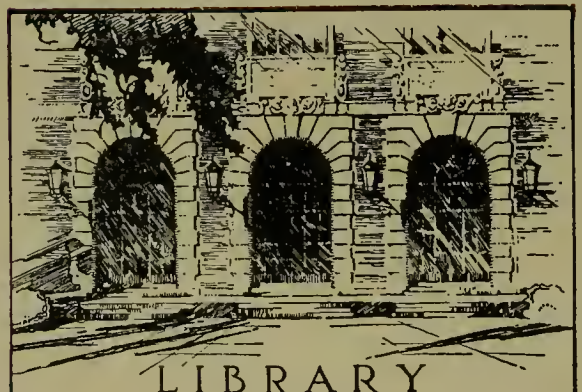
823
J489me
1846
v.2



LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY
OF ILLINOIS

823
J489me
1846
v. 2

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2009 with funding from
University of Illinois Urbana-Champaign

http://www.archive.org/details/menofcharacter02jeno

Frontispiece. Vol II.

JOHN APPLEJOHN'S HUMANE INTENTIONS.

London: Henry Colburn, Great Marlborough Street, 1838.

MEN OF CHARACTER.

BY

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

"We must admonish thee, my worthy friend (for, perhaps, thy heart may be better than thy head), not to condemn a character as a bad one, because it is not perfectly a good one. If thou dost delight in these models of perfection, there are books enow written to gratify thy taste; but as we have not, in the course of our conversation, ever happened to meet with any such person, we have not chosen to introduce any such here."

FIELDING.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

HENRY COLBURN;

A. K. NEWMAN AND COMPANY.

1846.

823
J489me
1846
v.2

CONTENTS

OF

THE SECOND VOLUME.

JOHN APPLEJOHN:
THE MAN WHO "MEANT WELL."

JOHN APPLEJOHN:

THE MAN WHO "MEANT WELL."

CHAPTER I.

Beloved reader,—we beg your company up Chancery Lane on a visit of introduction to our well-meaning friend, John Applejohn. Our pen, being fallen from the wing of truth—and that truth has wings, they who have pursued her can best testify—we could not, if we would, be silent on the objects skirting your path. No: the feather in our fingers, like the wand of a magician, sways us to its purpose: we are but the obedient instrument of a compelling power. Otherwise, incited by the waywardness of our temper, we might indulge in fictitious evil; we might delight to build a dungeon, hurrying you from a thyme-covered bank in Arcady; we might, with savage haste, depict a band of cannibals, eating as at an assize dinner,—whereas, we are bound to show a ring of placid Brahmins, taking their bloodless meal beneath the great banyan!

We have entered Chancery Lane. Behold a gentleman in glossy black, with pale and contemplative face; with half-closed lids, and eyes, hare-like, thrown back: he glances at an opposite arch, the entrance to a solemn Hall, where nothing is heard save notes of sweetest sound—justice tinkling her golden scales! The arch to common eyes is built of coarsest stone: it is a piece of purest ivory, worthy to frame the looking-glass of truth; whose silver-voiced sons pass rustling in and out, arrayed in her sable garb—for truth, a milk-white virgin in the sky, became an Ethiop when she touched the earth; albeit that these her children ofttimes deny the change, vowing her blackest black to be the whitest white. And in and out these goodly creatures pass,—wisdom on their brows, hope in their eyes, and peace and love upon their lips. Their awful heads bear curled treasures, snatched from the manes and tails of steeds of Araby, whitened with powdered pearls which Venus' self might weep for. The phœnix might nestle in one of these—by the profane illiterate denominated wigs—deeming it his chosen spicery!

And see that loitering band of middle-aged and venerable men. What a halo of benevolence surrounds each head and glistens on each face! With a wise contempt of outward show, they are clad in

threadbare raiments; yes, though able to appear in purple and fine linen, they meekly choose to stand in faded black and amber-coloured cotton. And yet these practical philanthropists will, in the kindest spirit of intelligence, speak of their abounding wealth: nay, to serve their fellow-creatures, they have been known to swear to it. They have made oath to their possessions,—wealth in bonds, and granaries heaped with yellow corn; and this, when the reckless vulgar have called them—men of straw!

A little onward, and we halt at the simple dwelling of the sober scrivener. Old Egypt, with her paragraphs of pictures, comes upon us, as we contemplate the labouring scribes. How wise the craft,—how profound the mystery! Look at the ample skin;—with what occult wisdom is it overwrought! How thickly is the true meaning shrouded from the common brain, perplexed and reeling at the cunning of the art! Grope manfully through the labyrinth of words, and though you are but a vulgar man, you will apprehend the sense as easily as would the eyeless Sampson. Is not the device most exquisite? Is not this cobweb writing —("the wise *convey* it call")—most admirable? But ere you hope to seize its purport in its pure simplicity, first learn to tell us what language speaks the painted dog of Cheops?—what his cat?—what

the ibis?—and what the mystic crocodile? Even the stamped lion and unicorn at the margin of the deed, with their open, ingenuous faces, seem to wonder at the mystery they are called upon to make valid and to dignify.

Not so fast: tarry and consider these goodly rows of tomes, in coats of leather made sacred to the law. Do you not feel a sudden bowing of the spirit?—an awe, as if the sages of long-departed time rose silently as vapours from their tombs, and stared upon you? Ponder on the mighty brains conserved in the leaves before you. Marvel at the untiring spirit that hath painted right and wrong, and both in colours softening delicately down, that where the separate lines begin or end, it asks some fifty spirits more to tell. Musing on the books, our fancy changes them to different things: now, they are pieces of pure crystal—now, wedges of thrice-assayed gold—now, pots of honey for the hungering—medicine for the sick. Here, the stricken stranger, bleeding with his wrongs, may pause and read his glorious remedy. Here, the wan widow gathers hope for her just cause—and here, the orphan dries her sorrow, comforted by strong assertion. And here, the man, hurt by some neighbour's tongue, may learn if he be surely hurt or not! Survey the shelves: they bend with the weight of grave opinions;—and learn this further good, that to a single

point there run a hundred opposite lines. Look again: the place is thronged with forms. We are led back to the days of the first Henry—of that foolish bully, John—of pious Edward. And there are the "forest laws:" and with a thought, we have the villain driving his swine to the beech trees, the immortal man but little raised above his grunting charge: we see the sport of nobles, and the pain of serfs, and we sigh for the days of the picturesque when the life of a man was of no more account than the life of a deer. Talk of vendors of romance! give us the window of a law-bookseller for the bloody tales of iron life. See, there—"State Trials" in a massive row: the books are gone—but there is an array of faces! Time, the great cleanser, has been there at work. There, the miserable man of lies, his ears clipped to the skull, is a preacher of truth; and there, the leprous traitor loses his loathsome scales, and smiles on passing generations a bright-faced martyr!

Turn we from the houses, to the passengers and loiterers at doors. Certain provinces are distinguished by the comeliness of their inhabitants. Throughout this vast city, as far as watchful experience has shown us, there is no place in which we meet with so much human beauty, certainly of a peculiar character, as in Chancery-lane; the more especially when the courts are sitting. Look at that slim,

short, young man, at the end of an alley; his eyes rolling and twinkling in their sockets, as though he feared a tiger was at hand, but where he knew not. He stands but a few paces from his own sweet home, like a spider advanced upon its web. His face shows him to be a descendant of the patriarchs; it has an anxious though not a melancholy beauty: he has a mildly drooping lip and the eye of a moulting hawk. No man has watched some of his fellow-creatures with greater zeal; and if the labour have deepened his spirit, it has also sharpened it. There, again, is a man of a quite different mark: his acute study of the law, his intimate knowledge of its green winding alleys and its mossy nooks, has repaid him with advantages he cares not to conceal: witness the sapphire, larger than a beetle, brightening in his breast; his fingers ringed to the joint with flashing gems; his chain of gold swinging in massive loop at his velvet vest. His face of fine Mosaic outline, is, with intense legal investigation, become a face of *terra cotta:* yes, it is a baked brick cut into a countenance.

And there are two or three of the humbler priesthood—the working clergy in the cause of right; the toiling souls who bear the insignia and the types of law,—who do "personal service" to a thousand men, and think but little of the act. And there is the portly broker—the smooth-faced

sworn functionary; he with universal judgment, who—on the sanctity of his oath—philosophically and arithmetically proves the worth of all things!

Obedient reader, shall we proceed? It is a hot June evening, and the pent air burns and stifles like the heat of an oven.

Stay; who have we seated on this step,—his elbow on his knee, his face in his hand? Who is he, that on a sultry night in June sits on the step of a house—one of the dozen places of ease to the larger gaols? Who is he—who can he be?

Reader,—he is John Applejohn; a simple soul of good dispositions,—a man who "means well."

CHAPTER II.

"I AM very sorry, Mr. Applejohn—very sorry, indeed; but you must know I am a father and"—

"To be sure," said John, "or how could I marry Sarah?"—and our hero looked innocently into the face of a tall, big man, rustic in his dress and manner, who now tapped his leather gaiter with an ash stick, and now scrambled his fingers through his thin grey hair, and now coughed, and tried to put a resolute look into his broad, healthy, unthinking countenance, which in its general expression might

have typified the strength and hearty virtues of that worthiest of knights, good Sir John Barleycorn.

"I am very sorry for you indeed, John—Mr. Applejohn,"—and the sorrowful speaker passed the wide cuff of his drab coat round his hat and fell into deeper melancholy.

"Why,—master Twopenny"—and John stared, and his mouth widened and grew rigid, and his blood sank from his face as he spoke—"no, no—there's no harm come to Sarah? No!—Sarah's well?"—

"As well as you'll let her be," said Twopenny.

"As well as I'll let her be—I?" cried John in amazement—"but come in—come in, master Twopenny," and John fluttered into a small room, and Twopenny, sighing, and slowly rubbing his cheek, heavily followed.

If we know anything of the brain of the reader, we think we can divine the cause of his present discontent. Of course, he is dissatisfied at the apparent irregularity of our plan. We are bold to ask a little patience at the beginning, though we may want the effrontery to solicit the favour as we proceed. Does the reader recollect the time, when his unformed taste led him to the playhouse? If we may, without offence, call back his thoughts to those days of vulgar ignorance, we may demand of him,—if he have never known the future hero or heroine

of the scene exhibited in a vision by a benignant fairy? Has he never beheld the sleeping loveliness, all unconscious of the exhibition, made to dawn upon the enraptured lover, and then fade away to "slow music;"—to be shown, it may be the next minute, in rags and tatters drudging at the hearth? We have wished, but with all humility, to imitate the tricks of Puck; and though, perhaps, Chancery-lane may hardly be considered fairy-land, we have with the gentle waving of our goose-feather, introduced John Applejohn seated there upon a step; and, now with the same mild tyranny, have wafted him to his own small shop, which he has just quitted for the back parlour, yeoman Twopenny hanging at his heels.

"Sarah?" cried John as he fell into a chair.

"All's well," said old Twopenny, leaning on his stick, and lowering himself into his seat: but did a sentinel cry "all's well" in the tones of the farmer, we have no doubt that the crew would run upon deck in their shirts, to learn the extent of the calamity.

"But, farmer Twopenny," began John; when the old man flung up his broad hand, knitted his brows, shook his head, and having growled a clear passage for the coming inquiry, asked deeply, yet very distinctly—

"Mr. John Applejohn, what do you think of brandy?"—

(Now, it is uncharitable to question the extent of knowledge of any man; the more so of that kind of knowledge which may be learned in secret, the unostentatious student shunning the staring eyes of the Argus world. We will not therefore venture an opinion on the wisdom of our hero in the article of brandy: we might underate his acquirements, and we would do injustice to no one. "What do you think of brandy?" How familiar —how common-place the query!—yet what a world of different meaning may be put in it! How wide the field of speculation opened by the syllables! How august the persons to whom they may be whispered! Let us imagine a man of philosophic mind—a magnate of the land—a man, whose tongue, "like to a summer brook," is running with continual music.—See him rise to the assembled peers: hear him in the very passion of eloquence arraign some giant wrong—see him paint some general vice—and listen to the shouts, the treble cries of admiration that burst and ring about him. And all he has said—every word he has uttered—is born of a stern, a sober spirit vowed eternally to wisdom and to right. He sits down, the roof above him, the floor beneath, echoing, shaking with admiring clamour. Bless us! a wasp has stung his lordship on the ear! By no means, —his lordship it is true jumped, and put his hand

to his wig; but it was when a wicked, satirical little gnome, inquired of the peer, palpitating with his new triumph—"My lord, what do you think of brandy?" We should offer an impertinence to the imagination of the reader, did we attempt to follow fully out all the cases in which the question is inevitably provoked. To a learned professor, the anchorite of a college,—to him, whose daily wont it is to speak of temperance as the mother of many virtues—to the physician writing upon dietetics —to the fair one, deserted in middle-life, and grown roseate with weeping—to one and all some vagrant imp might ask—"Dear professor—excellent doctor —lovely lady—what do you think of brandy?")

We declare that no time has been lost to the reader by the above paragraph, for John Applejohn has not yet hit upon what he deems a satisfactory answer; thus, he echoed the question—"think of brandy? Why, farmer, as for brandy, in its way"—

"Then what do you say to rum?" demanded Twopenny, and he looked inquisitorially at the hesitating John.

"I can't say that I much like it," said John shortly.

"Ho! then,"—and farmer Twopenny, with the manner of a confessor putting a tremendous question to a shameful sinner, asked—"then what's your opinion of gin?"

"Poison," and John looked as if he had unconsciously swallowed a mortal draught.

"Ho! ho! well, I'm blessed! Then, Mr. Applejohn," and the old man seemed to become irritable at the capricious taste of our hero—"then, sir, if it be none of the three,—perhaps, you'll be good enough to tell me what you think of wine?"

"A little wine is a great comfort," said John; and there was an honesty in his speech and face enough to make a reasonable man of his opinion. The farmer, however, showed himself, as we think, far from reasonable; for no sooner had John published his short sentiment on wine, than Twopenny rose to his feet, rapt his leg with his ash-stick, and gave a long whistle.

"Why, what is all this—what is," and then a light fell upon John, "why, now, farmer—I'm sure, I'd quite forgot; you see, things are all at odds here, and will be till Sarah comes to take 'em in hand—but if you'd wanted anything to drink, you needn't have beat the bush for it. I'm sure I"—and John was about to quit the parlour, when his arm was vigorously grasped by the farmer, who shook his head till his cheeks quivered with the motion, and roared louder and louder—"Not a drop—not a drop—not a drop," accompanying the last three words with an action of the wrist that brought John once more into his chair.

"Why, what is the matter?" cried the bewildered John.

Twopenny drew a long sigh, pulled out his pocket-handkerchief, and returned to a former sentence; again he said—"I'm very sorry, Mr. Applejohn,—very sorry; but you must know that I am a father, and"—

"To be sure you are; well?"—

"And the happiness of Sarah isn't to be thrown away? You'll allow that?"

"Certainly: thrown away!" cried Applejohn shuddering at the very thought.

"And as the chances run that a girl may only get one husband, a father ought—now, you must allow this without any offence, Mr. Applejohn—you must allow this—a father ought to take care that he should be a good one. Now, you will allow this?" said Twopenny, gently touching the knee of the astonished John.

"It isn't to be denied; and I hope, Mr. Twopenny"—

"Gently—gently, if you please; but you after me. I always thought well of you, Mr. Applejohn" —John bowed thankfully—"I thought you a moral young man, and more than that, a good workman; if you did but know your own worth, Mr. Applejohn! No man's name stands higher for buckskins —there doesn't," and the old farmer solemnized

his assertion by savagely slapping his own leg—"no, there doesn't! And yet, what are good gifts, if folks will cast 'em away? Pearls to pigs, Mr. Applejohn—pearls to pigs."

John looked at Twopenny, and became assured of the real state of the case; it was evident to John that the old man had drunk himself through all the grades of intoxication, arriving at that dreary point where something like a sad sobriety ensues.

"No, Mr. Applejohn, I couldn't ha' thought it; I'd never ha' believed you were born to drink."

"Drink!" cried John emphatically, and then immediately restraining himself in deference to the unguarded condition of the farmer. "What shall I do with him?" thought John.

"Yes,—drink; it's worse than the black art when it fastens on a man. Drunkenness! why it's as bad to a young man as what they call chemistry," declared the farmer; though it is our belief that when he associated drunkenness with chemistry he meant —alchemy.

"True, master Twopenny—very true," cried John, humouring the old man whom he thought fast sinking into tipsy maudlin, though in truth he was every moment becoming more soberly pathetic. "True, master Twopenny,—and yet a little—little drink,"—

"Oh! that's it, that's it, John Applejohn—a

little!" and the farmer pushed his chair away; then, pausing a moment, looked upon the floor, and repeated "a little!"

"Now, master Twopenny," and John waxed serious, "what have you seen in me?"—

"Seen? A little drink! Seen? Tell me this, John Applejohn—tell me this," and Twopenny brought his chair back, and with his broad fingers patting John's wrist, looked into the young man's simple face, and asked in a voice of subdued earnestness, "John Applejohn, did you ever see a pumpkin in a bottle?"

John paused ere he replied: it was a delicate question to answer at a short summons; he taxed his memory—he believed he had seen some such phenomenon.

"And do you know how it got there?" John shook his head in ignorance of a mystery which, we have no doubt, has paralized wiser heads than his. "You don't know how it got there?" cried Twopenny—"I'll tell ye;" and with "bated breath" and serious visage, Twopenny leaned over to the ear of John, and took it upon his own sagacity to say—"they put the pumpkin in when it was little." Saying which, the farmer drew back, anxiously awaiting the effect of the intelligence upon John; who, we presume, was not altogether astonished by

the published secret, for he stroked his chin, and calmly remarked—"Indeed." On this, Mr. Twopenny slowly rose to his full height.

"Well, Mr. Applejohn, then I've nothing more to say—you know my mind?"

"He is very drunk," thought John.

"Now, we understand one another," said Twopenny.

"Not quite," said John meekly.

"No! why, this it is then; a man"—and the farmer spoke with great solemnity—"a man is a pumpkin."

"Excessively drunk," thought John.

"He begins to drink little by little—but the thing grows and grows, until at last, he cannot free himself—he can't get out,—he can't get out, John," cried the farmer in a tone of reproach.

"Very true," said Applejohn, dimly apprehending the moral application.

"And so I am come to the religious determination that you shall never marry my Sally," said the stern Twopenny.

John had scarcely breath sufficient to ask, "why not?"

"Because," cried the farmer with a searching glance—"because, you are found out."

"Found out!" gasped Applejohn.

"Found out," repeated Twopenny "you sha'n't have Sally; for I'm determined, when she takes a husband, she sha'n't marry a pumpkin in a bottle." The farmer said no more; three strides took him into the street—John as if stunned by a blow followed to the door, and staring after his visitor, remarked to himself—"How very well he walks—and yet, how very drunk!" Now, in very truth, farmer Twopenny was sober as a Hindoo.

CHAPTER III.

THREE days had passed, and every morning John Applejohn had leaned, with a beating heart, at his door-post. The fourth morning was come, and John was again watching. A shepherd, gazing for the folding-star—a sailor looking for the land—a place-hunter at the levee of a minister—feels nothing to the lover waiting for the postman. Thrice had Giltedge passed the door of John, and with a short shake of the head, had sent him almost exanimate into his parlour: again the postman approached the habitation of the lover. With what attributes do our hopes and fears invest the meanest objects! Behold Giltedge, a plain pock-marked man, in a red coat, holding in his right hand a bundle of written papers. To some he comes as the image of

death—a walking skeleton: for see, he holds the shilling in his grim mouth, as he calmly feels for twopence change for a tenpenny missive, the black seal of which has made that woman cold and white as stone: the seal is broken—she is a widow—her blue-eyed boy is fatherless. The postman strides onward, his red skirts streaming to the wind: he stops short and gives, what seems a passionate pull at the third-story bell. What a spasm of the heart has that worn man, the three-pair lodger, suffered at the sound! and what a sweet look of love and resignation—of comforting meekness—has his wife cast towards him, ere she leaves the room to struggle with her tears, as she descends the stairs to meet the summons! She returns—the letter in her hand —and still a smile upon her face. The wafer yields its charge; at the first glance the husband sees the walls of a goal—the instruments of lawful rapine. The miscreant owes forty shillings; and the wise and benificent law—as expounding itself in that short letter—tells him that if he cannot pay the forty, the sum shall to-morrow be made nearly eighty; and in a few fleet days, the last sum shall be doubled, calm justice sweetly smiling on the deed. That he cannot pay on the instant forty shillings makes him a criminal; poverty is very properly in the eye of the law, guilt, for never can we consent to believe that the law would punish misery. Be-

sides, there is an importance in high cost; that some five shillings should serve to recover a hundred would greatly diminish the dignity of law.

While we have talked, the postman has proceeded up the street, and to the hopeful imagination of John appears a very different person from Alexander Giltedge. No; to John, the postman looks no other than the boy pictured in the valentine to Sally; the red coat fades into the common light—the stockings vanish—the shoes are gone—the hat is exhaled—and Giltedge with bare legs, a light blue scarf across his naked shoulders, and between his dove-like wings, cometh mincingly up the street, holding between his small finger and thumb—a letter from Sarah. We are right; for John has snatched the offering of love, and with the other hand presented the precise amount of postage. "Paid," says the Cupid in the scarlet coat, and passes on. John rushes with his prize into the back room. His thumb is on the seal, when he pauses a moment, and sighs deeply: another moment, and the seal is broken. John reads, and as he reads, we are sure the fiends rejoice.—

"My dear John,—Did I ever think I should live to see this day! It is better that I should have died—much better that I had never been born! My father makes me write this, and though I mean every word I write, my heart bleeds at every sylla-

ble. It is in vain they tell me that I ought to thank heaven for my escape; I have tried to do so, but I can't—and yet I feel it very wicked not to be grateful. Oh, John! could I have thought it of you! though I tremble to think of your deceit. You, who always seemed so sober—and now to be found out! But I won't upbraid you, John, although my heart is breaking. I have said all I could for you to my father, but he is harder than any flint against you. For your own sake, John, leave off this dreadful habit: think what it must lead to—and shun liquor more than you would shun a fever; for that only hurts the body—drink kills a good name. When I think of you as I first saw you—and think what this wicked course will make of you—how it will leave you without friends, without health—a jeer for the world, and a burthen to yourself, I could—for all my father says—cry myself blind to save you. Do, John, pray do, step back from the pit that is open at your foot; and do not forget that although you and I—my father makes me write it, has made me promise it—although you and I, must never meet again, you will never cease to be remembered by—SARAH."

(A few words added as a postscript had been carefully marked out.)

John looked up from the letter, with gaping mouth and an unconscious stare: it *was* paper, real

paper that he held—and, yes, the hand was the hand of Sarah !

"Good morning, Mr. Applejohn." The greeting was repeated, ere John was conscious of the presence of a visitor, who, having thrice knocked without an invitation to enter, had opened the door. "Good morning,—eh ?—not very well,"—observed the considerate stranger.

"A—a sick headache," said John. "I—sit down, Mr. Warp,—I—excuse me—but a minute," and John all but reeled from the apartment.

Mr. Warp threw his eyes up to the ceiling, and ejaculated—"So early in the day, too !" And then, a flood of charity setting in upon him, his benevolence suggested—"perhaps, drunk last night, and not recovered yet." This amiable extenuation was in full force, when John returned : his face was haggard, and his eyes wandering. "Quite plain," concluded Warp—"never been in bed. And a young man who might have done so well, too !"

"And now, Mr. Warp—what's the business, sir ? —for the truth is, I—I who was last night one of the happiest fellows," and John sighed deeply, and covered his eyes with his hand.

"Yes, Mr. Applejohn—very true : we may think ourselves as happy as kings at night,—but the next morning, Mr. Applejohn—the next morn-

ing," and Warp tapped his forehead, and then pointed his middle finger to his stomach.

John, who heard the words but saw not the action of Warp, concluded that he had uttered a moral reflection on the uncertainty of human bliss. "Ha! Mr. Warp, if I could have thought what would have followed, I shouldn't suffer what I now do."

"It's sure to happen, Mr. Applejohn—it's sure to happen, unless we are very lucky, indeed, in what is set before us."

John was so possessed by his grief that the entire ignorance of Warp on the subject never occurred to him. "I didn't think there could be better," said John.

"Perhaps, then," Mr. Warp remarked, very acutely, "perhaps, then, you mixed a good deal?"

"No—no,"—said John with affecting vehemence —"I know, I have enemies—I'm sure of it; but the bitterest foe I have can't accuse me of that. No man could be more constant. And now, what to do with myself I can't tell," and again he put his hand to his head.

"Have you tried nothing?" asked Warp. John was silent. "Then take my advice.—I was young myself once, Mr. Applejohn, and know what a little attack of the sort is—take my advice; try my remedy—you have nothing to do but to take"—

"What?—take what?" interrupted John with sudden impatience.

"Take a hair of the dog that bit you!" saying which, Warp sat bolt upright, as though suddenly pulled by a string. He sat erect, and nodded smilingly at the sufferer.

"A dog! bit me! why,—what dog?" asked John, staring at his adviser.

"Why,—he! he!—hav'n't you heard the saying?"—(the hypocrite! he must have heard it, judged Warp)—"he! he! a hair of the dog that bit you. That is, if a great deal of brandy did the mischief last night, a little drop of the same may bring about a cure this morning. It threatens to be very sultry—I have a long round to go—and I'll take mine in a glass of cold spring water."

"I should be very glad, Mr. Warp—but I never keep spirits—never taste 'em"—

"An abandoned young man!" thought Warp; and then aloud—"Mr. Applejohn, you will perhaps excuse what I am about to say. I speak for your good, sir; I am older than you, and having been twice in business myself, know what lying is. Let us however hope, that what, in the way of trade, passes in the shop, is not put down to our last account: but, sir, in the confidence of your back parlour, never tell a lie."

"I never do," said John somewhat fiercely, "and

as for the place, Mr. Warp, I can't see how you are to make white in the parlour what is black over the counter."

"You are a young tradesman, and pardon me if I say it, you have much to learn. A man may in the way of business, be so conceited of truth, that he shall talk himself to utter ruin. In what I said, respecting the little drop of brandy—'the hair of the dog,' which you didn't understand, hem!—I advised you as I would have advised my own child, if I had one."

"No doubt, Mr. Warp—but—you see, you have mistaken my illness—I never drink, never—and now, in a short word, Mr. Warp what is your business?"

"My business is from the firm. I am desired to say that, in consequence of matters to which it would, perhaps, be indelicate in me to more particularly allude, our house cannot suffer you to open an account." And this Mr. Warp uttered in the tone and with the look of a pedagogue, prefacing the birch with a short speech to the child about to suffer.

"Very well, Mr. Warp; I suppose there are other houses," said John with great resignation.

"True, Mr. Applejohn—very true; but character flies, sir; yes, sir, character has wings; and, of course, the lighter it is, the quicker it goes."

"Character! why, does anybody dare?"—asked John, his eyes flashing—"does anybody dare?"—

Warp shook his head, and smiled cynically: "You mus'n't talk in that manner: you're a young tradesman with no capital, and everybody dares. It may be all very well for men established, but it doesn't answer for young beginners: at all events, if they must do these things, they should have a proper respect for their own interests, and do them snugly, and in private."

"What things?—what do you mean?" exclaimed John with rising violence, for the letter had been sufficient to excite him, without new aggravation.

"I am not one of those men, who have no kindness for my fellow-creatures; no, no, I have seen too much of life—have known too much of trouble for that—twice in the gazette, and four compositions are enough for any man; all I say is, keep it quiet—don't let the world be any wiser. Perhaps, it isn't right to get drunk; perhaps not; but it is very wrong indeed in a young man with his way to make, to let the world know it."

"Drunk! you can't mean me, Mr. Warp? Nobody ever saw"—

"We do such things in that state, we don't know who sees. Did I see a young tradesman"—and Warp looked knowingly at John—"generously

inclined to the bottle—a young man, whose credit depended upon his character,—I should say, give not more than one day in the seven to the enjoyment. Then invite a friend,—come here into your back parlour—take especial care that you have no necessity to leave the room for anything,—then let your housekeeper lock the door outside, and go to bed with the key. The next morning, she opens the door; you have been happy, but you are now sober; you are in your shop betimes; you have never been seen in an ale-house; never recognized in the street; never been brought home by the watchman,—and you are to your customers and neighbours, and consequently through them to the whole world, not only a superfine man, but the very pattern of a tailor."

"And is that all a man requires?" asked Applejohn coldly.

"He may want—yes—he! he!—he may want the 'hair of the dog,'"—and Warp winked wickedly.

"And what is all this to me?" cried John.

"Don't treat the matter so lightly, Mr. Applejohn: remember, that we live and make money by character, and therefore it is our bounden duty to take care of it. Answer me this—I put it as a friend—answer me this. If a barber were reported to have fits of madness, would you trust your throat to his razor?"

"Certainly not," said John; and then he thought —"though I shouldn't mind just now."

"Very well. If you were a gentleman—for the case is quite the same—would you trust the cutting of your cloth,"—

"No real gentleman sends his own cloth," interrupted Applejohn.

"Very true—but hear me out: would you trust your cloth to the shears of a drunken tailor? I see you wouldn't—that is, if he was known; for there is the mischief—there the shocking evil. For a young beginner to be known to drink is utter ruin not only with his clothier but his customer. I don't blame you for getting drunk, Applejohn—upon my soul, I don't"—and Warp spoke with impressive benevolence,—"but I must and do condemn you for sitting down and exposing your drunkenness in the open street. You don't know who saw you—indeed, you don't," and Warp quitted the house. He walked at a quick pace down the street; and suddenly pausing at a corner, looked vigilantly about him: he then rapidly passed a threshold, above which an enormous bunch of grapes glittering in the sun, typified the *aurum potabile* to be had within.

"You don't know who saw you!" These words rang in the ears of Applejohn. It was plain some mortal enemy had been at work! John Applejohn a drunkard! when the naiad of the stream was no

more temperate than he! Oh, it was some foolish trick passed upon him—and yet, Sarah to join in it! No: it was clear enough; some wicked, spiteful wretch—perhaps, a rival—had vowed his ruin; and this was the cruel slander raised to crush him. However, he would not be destroyed without an attempt to clear the matter up; he would trace the villainy to its spring-head, and punish the cowardly delinquents. He had already grown strong in the resolution, and was about to quit the house on the sacred errand, when he was encountered at the door by his landlord.

"Could I say a few words with you, Mr. Applejohn?" asked the man.

"Just a few; for I'm in a great hurry," answered John.

"I won't keep you a minute," said the landlord, and immediately proceeded to open the business. "I've been thinking, Mr. Applejohn," he observed, very considerately, "that, perhaps, as you are only just setting up, you'll find this house too heavy for you."

"I hope not," said John.

"I am sure, I should be very sorry to be in any way the innocent cause of hampering a young man beginning the world,"—

"You are very good, Mr. Pantile—very good," remarked his grateful tenant.

"And though, for the house itself, the rent is

very little; still, as I told you, in this parish the rates are very heavy."

"Light—very light—next to nothing, you said, Mr. Pantile."

"Never could have said that—never could. However, that doesn't signify. What I am come to say is this: if you have any misgivings about your prospects—and as I wouldn't stand in a young man's light—I—yes, I'll tell you what I have made up my mind to do: I'll take the lease off your hands, and all I'll ask of you is the rent for the present quarter." And as Mr. Pantile said this, he looked at John as placidly as a fox looks at a goose. "Don't think, Mr. Applejohn, that I am led away by what folks say of you—no, no; when I was as young as you I had my fling: I led a life of pleasure—I may say, I was quite a rhapsodist" (it was not very clear to Mr. Pantile, what he meant by the word) —"quite a rhapsodist; and therefore, if you think the house too big for you—and though I speak against my own interest, I think it is—I—at a word, I'll take it back again."

"You are very good, Mr. Pantile—very good—but I shall keep the house,—and as for what my enemies say against me—and, if I must say it, a man who can fine-draw as I can, can't expect to be without enemies,"—

"You know best," said the landlord, "but as I

have received a letter from Mr. Twopenny, telling me that you shall not have his daughter, and therefore not the three hundred pounds,"—

"And has Mr. Twopenny written as much to you?" asked John tremblingly.

"And who can blame him? I used to get tipsy once, for as I said, I was once a rhapsodist—but you know, Mr. Applejohn, excuse ourselves as we will, if we will but think as a father, we can't blame any man for keeping his daughter safe from a drunkard." Mr. Pantile then unceremoniously departed.

Here was another blow, and again John sat irresolute and astounded. Like Ugolino, he sat staring at the wall; when a little boy—an uninspired Metastasio—from the pastry-cook's, entered with a parcel. "Shall I put it on the table, sir?" John started, and stammered "yes;" and the little boy deposited his burthen close to the arm of the absorbed Applejohn, and went away. John, heaving his deepest sigh, let fall his hand upon the parcel: yes, with his hand upon his wedding-cake, he sat and thought of ruin!

CHAPTER IV.

We will spare the reader a recital of the many attempts made by John upon the obduracy of the farmer. At the opening of the second chapter of our history, John was within a few fleet days of marriage. His house was in order—his credit good—his name unspotted; and lo! at a breath he had lost his bride—his credit—and his name. It was in vain that John asked to be confronted with his accusers,—the assassins of his reputation. No, no; farmer Twopenny was satisfied, and further ceremony was unnecessary. Nor was John more successful in his appeal to the employers of Mr. Warp; they had nothing to say to Mr. Applejohn; or only this—they begged to decline his orders except for ready money. For three whole nights did John lie wide awake, reviewing every deed of his past life—a fearful employment for some of us in the deep, dark midnight. But John—for any evil he had done—might have whistled with the spirits of the tempest gibbering at the casement. He could only arrive at one conclusion—a dreary one it was,—that some profligate wretch, like to himself as pin is like to pin, was reeling drunkenly

about the town, and he, the innocent John Applejohn, was doomed to bear the punishment due to the bacchanal! And with this comfortable thought John would fall asleep. Alas! his waking misery still haunted him. Now, he would be hunted for picking pockets, the real thief—his fatal similitude —safely off with the booty: now, he was to be hung for sheep-stealing, and there in the crowd, was the guilty rascal grinning and making faces at him. At last, all his troubles were over, and he was married to his beloved Sarah: he goes to his happy home at eleven at night, and knocking at his door, is old from the window to call to-morrow, as Mr. John Applejohn has been in bed these two hours! Such were the visions that wore our hero of a night, and gave him the look of a spectre all the day. However, as yet John had only taken the first step in infamy: though almost a confirmed water-drinker, he was nevertheless judged an irreclaimable drunkard. He surrendered his house to Mr. Pantile, who, rhapsodist as he deemed himself, cancelled the lease; the no less willingly that he had previously had a higher bidder for it.

We are convinced that fortune is not always blinded. No; she has at times, a vigilant eye for the luckless Applejohns of the world, or could she always contrive to keep out of their way? Were she really and truly blind-folded, it is impossible

that she should not, at least once in a life, run into the embraces of the poor souls who, for a whole existence, stand with open arms to receive her. Fortune had turned from John, and he stood alone with nothing but his poverty, and what is the same thing, a thousand imperfections. And yet John, though bleeding inwardly with undeserved injuries, looked upon the men of this world and loved them: yes, there was no man, woman, or child, to whom he did not mean well. An anatomist might question the fact, but we are convinced that John had a heart as big as his whole body.

"The Bottle of Hay" was, at the time of our story, a noted sanctuary for unemployed tailors. There, about three months after his rejection by Sarah, was to be found the pennyless Applejohn. The nights were growing long and chill, and the parlour fire of Mrs. Grump, the lone and portly landlady, meekly imitated the beneficence of the impartial sun, for it dispensed its light and warmth gratis to the destitute tailor. And there the keen-eyed might behold through clouds of circumambient smoke, the pensive John fixed in a corner, his blood now simmering with martial heat, listening to a martial song, in which the singer with a note of gratifying confidence, assured the listener that any numbers of French were considerably less than one true Briton,—and that to expire covered over with

wounds was the only really respectable way of going out of this sublunar world. Then would John think of a distant country, and of that soft delicious bed, with death the maker—the bed of glory! A brief five minutes, and the stern desire for cutting throats would pass, a second singer, with a voice like that of a cuckoo, breathing "Cherry Ripe," and, with the magic sound, carrying back our tailor through the orchards of Kent to the house of Sarah!

"Mr. Scarlet, what may be your real opinion of the present state of the land force?" Such was the comprehensive question put by an inquiring visitor at the "Bottle of Hay," to a some-time tenant of that respectable hostelry.

"Shameful," replied Mr. Scarlet, with the manner of a man who had long since made up his mind on a subject. "But what are we to expect from the present ministry? What do they care for the honour of the country? Ha! if we had real statesmen in office—there'd have been war these six months. Yes; by this time we might have lost a thousand troops. Shameful," repeated Mr. Scarlet.

"A shocking loss of blood," remarked a philanthropist.

"Blood, sir? What is blood? Think of glory, sir," said Mr. Scarlet. "But we stand disgraced

in the eyes of the world, when a few battles, if we had got nothing by them, would at least have kept up our character. If the British lion doesn't get up and show his teeth, and lash his tail, and roar a little, foreigners will soon think him dead outright. And then for our fine young gentlemen,—why isn't it dreadful for a man as loves his country, to see 'em—poor fellows!—put to the shifts they are, to get rid of time, when the trouble might be taken off their hands in a minute? And yet people talk of the blessings of peace! Pshaw! Why, all things show peace isn't the natural state of man."

"Mr. Scarlet"—it was the waiter, with his head in at the door, who spoke—"Mr. Scarlet, your wife has sent your little girl over to say, that if you don't come home, she'll come and fetch you."

"Peace isn't the natural state of man," repeated Scarlet, who we think had not heard the threat of his wife, pronounced through the waiter.—"No—it isn't," and hastily finishing his liquor, he quitted the parlour.

"He knows the true interests of the country," said a sartorial smoker: "yes, he knows the value of war."

"To be sure he does," remarked another—"he's an army tailor."

And with such sweet discourse, the hours were passed in the parlour of "the Bottle of Hay," until

time and Bill, the boy, called the tailors to bed. In a long narrow room, at the top of the house, Mrs. Grump had benevolently caused to be disposed twenty couches—each couch, if the parties made themselves small, and were mutually accommodating,—capable of holding, if not containing, two sleepers. It is a startling truth little known by the profligate rich, that when trade was very bad, there might be seen sleeping in the house of Mrs. Grump, forty passive tailors—yes, in "the Bottle of Hay" might easily be found full two score unemployed needles!

John had retired to bed; tailor by tailor came in, and each and all having less sorrow, or more liquor than John, soon gave loudest evidence of perfect rest. Triton with his horn had not been heard among that sleeping band. The clock of the neighbouring church struck one: at the very moment, the door opened, and John saw Mrs. Grump in a broad-bordered white nightcap, and a lighted candle in her hand, walk as softly as her weight would permit her, into the dormitory. She was followed by a man almost as big as herself. "Another of the unemployed," thought John, as he now eyed what he believed to be a journeyman tailor, pretty far gone in his thread of life. The man wore a close drab-coat, buttoned to the chin; an oil-skin travelling-cap and a red handkerchief

pulled over his head, and tied up to his nose, favoured the curious spectator with a very imperfect view of the face of the stranger. Mrs. Grump and the new-comer moved slowly up the room; the landlady so shadowing the light with her right hand that its rays might come tempered to the countenances of the sleepers, showing them in fine *chiaro scuro* to the inquisitive new-comer, without waking the owners. "A constable, no doubt," thought John—"some robbery,"—and then the causes of his late ill-luck fell forcibly upon him, and in his terrified imagination, he pictured the officers of the peace in search of him, the guilty likeness of the real thief. John closed his eye-lids, and heard the visitors approach his pallet. Suddenly, they stopt; and John, in sudden perspiration, awaited the arousing hand of the stranger. There was a pause, and John lay voiceless with apprehension.

"You'll cut me off dis fellow," growled the man in the oil-skin cap.

John opened his eyes and saw the back of the mysterious speaker, slowly moving towards the door, the landlady with the light preceding. "You'll cut me off this fellow," continued to ring through the brain of John, conjuring up the most grotesque and terrifying forms to fulfil the sanguinary mandate. Twice in his sleep—for sleep came

to him at length—did John suffer decapitation: once by the Christian axe, and once by the heathen scimitar.

CHAPTER V.

"MR. APPLEJOHN, if you'll go to Mr. Zweifler's, there's work for you." Such was the grateful intelligence conveyed to John while at his frugal breakfast, by Bill, the boy; and in less than twenty minutes, our unemployed hero stood in the presence of Carl Zweifler, a German by birth, a tailor by trade, and a benevolent brute by disposition. Whether the scepticism had been brought upon him by a succession of bad debts, or whether Mr. Zweifler was a born doubter, it would be arrogant in us to attempt to decide; certain it is, that though by the hard destiny of business he was compelled to give credit, he had really no faith in any man. He looked upon all the world as a brotherhood of villains sworn and linked together to cheat one tailor, and that defenceless animal to be —Carl Zweifler.

"I am come, sir, hearing that you wanted a workman," said John, and he had scarcely spoken ere he felt himself grow cold beneath the light blue

eyes of the old man; the nocturnal visitor of the bed-room—"I am come, sir," John repeated, and then stopt.

"Teeves—teeves—all teeves"—said Zweifler,—"ha!—well—dere's de oder villains,"—and pointing to a staircase, John followed the direction of the finger, and found himself among a circle of his peers. John was ignorant of the grateful truth, but he really owed his present place to the ingenuousness of his countenance. It was the custom of Mr. Zweifler, when in want of mercenaries, to visit "the Bottle of Hay" in the middle of the night; and at that solemn time to select from the sleepers—the selection always suggested by the expression on the face of the sleeping—the required member or members. Hence, when Zweifler, pausing at the bed of John Applejohn, said in professional phrase to Mrs. Grump,—"You'll cut me off this fellow," he merely implied, "you'll send this man to me to-morrow morning." We beseech the reader not to dismiss this whim as a puerile invention on our part; by so doing he would commit great injustice towards Carl Zweifler, who always defended what seemed to more superficial tailors an eccentricity, on the ground that "no rogue ever looked so much a rogue as when he was asleep."

John Applejohn continued to sew and reap in the house of the master tailor; and already six

months had elapsed, when John stood in the opinion of his employer, not altogether so atrocious a villain as when he first entered his service. It was a long time, however, ere Zweifler ceased to attribute the rigid industry of John on Mondays to some deep-laid scheme of deception; some unheard-of plan of infamy. The attention and sobriety of his journeyman somewhat irritated the old tradesman, as they seemed to insult his theory of the iniquity of all mankind and of tailors in particular. "The devil is not so black as he's painted," observed the homely John Applejohn in reply to the uncharitable creed of Zweifler, one Monday more than usually satirical on his laborious servant; and the manner of John more than the matter of the proverb struck the misanthrope; for, with new-born benevolence he rubbed the tips of his fingers under his black velvet skull-cap, and twinkling his light blue eyes, he said with a faint smile—"Not so black? Well—well—berhaps not: berhaps, after all, de deyvil is a piebalt."

It was Monday, and John sat alone upon the board, a study for Hogarth, in his illustrations of industry. He was employed on the last button-hole of a new black coat—the livery of woe for Benjamin Gruelthorpe, Esq.; son and heir of Emanuel Gruelthorpe, deceased. John glanced from his work, and saw old Zweifler looking

seriously on. The old tailor knit his brows at the garment—shook his head—and groaned through his teeth.

"Nothing the matter with the coat, sir?" asked John deferentially.

"No, no; goot poy—goot poy: de oder teeves are at nine-pins, but you are goot poy," and never before had Zweifler so unequivocally praised the industry of his now solitary workman.

"Why, sir, the funeral takes place this afternoon," —said John.

"Ha! ha! Vhat music it will pe, when de cold clay goes tumblin' on de old man's coffin!" and Zweifler laughed bitterly.

"Mr. Gruelthorpe has died very rich?" said John inquiringly. "His son,"—

"Son!" cried Zweifler, and he approached still nearer to his journeyman, and with subdued voice, and moistened eyes, said—"John Applejohn, do you know what a son is?" and then without waiting for a reply, went on—"I will tell you, John Applejohn—I will tell you, what it is to have a son. It is to hear an angel at your ear at his first leetle cry: it is to feel an angel at your breast de first time to put him dere: it is to have your heart every day grow pig and pig, and your eye to have better light to hear his tongue—to see his leetle steps! It is—it is—but—but you want some silk, John,"—and the

old man, his eyes gushing tears, turned rapidly up the room, John pausing at his undrawn needle in silent wonder. In a few minutes, the old tailor with a composed face and dry eyes returned, and threw to John the unnecessary skein of silk. There was a pause of some minutes; at length, John ventured to observe—"I understand, sir, that Mr. Gruelthorpe's funeral will be very fine?"

"Very—very fine," said Zweifler, "why not—why not?"

"I'm told the grave is to be twelve feet deep," remarked John.

"Deeper, deeper," replied the old man earnestly. "All such graves are."

"Such graves?" and John looked up.

"Dere is a story in my country about 'em, John. While you press de coat, I'll tell it you, John—I'll tell it you."

"Is it true, sir?" asked Applejohn.

"As heaven," answered old Zweifler; and John worked and listened to the tale we are about to narrate, omitting the peculiarities of the old German.

"Hans Pfennig," said the old tailor, "lived in the little town of Cuxhaven. He had been a merchant in his younger time, and had returned from a far land to die in his first home. He was so old, no man remembered him a child: he lived, solitary

as a raven—and like the raven, was shunned as a thing of evil omen. He was known to have the wealth of a king, and yet he wore the rags and ate the scraps of a beggar. He was a man to make men shudder as they looked upon him—mothers would catch their children up from his path, and flee away with them as from a fasting wolf: and so he lived, with the hate of his neighbours breathing upon him. Days, and weeks, and months passed, and no man had seen Hans Pfennig. The priest and some of the townsfolk bent their way to the lonely hovel of the miser. There they paused, and looked in the face of one another; for the door of the hut was closed, and long grass waved before it. The door, by the order of the priest, was broken in; and Hans Pfennig was found, seated in his chair, dead and withered. The hut was ransacked, and oh! the gold and jewels dug into the light of day. The shed stood upon a mine of buried wealth. Well,—a distant heir was found: and the bell was tolled, and the grave was dug for Hans Pfennig. The day of burial came; and if the dead might be made to move, the body of Hans Pfennig had sat up in its coffin, tortured back to life by the gold bestowed upon its dust. Never, since man returned to clay, had simple citizen been so attended! The bearers brought the body to the grave: the coffin

was slung within the ropes, and every eye was bent upon the bier descending to the bottom. The ropes were found too short; and staringly, but silently, the diggers tied more rope to either end; they lowered and lowered, and again the rope was out. 'More rope,' cried the grey-haired sexton, and shook his palsied hands; and the people at the grave stood, as if death-struck, and the priest made the holy sign and the cross was raised. 'The belfry —the belfry,' cried the sexton, and two men ran to the church, and brought back a coil of rope, anew provided for the bells. Again they give more rope, and the body of the miser sinks and sinks. 'Pull up the corse,' exclaimed the priest; and twenty men tug at the rope but cannot lift the dead. As they pause, they hear a clawing at the bottom of the coffin, with smothered shrieks of laughter. Aghast, they quit the rope, when the coffin rushes—rushes—down as into the unfathomable abyss! 'Who dug the grave?' 'I—ten feet deep,' cried the sexton. 'Not you, sexton—not you,' said an old monk. 'Last night, I walked here, and I saw things not of this world digging on this spot. There was moonlight, and I saw the glittering of their golden spades!' 'Golden spades!' cried the young heir. 'Aye, son; they made the miser's last bed; for he who hoards the treasures of this

world, and looks unmoved on this world's misery,—has just this reward; his grave is dug by devils with *a golden spade!*"

"Mr. Gruelthorpe's mourning, sir? a boy has just come about it—and he desires that one of the men may take it home, in case"—the servant was proceeding,—

"Shall I step with it?" asked John, who had almost breathlessly folded up the coat as Zweifler finished his legend. Zweifler nodded assent, and John hurried away with the suit of solemn black to the disconsolate heir of the muckthrift.

Benjamin Gruelthorpe had been rescued from the ignominy of earning his own bread by the lamented death of his venerable parent, who at the age of three-score and five had dropt like a medlar from the tree of life. Benjamin was determined to act justly by the world; yes, the first moment that he learned his loss, he resolved on speedily rendering back to men the heap of wealth his sire had slowly gathered from them. Old Gruelthorpe had a thousand times crucified his soul for a guinea; his only child the airy Benjamin, flung away his inheritance as if his one earthly task was to arrive as soon as possible at his last shilling. With kindly impulses, he had never been taught to look upon his father but as an obstacle to his pleasures; and, capable of affection, he heard the death of the

old man, with that beating of the heart which tells the prisoner he is free. Benjamin lost not an hour in asserting his new importance; and ere the dead miser was laid in his grave, his spendthrift son had quitted the counter of a pawnbroker for lodgings at a London hotel; where, swathed in a silken morning gown and stretched on a couch—a bank of crimson velvet—he awaited with resignation in his soul and a newspaper in his hand, the coming of the tailor.

Applejohn arrived at the hotel, was instantly shown up to the chief mourner; who, turning his head, and running his fingers through the thousand flaxen rings with which that head had been adorned, deliberately opened his mouth, and hazarded a conjecture. "I 'spose—the tailor?" John bowed, and took the suit of sables from the bag.

"What's o'clock?" asked Benjamin languidly of a tall, grave-looking person, in whose face there were all the deliberative cares of a landlord.

"I should say, sir," replied Mr. Oldjoe, a man who evidently never committed himself—"I should say, sir," and he looked at the chronometer on the mantel-piece, "seven minutes and a half to ten."

"And Scutcheon, the undertaker, is punctual?"

"As death, sir," said Mr. Oldjoe, swallowing a

laugh at his own wit, and then looking more than commonly grave at the great sacrifice.

"How is it, Oldjoe?" and young Gruelthorpe, having donned the black coat, turned his back upon his host—"How is it—a fit?"

"If I had'n't seen you put it on," said the landlord, rolling one eye at the tailor,—"I could have sworn you had been born in it."

"Well, that will do. Oldjoe, let the fellow have something," said young Gruelthorpe, exposing his want of gentility by the order.

"What should you like to take?" asked Oldjoe of our tailor, as both descended the stairs.

"I never drink—never," said John with emphasis: and he spoke truly, at least in a vinous and spirituous sense; for, since his rejection by Sarah, he had confined himself to the drink of simple people — the simple element.

"I'm glad of that," said the landlord, with a happy look—"very glad. No—no man who drinks, could make a coat like that. I'm so glad you won't have my champagne—won't touch my burgundy—can't abide my claret—and would feel poisoned at my straw-coloured brandy. I'm glad of it: but you don't know why? I'll tell you; because it affords me the opportunity of recommending my soda-water."

"Is it so wonderful?" asked Applejohn.

"It's as good as brandy, without any of its bad character for drunkenness," asseverated the imperturbable Oldjoe. "Wonderful! bless you, it's so strong, your goose could swim in it. Here,—Godfrey,—a bottle of soda-water for this gentleman;—the best."

"Have you two sorts of bottles?" questioned John.

"To be sure; five shilling and three-and-six-penny; one for gentlemen, 'tother for the poor." At this moment, Mr. Scutcheon entering the hotel, took the attention of the landlord from our temperate tailor; and Oldjoe quitted John to show the page of death to young master Gruelthorpe.

"Oh! the—the undertaker," said Benjamin, still upon the sofa—his hand still among his curls.

Scutcheon bowed, and his long silk hat-band rustled an avowal of his trade.

"Have you removed the—the,"—the afflicted son with the tip of his third finger tried to displace a possible tear from the corner of his right eye—"the—the body?" and Benjamin, smoothing the collar of his shirt, sighed tolerably deeply.

"To my own house, sir," said Mr. Scutcheon, looking big with the feelings of hospitality. "Last night, sir—in the hearse, sir—from the residence of the deceased." The residence! Emanuel Gruelthorpe had died in an obscure and filthy shed—

a hovel hardly fit to shelter cattle. The residence! The residence of a rat.

"I hope everything has been attended to with regard to my feelings?" said Benjamin.

"Oh, sir! you may rely upon the character of our firm for that," answered the undertaker.

"Oldjoe;"—the landlord crossed to the sofa of young Gruelthorpe, who spoke in a low and confidential voice to his host, Mr. Scutcheon being too much rapt by the character of his firm to overhear their conversation. "Oldjoe," said Benjamin in little above a whisper—"we shall dine at seven, mind; a good show."—

"A spanish mahogany coffin," said Scutcheon, doggedly enumerating the triumphs of the firm on the body of the deceased.—

"Your best plate," whispered Benjamin.—

"Silver plate and silver handles," said Scutcheon.

"There'll be eight of us to feed," continued Benjamin.—

"Fourteen mourners," said the undertaker, "to make 'em spread, in seven coaches."—

"I hope the haunch will stand us all," observed the son.—

"And six to bear," remarked Scutcheon.—

"Oh! and don't forget the singers, for after dinner," warned young Gruelthorpe.—

"I have engaged two," said Oldjoe.—"Wonder-

ful men! been offered any terms by a Russian duke who lived here—but patriots, sir; wouldn't leave their country."—

"After dinner, we must have—humph!—what d'ye call it?" whispered Benjamin.—

"*Non nobis*," replied Oldjoe, in an equally reduced voice.—

"Then we shall be met by the charity children," continued the undertaker.—

"I suppose they can sing anything?" asked Gruelthorpe of the landlord.—

"Sing! You'll have '*When Bibo thought fit*' and '*Pretty painted fly*' to admiration," said Oldjoe.—

"The whole to be wound up with a hymn at the vault on the virtues of the deceased," said Scutcheon.—

"I say, Oldjoe; the champagne—the claret, eh? prime," said the chief mourner, still whispering.—

"And for the vault," said the undertaker in a loud voice, arriving at the climax of his good things —"And for the vault,"—

"Trust my cellar," cried Oldjoe to the heir in a raised note.—

"It's so dry," exclaimed Scutcheon; "instead of putting your father in it, you might keep wine there."—

"Wine!" cried the roused Benjamin; "oh!" and, slightly colouring, he rose from the sofa, put his

hands into mourning, took his hat from his estimable landlord, and tripped solemnly down stairs to the funeral coach.

We should be unjust to Benjamin did we pass in silence the magnificent evidence of his filial love as displayed through the kind cares of the undertaker. The very grave-diggers paused in admiration of the coffin! Never had "food for worms" been more daintily dished up.

"Anything in the papers?" asked young Gruelthorpe the next day of Oldjoe.

"The arrivals at 'the Hotel' in the *Post*," said the landlord.

"I mean, about the—the funeral," said Benjamin, putting his hand to his head all unused to the fumes of burgundy.

"Not a word, sir;"—said Oldjoe.

"No! well, well, it's best—I'm glad of it; such matters should be kept quiet. Some soda." The draught, that at five shillings, we presume, was brought and swallowed; and Benjamin stretched himself upon the couch in deep study.

"It's very odd, sir, that we have heard no news of the balloon," said Oldjoe, with his immovable dead-man face—"though, I suppose we shall, sir, as soon as intelligence arrives."

"And not a word?" said Benjamin in a state of abstraction.

LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF

"Not a word, sir. By-the-bye, sir, that's a shocking accident—that 'death by charcoal.' Captain Nitre, sir; house newly painted—dried by charcoal fires—went in too soon—died. Heard there were charcoal fires in the house of the dowager Lady Littlebit—she, who has the next suite of rooms; folded down the paper, as in duty bound, at the very paragraph. An excellent lady—a woman who doesn't fly in the face of Providence. Directly she smells the charcoal, she rings the bell —'Mr. Oldjoe' says her ladyship, 'I shall stay with you another week.' Poor Captain Nitre."—

"D—— that fellow!" cried Gruelthorpe suddenly.

"What! the captain?" said Oldjoe calmly.

"No—no—no. Captain! I mean the fellow who dined with me—that Linepenny—he promised to put a full account of it in all the newspapers!"

Yes; whilst the mercenary Oldjoe discoursed of things pertaining to his proper interest, the young heir was meditating on the funeral of his departed father.

CHAPTER VI.

It was evening, and John Applejohn sat alone in the house of Mr. Zweifler. The mansion had been left in the care of the maid-servant who, about dusk, addressed herself to the humane feelings of John. She had to step a little way, and would Mr. Applejohn—she would not be out ten minutes—would he be so very good as to take care of the house until she came back? John lived only to grant favours; though possessed of but limited power, he had the widest will to be useful. Hence, he was left in charge of the dwelling, and had remained its sole inhabitant about three quarters of an hour—for women, under some circumstances, have a most incorrect notion of the course of time—when he heard footsteps on the staircase. He thought it was the maid returned, but looking over the banister, saw two men, cautiously bearing a load wrapt in a sheet, enter the front room of the first floor. There was something mysterious in their measured step—their profound silence. John felt his heart suddenly beat, and a sense of fear held him motionless. He knew that one of the men was the accepted tenant of the apartment he

had entered—that, contrary to the usual custom of Zweifler, the tailor had intrusted him with a key, by means of which he had now silently entered the house: but who was the other man—and what could it be—for there, indeed, lay the mystery,—that they bore between them? Whilst John stood thus perplexed, he saw the door open and the two men—their burthen being left in the room—re-appear. John held his breath, and watched, and listened.

"There, my man," said the lodger in a soft voice, and put something into the hand of his coarse companion.

"What's this?" asked the fellow, affecting admirable ignorance of the coin, as he frowned sulkily upon a piece of silver. "What's this?"

"A shilling," replied the lodger, condescending to become instructor.

"Why, you never mean it?" said the man in a tone of remonstrance, almost subdued to the pathetic. "You never mean it?"

"Indeed, I do," answered the gentleman, firm in his meaning. "Isn't it your fare?"

"Perhaps it is, if you count by distance," said he who proved to be a coachman.

"What by then, if not by distance?" inquired the lodger.

"Come, come," remarked the coachman, and a

gleam of benevolence lighted his broad face—"I won't *split*."

"Split!" exclaimed the lodger in a voice that seemed to leave the operation entirely at the will of the charioteer.

"You know,—I can tell what I've brought—but when a gentleman is a gentleman, why then," but the coachman did not proceed with the consequence.

"Brought! Why, what have you brought?" asked the lodger.

The coachman took his own nose between his finger and thumb, gave a short, quick shake of the head, as if moved by some sudden disgust, and said—"I sha'n't get the coach sweet for a month."

"Ha! ha! I'll give no more," said the lodger, and he turned into his room leaving the coachman at the door. The man stood, eyeing the barrier with a look of doubt. Should he strike his leg through the pannel—or should he quietly turn the handle, and go in and fight? Thus irresolute, he again cast his wandering eye upon the shilling; when, like the duke of Austria, he pocketted his wrongs "because his breeches best might carry them." The fellow lumbered down the staircase, growling, "a murdering set of shabby villains," and closed the door with a violence that admirably

conveyed his indignation and contempt of the first-floor lodger.

It was the pure and firm belief of the coachman that he had been hired as a humble labourer in the fields of science; retained to convey a dead body to the lodgings of a surgical student intent on a most laudable and interesting pursuit. If the man had any faith in his own nose, the taint of death still hung,—nay, as he had asserted, would continue to defile the inside of the vehicle, for, possibly, a calendar month: and for this pollution, he had received a—shilling! Only twelve penny-worth of civet to make clean the abomination! No reasonable man will allow that it could be done at the price. Hence, the coachman was justified by the meanness of his employer, to charge him with murder: with the driver shabbiness was synonymous with homicide.

A great poet has said—"We murder to dissect." We know not if on the evening in question, John Applejohn was altogether of the opinion of William Wordsworth, but certainly he had a startling notion that blood had been shed—a belief strengthened by the avowal of the coachman, that if properly remunerated for the secrecy he would disdain to peach. And then, suddenly came upon the affrighted tailor the mysterious visit of old Zweifler to "the Bottle of Hay"—(for, at the time, John

had not discovered the object of his master in such a practice ;)—the solemn words, "cut me off that fellow !"—his strange looks—his doubts of all men —his frequent tales of devilry and witchcraft !— And then John recollected, that Germans were to be especially mistrusted—and then he firmly believed in some fearful contract between the lodger in the first floor and old Zweifler. John had never thought anything of the rumour,—but now, he remembered, that several tailors having been employed by Zweifler, were shortly after found missing ! Such was the credulity of John—such his overflowing benevolence—that he was resolved to rush into the street, seize on two or three of the passengers, and bring them to apprehend the murderer in the first floor. Already had the simplicity of the tailor painted to him, a victim with two or three mortal gashes. Perhaps, a youth, the hope and stay of a poor widow ! Perhaps, a girl, some lovely lost one ! Tears were in the eyes of John, at the spectre of his own imagination : he was determined, and was about to run down the staircase, when he heard the lodger open his door —saw him come out—lock the door, put the key in his pocket, and descend. In a minute the street door was opened and shut, and John Applejohn, in his own strong conceit, remained alone in a house with a murdered body. He turned as cold

as the corse itself—if, indeed, it was yet cold—and his teeth struck together, and his hair stirred. At length, with a vigorous effort he called back his scattered spirits, and walked down stairs. He panted with horror as he approached the door—the thin partition between him and a slaughtered corpse. Macbeth—even when played by Macready—when grasped and dragged by the invisible hands of the witches, and held writhing at the chamber of Duncan—has not a more awful face, than had our paralyzed tailor. He stooped, his whole body shaking like a deer's tail, and put his eye to the key-hole. The room was dark! He rose, and with new courage resolved to get a light. He departs, and in a few minutes returns with a lighted candle, and a bundle of keys—miraculously left by old Zweifler in the tailors' room. Yes—John had determined to appease his own doubts, ere he gave the alarm: the mystery might be satisfactorily explained, and then what could he say for himself at having raised a tumult? If, on the contrary, an assassination had really taken place, on discovering the fact, he had only to throw up the window, and give a loud call of murder. With this benevolent intention, John tried every key in the fond hope that one might be found to open the Abomeleque's room—the Blue Chamber of blood and mystery. Alas! the good

intentions—the excellent meaning of Applejohn were not seconded by fortune: no key would stir the lock. John had tried every key, and cast his eyes upwards with a look of despair, when, to our pain we speak it, he saw a nail—a crooked nail in the wall. John had a vague recollection that locks had been turned back by so small an implement as that above him. The devil walked behind the tailor, and grinned in deep satisfaction, as he beheld John Applejohn arm himself with a hammer to wrench out the nail. Fixed upon his knees, his face to the door, with one hand guiding the bent nail, the other grasping the candle-stick, John laboured hard in the cause of justice. A stranger beholding him would have felt tolerably well convinced that John was working at the lock with a most felonious intention; whereas, he was a labouring disciple in the sacred cause of humanity. He appeared to vulgar eyes a housebreaker, when in truth he was never so much a philanthropist. Still John laboured; but not effectually. He paused and wiped his brow, and again addressed himself to his work. At length, the bolt moves—again—another turn—the bolt is back! John is rising from his knees, when he is pinned to the floor by a hand fixed in his collar,—and four knuckles embedded in his jugular; —this sudden action is accompanied by the following words:—

"Teeves—teeves—lights,"—the candle had been knocked down by John's assailant—"murder!"

"Murder — thieves — murder — murder," was taken up by a female voice—for the maid had just let herself into the passage, and was followed by the first-floor lodger, who immediately proceeded up stairs, the girl quickly attending with a lighted candle. Luckless John Applejohn!

We beg the sympathy of the reader for our unfortunate hero—our man of virtuous intentions. He remained still upon his knees, and the hand of old Zweifler still at his neck; the bunch of keys—fifty dumb, yet speaking witnesses beside him; and—oh! guilt, guilt beyond the cunning of defence—the crooked nail between John Applejohn's thumb and finger!

"Teef—rogue—oh, oh! dis is your work on Mondays!" cried Zweifler, pale with passion.

"Mr. Zweifler, as I live—I—you don't know what I know," said Applejohn.

"I should have been hanged dirty years ago if I had,"—said the tailor.

"Betty," said the tenant of the first floor, "you had better go for an officer."

"No—no—no," said old Zweifler with rapid vehemence—"No—no."

"Yes, Betty—do—go for an officer," cried John—"I wish for an officer. Then it will all come out."

"Come out!" exclaimed Zweifler.

"Come out," repeated John. "There's been murder done. The body is now in that room. I saw it—with my own eyes saw it! Oh, you needn't stare," cried John to the astonished lodger—"I saw you and the coachman—heard him say he wouldn't turn king's evidence, and all I wanted was first to be sure that"—

"An unblushing, bare-faced thief! And you think that this fetch will save you? Caught in the fact, and now have the impudence to trump up this defence," and the lodger opened the door, and entered the room followed by John and the amazed Zweifler. "See, sir; see," and the speaker uncovered the object, carefully swathed in linen—"see, sir; a lay figure of the Venus," said the tenant artist.

Zweifler turned a fierce eye upon Applejohn, who, astounded at the discovery, stood for a moment speechless. At length he stammered out—"I—I did it all for the best: may I die this minute, if I didn't mean well." The old tailor shook his head incredulously.

"Run for an officer," again repeated Mr. Dolce, the artist; and again Zweifler countermanded the order.

"No," said the old man, "no: I trusted him, and he has deceived me."

"Mr. Zweifler, as true as there's a heaven," exclaimed our luckless hero.

"Go, John Applejohn, go; I leave you to your conscience, go; I will not hang you—no: you shall not dis time die with a rope at your neck—but you shall live with a halter round about your heart! Go, John; go," and the old man's eyes filled with tears as he turned from Applejohn, who passionately, yet vainly pleaded against the damning evidence of the keys and nail. In fine, our well-meaning friend was thrust out of doors, Betty vainly begging that he might be detained until she had searched her boxes.

John stood in the street, bewildered, broken-hearted! He tried to walk, and staggered like a tipsy satyr. In the whole world there was not a more sober—a more honest man. He had been cast off by his first love as a drunkard, and was now spurned and branded as a thief. When somewhat recovered from his stupor, his first feelings were those of vengeance on all mankind. If he were treated like a wretch, why not *be* the sot and knave? From that moment, he would drink and rob—he would laugh at sobriety, and think the honest man a masking cheat. For a brief instant was John Applejohn an embryo tippler and cut-purse—an undaunted ragamuffin; and then, his true nature returning upon him, he leaned against the railings

of a house, and cried like a baby. Poor John Applejohn!

CHAPTER VII.

Whilst in Mr. Zweifler's service, John had lived with the closest economy; hence, on his expulsion from the house, he was master of a few pounds by means of which he hoped to be borne far away from uncharitable, heartless London; the scene of all his misery, all his disgrace. Surely there was some green spot in the world where good intentions must bring forth good fruits; some land, where if a man sowed wheat, he would not gather hemp; a harvest all but got in by the most unfortunate of tailors. It was about a fortnight after his last sorrow, when John stood at the window of a map-seller, "the world before him where to choose." What a spot was England in the painted sheet! He had suffered injuries, but never before had he thought so meanly of his native country. France was open to him—so was America—so Van Dieman's Land. John had in idea thrice circumnavigated the globe, and yet remained undecided in his choice of a home; like a dog that turns round, and round, and round and fain would, yet cannot

curl itself up to rest. Visions of prosperous felons came upon John as his eye sailed up Sidney Cove!

"What! you are looking for lodgings to let?—plenty of 'em there, unfurnished too," and the speaker pointed to a map of Egypt.

Applejohn turned, and looking up, beheld Mr. Oldjoe in his walking-dress. He wore a sky-blue neckerchief, a pink and yellow striped waistcoat—claret-coloured trowsers, and a green coat, heavily studded with metal buttons, bearing in *alto relievo* the portraits of a fox and goose.—Judging Oldjoe by his dress, he looked a harlequin *incog;* whilst his face had the rigid solemnity of a tax-gatherer.

"Mr. Oldjoe! is it you?" said John timidly.

"It was, yesterday," replied the delicious wag; and he nodded familiarly to a reverend gentleman, at the moment passing in his carriage.

"Bless me!" cried Applejohn, "isn't that the Archbishop of"—

"To be sure; didn't you see me nod to him? I always support the established church," said Oldjoe with more than clerical seriousness. "No pride about me."

"Good day, sir," and John was sneaking off.

"Wait, my little man, wait;" and Oldjoe took a card-case from his waistcoat-pocket, and John held out his hand for a card. Oldjoe stared at him,

as if unconscious of anything ridiculous, and leisurely extracted from the case a handkerchief of about two inches square. "Always carry your comforts in a little space," said Oldjoe brushing the end of his nose, and then returning the lawn to its small depositary. "Ha! why didn't you bow?"

"Bow, sir?" said John.

"Didn't you see him?—one of the judges: always be civil to 'em, you don't know what may happen," odserved Oldjoe, whilst Applejohn coloured to the eyes, for he thought, but without truth, that the admonition was intended to reflect on the occurrence at Zweifler's, of which Oldjoe was entirely ignorant. "Stop—stop my little man;" for Applejohn was about to slip away—"Mr. Gruelthorpe wants you."

"I—I am not with Mr. Zweifler at present," said John.

"All the better. You are not married?" asked Oldjoe.

"No," replied John, hesitating for a sigh.

"And have no children? Now, be sure," observed the wit.

"None in the least," answered John.

"Have no objection to travel for all that?" said Oldjoe—"I know you hav'n't: I watched you at the maps. What do you think of Sierra Leone? Take out enough black with you, and you'd make

your fortune in a twelvemonth; yes, although one suit of mourning lasts three in a family, and is then as good as new."

"I shouldn't prefer Sierra Leone," said the tailor.

"No—I see you're not avaricious. Just like my friend, Lord Ladle—takes out his pension in blankets for the poor, and yet none of 'em know it. Mr. Gruelthorpe is about to travel, and wants a confidential tailor. Now, what do you think of it?" and Oldjoe looked down immoveably on John.

"I have nothing to keep me in London," said the desolate Applejohn.

"Well, when I return from sea, I'll settle the business for you," said Oldjoe.

"Are you going to sea, Mr. Oldjoe?" asked John in some surprise.

"Yes; let me consider—the wind's north-west: I think, north-west?" ventured Oldjoe with grave deference, and Applejohn with equal gravity, and we believe with equal ignorance, observed—"North-west." "Well, then, I shall be back on Friday—call on me at two on Friday. As for the wind, I know that will be all right—so say two on Friday," and with never a smile on his blank face, Oldjoe strided off.

"What an extraordinary man! and how very

humorous," thought Applejohn, whose spirit was lightened by the communication of the arch wag, and he looked forward to Friday with renewed hopes. The day came, and John presented himself at the hotel; the day passed, and no Oldjoe appeared. Doubtless, thought John, he is still tossing on the briny wave. Early next morning, John was at his post; and still no landlord had been visible. John waited until noon, and it then struck him that as accidents did sometimes happen on the main, it would be a waste of time to wait any longer for an introduction by a man—who, it was by no means impossible, might at that moment be drifting out to the North Sea, without the remotest intention of ever returning. Thus, after much thinking, John resolved at once to solicit an interview with Mr. Gruelthorpe, and induced a humane waiter to carry the humble name of Applejohn to the superb young heir; who, never having heard the name, and being at the time sadly in want of bosom friends of fashion, thought this might be a stranger of some mark, and immediately ordered that the gentleman should be shown up.

"Oh!" cried, or rather groaned young Gruelthorpe, in the depth of disappointment as the tailor showed himself.

"I have been so bold, sir,"—began John with all

humility, when he was interrupted by the sudden appearance of Oldjoe.

"I've caught the duke—said I should—safe!" cried Oldjoe, whose charm of original drollery had made him a familiar favourite with young Gruelthorpe. "Lord Nelson couldn't have done it better."

"What duke?" asked Gruelthorpe, "and where have you been these three days?"

"Been to sea. Look here," and Oldjoe exhibited a telescope two yards long. "My motto like the marines, 'by sea and by land.' Heard he was coming."

"Who was coming?" inquired the astonished guest.

"The Russian duke; got scent of his highness, and would hook him. We got down to the Great Nore; and there we lay to. A whole day and night, and no signs of the duke. I was determined to have him; so I said, 'my boys, put the helm up for St. Petersburgh!' I had hardly said this, when sweeping the horizon, as my friend, Sir Edward Codrington would say, I saw a steamer; I knew by the look of her that there was royalty aboard. 'Lobsters from Heligoland,' said Telamaque my interpreter; for I've left off French myself, it's so common—'Lobsters from Heligoland,

said Telamaque—'a duke,' cried I. 'Steer down upon her,' said I—'they're putting on more coals, and I'll board her in the smoke.' I lay in this manner, with my eye at my glass, and with that sagacity which makes me first in the trade, discovered the duke himself eating caviare in the cabin. 'Easy, lads, easy,' said I: 'easy, and I'll board her on the larboard paddle-box'—I hadn't said 'box,' when my foot was on it—and I was actually standing in the state cabin, in front of the duke himself, who was still eating caviare, with my card in my hand, before his highness knew it.—Count de Grasse was never so completely taken," said Oldjoe, with inexpressible gravity.

"And the Russian duke will absolutely be your guest?" asked Gruelthorpe.

"He couldn't refuse me. He couldn't with any decency. Look here;" and Oldjoe exhibited the collar and cuffs of his coat trimmed with fur six inches deep. "Do you see this?"

"What of it?" questioned the heir.

"Real silver bear,—every bit of it bear. The Russian duke saw the delicate compliment paid to his country, and could refuse me nothing! Mr. Gruelthorpe," and Oldjoe spoke with new seriousness—"there is nothing like studying national prejudices. As an innkeeper, I've been taught the value of it."

"Indeed, Mr. Oldjoe."

"Bitterly taught it. There were four of us in opposition went out to take the Persian Princes on their passage here.—Well, how do you think I lost 'em? By my ignorance of national prejudices," said the solemn tavern-keeper.

"How?" asked Gruelthorpe.

"Why, the successful landlord—the man who got them to his house—boarded 'em in the channel with a sample of boiled rice:" and had Oldjoe sworn an affidavit to the fact, he had not sworn with a more collected visage.

"Then you tavern-keepers stop these people on the water?"

"There never was such a look out for foreigners on the high seas, as since the peace. If there's a mortality among the pilots," said Oldjoe, "and a war should break out, there isn't an hotel-keeper westward who couldn't take a fleet through the channel."

"And have many crowned heads fallen to your lot?" asked Gruelthorpe.

"Crowned heads, sir!" said Oldjoe, letting the exclamation pass for an answer. "Crowned heads! you've seen me wear a ring on my right little finger?"

"I can't recollect the circumstance," said Gruelthorpe.

"Yes, yes,—you must recollect it. Hem! Donna Maria's own hair," and Oldjoe stroked his chin and looked away at the opposite wall. "But it's hard work—very hard work. To go out in all weathers; to brave the wind and fog, and—hem! hem! h—m!—yes, I've caught it," and Oldjoe, for he was musical, threw up the lid of a piano, and stooping his long back over the keys, confused them with his fingers, as he tried his singing voice:—

"'What shall I do, to show how much I love her?'"

"Do you hear that?" asked the vocalist—"My falsetto has an edge like a saw. You see, they ar'n't all profit, these dukes."

"And when does his highness come, Mr. Oldjoe?"

"To-night. He was to land at—oh! my little man," and for the first time Oldjoe deigned to notice the taciturn tailor.

"I came yesterday, sir," said John, "but as you were not here, and hadn't arrived this morning, I thought I had better speak myself on"—

"Yes, yes; just like the world," replied Oldjoe with an injured look, "you didn't care whether I was shipwrecked or not; you'd have eaten your cold mutton all the same."

"I assure you, sir,"—

"You would;" said Oldjoe sternly—"you know you would; and if you could have got em, pickles with it. However, I am above thinking of these things. Mr. Gruelthorpe, you want a valet—here's your man."

"Why isn't this—yes—isn't he a tailor?" inquired Gruelthorpe, scrutinizing the countenance of John.

"It can't be denied—he is a tailor. But, sir, this is the age of economy—must go with the times, sir; I have reduced my own soda a shilling a bottle,—now, if you can get your body servant and your tailor in one man, eh?"—

"Perhaps, 'twould be convenient," said Gruelthorpe, and a few preliminaries being entered upon and arranged, John Applejohn was duly accepted. He, however, mainly owed his good fortune to the fact, that three previous candidates for the office, had instantly withdrawn their claims on learning the plebeian origin of Benjamin Gruelthorpe.

CHAPTER VII.

John Applejohn had a proper affection for his own country; yet we will not attempt to deny it—certain late events had excited in him an unusual

desire to travel. Perhaps, for such yearnings will now and then possess us, he felt a sudden wish to increase his small store of knowledge; and by contrasting the characters of foreign tailors with the habits and manners of tailors at home, to establish some subtle theory on the important subject, but too long neglected. Be this as it may, a great author in an essay "on tying the cravat," assures us that "there is nothing so laudable as the pursuit of truth." Thus, John having endured little but falsehood and calumny at home, received the order of his master to prepare for a journey abroad, with renewed hopes of enjoying a just interpretation of his good intentions; for, happy are we to assure the reader, that all the unmerited injuries inflicted upon John had failed to sour the sweetness of his temper, to chill the honest blood that flowed within him. He had lived in what very virtuous people call this very wicked world five-and-twenty years, and was almost as simple as when he first snuffed the air. The consciousness of his well-meaning was an armour against the knocks of fortune—balm and spikenard to his hurts. Strong in his good intentions, he could not consider any evil but as a passing accident—a mistake to be cleared up by and by. We verily believe that he would have put his head into a halter, with hardly a wry face at the injustice of the sentence, strong

in the assurance that in a very little time, a very handsome epitaph would sweeten and make white his memory. Happy John Applejohn!

Benjamin Gruelthorpe had too long delayed, as he conceived, the most important step in his life. He had been his own master nine months,—had delighted the devil, the patron of all misers, by casting away with a free hand the money which his father had sinned for; but was yet only at the alpha of his manly knowledge. Foreign travel was indispensible to even a common education; and though at the time Benjamin quitted London he had not made up his mind to the extent of his peregrinations—though he had not then determined upon going as far as Tadmor in the Desert,—he had firmly resolved to see the Palais Royal. It was in the laudable pursuit of such useful knowledge that Benjamin Gruelthorpe, Esq., attended by his servant, put up at the ——, Canterbury, on his way to Dover. We do not give the name of the inn for various reasons. In the first place, no landlord, licensed to take in travellers, can be answerable for the characters of those whom it is his duty to feed and lodge. And a happy circumstance it is, that at least nine times out of ten the host is left in blissful ignorance of the practices and dispositions of those who give their orders. Were it otherwise, who, save Beelzebub himself, could keep a tavern?

Who could have the head and heart for the agonizing business? What lacerations of spirit, doomed to obey the commands of the profligate, the selfish, and the extravagant, knowing them to be so!—to be compelled to put a two guinea dinner before the orphan-eating executor—the best claret to the voluptuary who starves his wife at home! Or if all orders were to be obeyed with a "conscience and tender heart," what a capital, solemn farce it would be to have some moral Quixote, keeper of the Swan on the London road! Oh! for a Boniface of the true La Mancha stamp. True it is, that the days of chivalry are gone—that, as Mr. Burke says, they departed the very moment that the vulgar took to rob upon the highway in common with barons and knights: then, there ceased to be a distinction; and chivalry, though still in mail and with all the trappings of its order, was *in articulo mortis*. If, however, we were called upon to name the precise time of its death, the very point at which the vital spark of chivalry fled for ever, we would fearlessly give the day on which King Alfred hung up his golden bracelets by the roadside, and when, so debased, so sunk was the national spirit, that throughout the whole degenerate kingdom no hand was found bold enough to pull them down, and valorously pocket them. Then chivalry became what we see it now, an armed statue on a

dead man's tomb; and then, indeed, well might a highway bard, weeping at the quenched spirit of his land, and comparing the types of chivalry with its former living self, exclaim in a pathetic note—

> "Ah! woe is me! these high-born sinners,
> Altho' they liv'd so stoutly,
> Seeing they never pray'd themselves,—
> Yet their statues pray devoutly."

Quixote a tapster! the Knight of the Rueful Countenance, landlord of the Swan! We cannot readily dispossess ourselves of the animating idea. Nay, we see the madly moral host driving his conscientious trade. A guest with a diamond on his finger has ordered a platter of hashed venison. "Are you sure, sir," asks our Quixote landlord —"are you sure, sir, that a mutton chop wouldn't harmonize better with your pocket? Very true, I see that stone on your finger; but, my dear sir, is it paid for?" "Waiter," cries a guest, "bring me a bottle of your best port." "John," says Quixote, "take the man a pint of beer; nay, sir, you must allow me to say beer—you can have no wine in my house; for you know it was only this morning that on the score of poverty you refused your laundress the just claim of two-and-sixpence." "Another glass of brandy-and-water," cries a red-faced, prosperous looking man.—"Water, sir, but no brandy," says Quixote. "No brandy? Do

you think I can't afford it?" asks the astonished guest. "By no means," says the landlord—"of course you can; but then, sir, your health; consider your health; you have had two glasses, and no man drinks a third in my house." "Bridget," cries the waiter, "take a night-candle to the lady in number nine." "Bridget, I'll take it myself," says Quixote, and away he goes with the burning taper. "The candle," says Quixote. "Very good—we have had a long journey, and want to go to bed." "An excellent bed," says Quixote—"down, and sheets like snow; an excellent bed; but first, madam, permit me to look at your marriage certificate." This is how all landlords ought to act; and then, how inns would flourish, think the temperate and good—how vice would fall, how virtue raise its head! Yes, Cervantes was unjust to his genius when he made his hero a knight; he should have created him a tapster. Never was there such an opportunity for exhibiting the efficacy and the reward of good advice. But to our travellers at Canterbury.

"I don't care, if I see the Cathedral" said young Gruelthorpe with the air of a man about to confer an honor, and that after much deliberation. Knowing no one in the city, he bethought himself of the tombs; having no letter of introduction to so much

as an alderman, he resolved to call on the Black Prince. Nothing, perhaps, could so well illustrate the inexperience of our traveller as his deplorable ignorance of the social state, not of Canterbury alone, but of every place dignified by a cathedral. How often—tarrying in a cathedral town—have we witnessed the benign effect of primitive manners. To what other influence are we to ascribe the meekness, the loving-kindness, the neighbourly charity of all the inhabitants? The small distinctions, the delicate shades of place and fortune, seem wholly forgotten in the active principles of brotherly love. The purple raiment is not hastily caught away from the passing touch of coarser web—the finest lawn makes common cause with any linen bands—the silken apron shrinks not from poor prunella. Let pride, and pomp, and heartburnings for precedence swell, and strut and smoulder where they may, they never have been—they never can be—found where man finds a cathedral. All who live within the glad sounds of its chimes, live peaceably as sheep within a green enclosure.

"I don't care if I see the cathedral," said Benjamin, and sallied from the inn followed by his trusty Applejohn.

"Would you like to walk inside, sir?" asked an

old woman, as young Gruelthorpe stood gaping at the exterior of the edifice. "You had better walk in, sir," said the dame, in a like hospitable tone to that which may have fallen on the ear of the reader tarrying before a caravan, arrested by the outside portrait of the giant or the dwarf within.

Benjamin entered the cathedral, and the old woman unceremoniously began her task. "This cathedral was once the palace of King Ethelbert the King of Kent who made a present of the same to St. Augustine,"—

"Very handsome of him," said Benjamin, "wasn't it John?" asked Gruelthorpe, unbending to his domestic.

"Very like a gentleman," replied John.

"And went and lived upon the Reculvers here gentlemen," continued the old woman, "is many monuments as your eyes may detect. Them in the wall is called mural monuments the cause unknown. That monument is of Orlando Gibbons who came to play upon the organ when King Charles the first was married and died of the small pox that fatal accident happening in 1625,—under your feet there was many archbishops and friars; but in the civil wars the gravestones was dilapidated the ornaments absconded and the bishops deprived of their brass a shocking thing for any christian to relate. You will find more of this in

Mr. Weever," said the old woman, and she paused and looked at Benjamin.

"I—I—I'm aware," said Gruelthorpe, sucking the head of his cane.

"When the new pavement was put down the remains very handsomely dressed of archbishop Tibbald was found in a leaden plate. That gentleman laying on his side is Sir John Boys in his doctor's robes."

"Very much injured;" John observed deferentially, "by time, no doubt?"

"And the soldiers," continued the guide. "He lost his nose and other faculties in the great rebellion."

"Lovely thing, that," said Benjamin, gazing at one of the windows, the sun lighting up the glories of the stained glass—"a lovely thing."

"It has been much admired," observed the old woman, slowly rubbing her hands, and then placidly folding her arms.

"Very beautiful, indeed, sir," said John "I don't wonder at your liking it."

"Liking it!" exclaimed Gruelthorpe "it's glorious! I'd give any money to have it."

"No money would buy it, sir," remarked the woman.

"Besides, sir," said Applejohn, "where could you place the window—where could you possibly put it?"

"Put it! Pooh—fool! I mean, I'd give any money," and Benjamin continued to stare at the radiant glass, "yes, any money to have those very colours in a waistcoat."

"Beautiful by candle-light," said the old woman, rightly falling in with the enthusiasm of Benjamin; and then instantly proceeding with her duties. "You are requested to bear in mind gentlemen that you are now arrived at the martyrdom where Becket was massacreed and on that very account where Edward the First and his Queen was married. Erasmus a learned Dutchman although according to great authors a love-child came here on his visit to King Henry the Eighth his statue is in the market-place of Rotterdam—he kissed the sword which killed St. Thomas and wrote a book in which he proved that he who could be the greatest fool would in the end be the same as the wisest man. That image in oak is archbishop Peckham in very good repair being five hundred years old."

"A great age," observed Applejohn.

"'Straordinary, how bishops *do* last!" said Gruelthorpe, and still he sucked his cane.

"Several archbishops and friars lay here so much defaced that if their dearest relations was again alive they wouldn't know 'em. You are now in the chapel of St. Michael: over there," and the

woman pointed upwards, "was once an organ and is still. Those saints in the panels is St. Augustine and St. Gregory barbarously fired at by Oliver Cromwell's soldiers the marks of the bullets still to be seen by the curious and humane observer."

"Another window!" exclaimed Gruelthorpe, and possibly he thought of a second waistcoat.

"That window is the eastern window," said the woman, "there you see is a white stag with a crown upon its head resting under a tree a greyhound doing the same thing. That is a tomb of alablaster the figures upon it the figures of Margaret sister of the Earl of Kent and the Earl of Somerset and Duke of Clarence her two lawfully-married husbands; they are all laying together in expectation of a happier state."

Applejohn looked at the placid faces, the composed forms of the effigies, and then catching the eye of his master, observed—"Very solemn, this, sir."

Young Gruelthorpe took his cane from his mouth, pulled up his shirt-collar, and replied—"'Straordinary."

"And was all this done at the request of any of the parties?" asked John Applejohn, pointing to the tomb.

"Under the living eye of the widow herself who

died sensible to the last the guide thanks you for what you please," and the woman dropping a curtsey, and holding forth her hand, implied by the action that her task was done.

"Is nothing more to be seen?" asked Gruelthorpe, laying a half-crown in the hand of his instructress. "Nothing more?"

"There is Becket's shrine," answered the guide, "and the Black Prince, both the property of another woman."

"Property!" exclaimed John.

"She shews 'em," briefly replied the matron, who hobbled hastily away in search of new-comers.

"Wonderful thing! this, sir," said John, raising his eyes to the roof with a feeling of awe at the enormous fabric above, around him. "I don't know how it is, sir; but whenever I come into a place like this, I feel myself now as small and as mean as a fly, and now as big and as mighty as a giant."

Benjamin Gruelthorpe, with his cane in his mouth, nodded.

"And then, sir, to hear the organ in a church like this! I declare, sir, it seems to me as if a river of blood flowed from it."

"Blood!" said Gruelthorpe, with a hazy look. "'Straordinary!"

"I don't mean that, sir; I mean, that when I

hear the organ peal, every little vein in my body seems filling and filling from it, and my heart grows as great as a drum, and I shoot up fifty feet high, and I seem as if, big as the church may be, it isn't big enough for me; and I could cry and fight, and pray and kneel, and I still seem to get higher and higher, and bigger and bigger."

"'Straordinary!" repeated Gruelthorpe.

"It's true, sir; quite true. When the organ plays in such a place as this, it seems like a—a—I don't know what to call it—a river emptying itself into me."

"An organ a river? Humph!" and Gruelthorpe sucked his cane.

"There's magic in it, sir—I mean, lawful magic, or something like it. For when it plays, I've seen, or I've thought I've seen, the faces upon the monuments almost smile."

"'Straordinary!" cried Benjamin.

"Ha! sir—it is very strange, very strange, indeed; but, I want to ask you one question. I hope it's not an improper one?"

"I hope not," said Mr. Gruelthorpe, with an air of dignity. "I hope not."

"I want to ask you, sir, if—now, I hope I'm not asking anything that anybody would think wrong?" and John hesitated.

"I trust not," said Benjamin; "only, don't

presume on my good-nature, John; in what you may be about to ask, you will, I trust, be pleased to recollect that you are my servant, I am your master."

"Oh! sir, never fear: I only want to ask you something about a church organ," said Applejohn.

"Very well—go on," observed Gruelthorpe, somewhat relieved; for he feared some delicate family question on the part of his domestic. "Well—what about the organ?"

"Why, sir, hav'n't you thought, when you've heard it in full play, that the organ was really and truly"—and John paused.

"Really and truly, what?"

"Really and truly—a—a bit of the next world?" and John looked anxiously in the face of his master.

Benjamin Gruelthorpe took his cane from his mouth, ran his fingers through his hair, and making answer, said—"I—I can't say."

"Depend upon it, sir, it is; and nothing else," said Applejohn. "Ha! sir—this is a terrible place," and John raised his arms in wonder and veneration. "A terrible place!"

"I see nothing terrible in it—very fine," said Gruelthorpe.

"Why, it is fine, sir—but to me, it's more terrible than fine. And yet I think better of myself, when I think that men, perhaps, as weak and as mean as I am, helped to make it," said John.

"Very possible," observed John's master.

"And doesn't it make you prouder, sir, that you're a man?" asked Applejohn.

"I hope, I have something better to be proud of," replied Benjamin Gruelthorpe.

"You see, sir, though I'm a poor, ignorant fellow myself, it does my heart good, puts hope into me, when I think of the wonderful things done by creatures, who with all their wisdom, were only men. The very thought of it gives me a lift with myself, sir."

"'Straordinary!" remarked Gruelthorpe, gazing about him. "To be sure," said Benjamin, scarcely knowing what he said, "a solemn place like this—that's a sweet pretty figure, in the pink gown—a solemn place like this is likely to make us think of to-morrow."

"Oh! yes, sir, and of yesterday," replied John. "I'm sure I could stay among some of these figures until I should feel that I quite knew 'em; it makes us older to think of 'em; hundreds of years older, sir. I wonder, where you and I were, sir, five hundred years ago."

"Very 'straordinary," observed Gruelthorpe, somewhat tickled by the solemn speculations of his servant.

"You know, we must have been somewhere, sir," said Applejohn.

"Why—I—I should say, John, it's a—that is—it's a long time back, John."

"And only to think that—that—I don't know what I was going to say, sir," was the candid avowal of our hero, who felt himself getting fast out of his depth. "I know no more what I was going to say, sir, than, saving the presence of the tombs about me, than a jackass."

"'Straordinary!" exclaimed John's master at the coarse comparison of his servant. The truth is, in any other place John would have compared himself to a ninny, a blockhead, a goose; but a deep sense of his forlorn ignorance took the strongest image, and he could abide with nothing less than a jackass.

"As you have said, sir," remarked John, after a pause, and desirous of renewing the theme—"that's a beautiful window."

"Splendid colours," said Benjamin.

"I suppose there's some meaning in all those figures, and in that white stag, sir, and the dog? They ar'n't there for nothing?"

"By no means," answered Gruelthorpe. "No doubt, they're portraits. Some of 'em beautiful faces; never saw any more beautiful, never. 'Straordinary!"

"Ha! sir," exclaimed John with a groan, and

still gazing at the heads in the painted window. "Ha! sir."

"What the—I mean, what's the matter?" asked Benjamin.

"You talked of beautiful faces, sir? I'm afraid it's sinful; but there's a face in that window that's as like as"—and then John turned to his master, and with pathetic earnestness observed,—"but you never saw Sarah Twopenny?"

"Perhaps, you would like to see the cathedral?" asked a prim old woman, coming up to Gruelthorpe, and without waiting for a reply, added—"this way, sir, to the shrine." Benjamin obediently followed the woman, and John, tearing himself from the painted window, walked after his master.

"This, ladies and gentlemen," said the female, addressing a party already awaiting her lecture, "this is the monument of the famous Edward, known as the Black Prince, in consequence of his wearing armour of that colour. He died at Canterbury, at the palace of the archbishop, a prelate celebrated for his hospitality. You will observe that the monument is in excellent preservation, being as good as new. That is the figure of his Royal Highness, double gilt. There you see, hanging above the monument, is his Royal Highness's gauntlet or glove worn in those days. You also

see his scabbard, being a remarkably small one for so great a hero."

"Pray, pardonnez moy, but—my good woman—if that ere is the scabbard, what is, scusez moi, become of the sword?"

This question was put in a remarkably small voice, by a little, dapper person, who, at every word patted his head, as if to assist him in the delivery of English. He wore a moustache not unlike a very old tooth-brush.

"An illustrious foreigner, no doubt," thought young Gruelthorpe.

"The sword," replied the woman, "was feloniously stolen by Oliver Cromwell, and never returned. That is his Royal Highness's surcoat, which he wore against the Frenchmen, beautifully quilted."

"'Straordinary!" said Gruelthorpe.

"It is not so sure that he licked the Francois," said the man with the moustache, patting his head.

"People are left to their own opinion," said the severely precise guide, looking sourly at the doubter—"'specially foreigners."

"And pray, what tomb is that?" asked a pretty country girl, whose figure in a pink gown had received the praises of the critical Gruelthorpe.

"That, my young lady, is the tomb of Arch-

bishop Courtney, who died in 1396. The censorious have called it a cenotaph," said the guide.

" 'Straordinary," cried Gruelthorpe.

" Shameful!" exclaimed the foreigner.

" My good woman, what do you call a—a—what you called just now—what is it?" was the inquiry of a visitor, and Gruelthorpe and his man John listened attentively for the interpretation.

" A cenotaph," replied the woman with considerable dignity, " a cenotaph has nobody in it."

" A tomb to let," concluded John.

" The idle and malicious assert that the archbishop is buried at Maidstone; but it is no such thing. We warrant all his mortal remains to be here. That is the monument of Dean Wootton, the first protestant dean: you perceive that he is in the attitude of kneeling. The sculpture is much admired: the head particularly, which the dean himself had cut upon his travels, expressly for the present occasion."

" Ha! a dean should always be prepared," thought John, with much simplicity.

" And now, ladies and gentlemen, you see the very spot where you might once have seen the very shrine of St. Thomas à Becket. He was buried in a coffin of gold, mounted with precious stones, the smallest of which was larger than the largest known egg of the largest known goose."

"And what became of 'em?" asked the suspected foreigner. "Disez moy."

"They were stolen by the authority of his blessed Majesty, Henry the Eighth," answered the guide. "The face of the martyr was shewn in"—

"Granny," cried a little boy, who had run to the woman, and kept pulling at her skirts,—"granny, dumplings is done."

"The face of the martyr," repeated the woman, putting aside the boy, "was set in gold, and adorned with jewels, and whatever you please, ladies and gentlemen, to bestow upon the guide will be received as a token of your liberality."

"Those fellows played pretty tricks, then, sir," said Gruelthorpe, making up to the man with the moustache.

"Ye—yes," said the foreigner. "Dat is,—wee."

"Capital jugglers, sir," said Benjamin, and to his astonishment, the foreigner silently acquiesced in his opinion by slightly raising his shoulders, and then abruptly turned away. "Humph! I see—shocked his religious prejudices," said Gruelthorpe; and with his eyes bent upon the pretty figure in the pink gown, Benjamin quitted the cathedral.

CHAPTER IX.

"THIS is very dull work, John," said Gruelthorpe, who, having dined and drunk his bottle and a half, sat with stretched legs before the tavern fire. "What's to be done, John?"

"Shall I try and borrow you a book, sir? Bless me! there's one upon that table," and John gave the volume to his master.

"Humph! What's this? 'The London Directory,'" and with not another word, Gruelthorpe flung the book upon the floor.

There are men, who left to themselves in an inn at Canterbury, might have found matter for curious thoughts even in "The London Directory." For is it not a register of the social triumphs of man—the *libro d'oro* of civilization? Pleasant, with the rain pattering at the window, the coals burning briskly, with ease and snugness for our fire-side gods, to glance down the page of "The London Directory." After all, are the leaves so barren? Now, we read the names of living pin-makers, and now, we think of the mitred abbots of the olden day. Now, look we down a long line of traders, workmen, all ministrant to a kingdom's comfort,—and

now, look we to the olden time, when the comforts of a nation's hearth were the luxuries only of the rich. A few worked tapestry for barons and knights—our "Directory" gives us hundreds of paper-hangers for the walls of shop-keepers. An earl's floor was strewed with rushes; now, have we carpet-makers for artisans. The light of heaven struggled through holes in cabin walls; now—see our "Directory"—it comes flooding through unwrinkled glass! Even the substantial man must have adjusted his beard at some clear brook; now, may the cobler shave in a mirror. The riches of India—the spices of the Moluccas—blaze and are fragrant in the pages of the "Directory." When Ethelbert talked with good Augustine, where did the Kentish ladies get their ivory fans—where did housewives buy their cloves and ginger—where, where did the litttle boys of Canterbury get their pennyworths of figs? The "Directory" awakens in us recollections of bold discoverers—hardy enterprize—cunning invention—patient toil; and all for the wide family of England, not for the tyrannous and haughty few, made tyrannous by the sense of exclusive enjoyment. The "forked animal" man, cons the page of the "Directory," and sees a thousand merchants offering ten thousand triumphs won by the ingenuity, the skill, the labour, and daring of his kind. He reads the name and abode of a dealer

in oil, and he thinks of the bold mariner harpooning the leviathan amidst "regions of thick-ribbed ice." A "grocer" in the next line sends his thoughts far, far away among the mandarins. A "tallow-chandler,"—and he is riding in the Baltic, that the good folks at home may not go to bed without a candle. Canterbury had its pilgrims—its picturesque processions of shirtless monks, bully knights, and beardless squires; but they are gone,—and seated in the parlour of our host, for the bridle of the churchman,

> "Gingeling in a whistling wind as clere
> And eke, as loud as doth a chapel bell,"—

we hearken to the horn of the London mail—and for "The Golden Legend," we have "The London Directory." However, let us leave the volume on the floor, flung there by the impatient and drowsy Gruelthorpe, who saw in the book only so many names printed upon paper, bound in calf-skin.

"What will you do, sir?" asked Applejohn, anxious for the amusement of his master.

"I 'spose there's no company to be had, John?" inquired Gruelthorpe despairingly. "I should like to cut the throat of an hour or two with cards. I 'spose there's no gentlemen in the house?"

"Shall I go, sir, and"—

"Go to the devil," replied Gruelthorpe, yawning and flinging himself upon the sofa.

John quitted the apartment; yet, pausing on the outside, he stood considering the means of catering for the pleasures of his master. Never—never did servant cogitate with better intentions. It was in vain; John could decide upon nothing; he therefore descended the stairs, determining to sally forth into the city, to give loose to his fancy, already filled with abbots and abbesses, noble ladies and mailed knights.

On his way to the street-door John unhappily passed a room, wherein he beheld the foreigner he had that morning met in the cathedral, seated with two persons of a somewhat mean appearance, though apparently in familiar intercourse with the great man himself. There was, however, this marked distinction—the meaner men smoked pipes, the illustrious foreigner whiffed a cigar.

" I—I wisits one of the canons to-morrow; so, Gobye, mind you keep sober," said the foreigner.

" Sober as the town-pump," said Gobye.

" And be wery particklar, Tipit, with that ere wine. You know, when we was last at the duke's"—

At this moment, the door closed, and John Applejohn did not hear what occurred at the duke's. He had, however, heard sufficient, and ran back to his master.

" What does the savage want?" cried Gruelthorpe, as his servant broke upon him.

"If you please, sir, there are some gentlemen down stairs, who I have no doubt will be very happy to join you."

"Are you sure they're gentlemen?" asked the cautious Gruelthorpe.

"Sure of one of 'em; for he wears moustachios, a gold chain, and six rings. But you've seen him, sir; he was at the Black Prince."

"What! the foreigner?" and the eyes of Benjamin glistened.

"The very person, sir; and I'm sure he's a gentleman, sir—for I heard him just now speak of visiting a duke."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Benjamin, and he rose, and approaching the glass, adjusted his scattered curls.

"Shall I say, you'd like his company, sir?" inquired John.

"Stay. I'm afraid you can't speak French enough to be understood by him,—for he's evidently from Paris; I'm sure of the accent," said the acute Gruelthorpe.

"I think I can make myself understood, sir, in English; for he talks a good deal better than when we heard him," and John, interpreting a nod from his master as consent, ran down stairs, and made his way into the presence of the illustrious foreigner, who, with his friends, John invited in the name of

Mr. Benjamin Gruelthorpe, to help over a dull hour with the vivacity and intelligence of their society.

"Shall be too much proud," said the foreigner, tapping his forehead with his fingers.

"Werry 'appy, indeed, to drink a glass o' vine with any gem'man," declared Gobye.

"Is he at de top of de stairs?" inquired the exotic visitor.

"The first floor, sir; I'll conduct you to him," and John quickly advancing, heard not the friendly warning bestowed by the foreigner upon his two companions.

"Now, lads," said the Frenchman, with a pure Parisian accent, "be wide awake, and no gammon."

"I hope, gentlemen, that—'straordinary!"—exclaimed Gruelthorpe, and he stared at the scurvy companions of the foreigner as they swaggered into the apartment.

"My good friends—my varee good friends—my *bones amies*," said the foreigner, introducing Gobye and Tipit.

Gruelthorpe bowed, and proceeded. "I hope, sir, that you will excuse the liberty of a stranger, who finding himself alone in a dull town"—

"'Tis varee dull—varee dull, indeed, to stranger;

but to me who know avery bodie upward and downward,"—said the foreigner—

"'Straordinary!" exclaimed Benjamin, and showed his teeth. "You possibly visit the heads of the clergy here?"

"Oh! all of de heads of de church—from de dromedaries"—

"Dromedaries!" cried Gruelthorpe—"'straordinary!"

"Ha! ha! I mean de—de—humph!—de"—and the illustrious foreigner with a desolate look at Gobye and Tipit, continued to tap his forehead.

"Dromedaries," said Mr. Gobye, "you mean prebendairys."

"Ha! ha! 'tis all as one—prebendayries; but you see, I am foreigner."

"A Frenchman, I presume?" asked Benjamin.

"Do you parley French?" inquired the foreigner, staring at Gruelthorpe.

"Not—I—that is—not in the slightest," said Benjamin.

"'Tis great pity, for I am French," said the foreigner.

"May I inquire your name?" asked Benjamin.

"My name, sare, is Signor Smugcard, at your service *à jammy*."

"You may go, John; I shall not want you this

hour or two—pray, be seated, gentlemen. Oh! John, send the waiter to me," such were the words of Gruelthorpe; and his trusty and well-meaning domestic, rejoicing that he had found society for his master, despatched the waiter for orders, and then strolled down the streets of the ancient city of Canterbury.

CHAPTER X.

John wandered he knew not, cared not, whither. Thinking of Sarah Twopenny, of the roaring sea that might for ever divide him from her—for Mr. Gruelthorpe had resolved to take ship from Dover the next day—of the malicious tongues that had killed his innocent fame, John, unconscious of the distance, strolled far from the inn; and had made nearly a circuit of the city, when he paused at a monastic ruin. All about him was dark, silent, and desolate. Now John, albeit he had never owned the failing—nay, was determined to keep the weakness a secret even from himself—was somewhat superstitious. He did not think it impossible that ghosts might walk; and, granting the possibility, he thought Canterbury a very likely place to meet with them. For all he knew, the Black Prince might wander restlessly abroad in search of

his stolen blade; Margaret, the Earl of Kent's sister, might take a walk arm-in-arm with her noble husbands, Somerset and Clarence; nay, the shadow of Thomas à Becket himself might roam about the city, gibbering for his golden coffin. As these thoughts fell upon John, the soles of his feet seemed to grow into the earth—the crown of his head became ice—and scarcely breathing through his nostrils, he slowly turned his head from side to side. At this instant, a light blazed through a casement of an isolated part of the ruin—John started at the light, and almost fell to the earth. He then crept close to the window, hearing voices within.

"I tell 'ee, he's the devil himsel—or his sarvin' man, surelye. I seed un do things, that I thought the floor would ha' opened, and swallowed un clean," said one.

"What did he do?" asked another.

"Do! The Lord ha' mercy on us! I seed un make a half-crown dance like mad in a sugar-basin, and nobody by. More than that, he made port wine run under the ground fro' one pot to 'nother, and not a drop wasted. Then he borrowed a real gold weddin' ring and fired it off with gunpowder; then he biled a egg in a sarcepan, and broke the egg, and took out of it a bird"—

"What! biled?" exclaimed a shrill, female voice.

"No! as raw and as live as any chicken; and who'd think it?—there was the ring 'bout bird's neck! Well, he gives the ring to the lady, and she looks at it, and puts it on her finger, and smiles at her husband sittin beside her, as much as to say, it's as right and as tight as ever."

"And did he do nothin' else?" asked one of the company.

"Nothin' else! If I was to tell 'ee what he did, ye'd all say I was the greatest liar on two legs," cried the narrator.

"No—no—no! Tell us," exclaimed half-a-dozen voices.

"Well, then,—but mind 'tis all true. A good while arter this—and you should ha' seen un make any card o' the pack come to him."

"Come to him," cried one of the listeners. "What! without touching it?"

"Without touching it? why, he laid the pack down—and walked away, and then whistled—phewgh!—just so; and may I die this minute, nay worse than that, may I never taste another drop o' ale, if the Jack of Clubs didn't jump out o' the pack, and follow un about the place for all the world like any dog."

"The Lord ha' mercy on his poor soul!" said a pitying female voice.

"Soul!" exclaimed one of the party—"he

ha'n't as much soul as ye could lay on a sixpence. Such folks never have. But go on—arter that?"

"Arter that, he brings out a—a bladder full of magic; and, just as if he was askin' a neighbour to take a sup o' malt, he puts his hand on his breast, and begs to know if any lady or gen'lman would ha' a little? He stood and stared at me; but I gi' un sich a look, I could see it went right through his back-bone. Well, only to think o' the fools o' this world! There was Shankton, the button-maker, near Northgate; he goes up to un, and takes one bladder, and Bill Mousebite, the cheese-monger, that married his daughter, goes and takes t'other. Shankton sucks at the bladder, and then stands still and stares, and then he bursts out into a laugh, quite scandalous. There he stood, laughin' away, some folks cryin' shame on un, for he ha'n't buried his wife a month, and it warn't decent. Still he stands, laughin' like a cat. Well, Mousebite his son had sucked another bladder, and looked quite fierce to see his own father-in-law grinnin' there like any cow-boy through a collar; then Mousebite says nothin', but runs straight up to un, and gi's Shankton, wi' his double fist, sich a smash upon the nose, the blood spirted from it like water from a flower-pot! Down falls Shankton like a bull,—but, would you believe it, wi' the blood pourin' into his open mouth, he kept grinnin'

and rollin' with pleasure, whilst Mousebite, lookin' fiercer and fiercer, slid about, and worked his arms like a windmill, and knocked down six men that tried to hold un?"

"All the black art," said one of the hearers.

"Black enough for Mousebite; for no sooner does Shankton come to his senses, than he rubs his nose and looks quite penitent, and wants to gi' his son-in-law to a constable for the 'sault. Then the chap that conjured wanted to persuade un 'twas all the magic,—but Shankton buttons his coat in a passion, runs home, takes out his will—he had left every thing to Mousebite and his wife—flings it in fire, smokes sixteen pipes in his rage, and afore he goes to bed, orders his maid to dress and clean hersel' the first thing, for he'll marry her the next mornin'."

"But he didn't marry her?" cried a woman.

"No; 'cause why? he was ashamed when he woke to shew his nose to the parson. While it was gettin' well, he'd time to listen to sense; but for Mousebite — he's cut un off with a half-penny."

"But warn't the blow all through the conjuror?" inquired a hearer.

"That's what they say to Shankton, but he won't believe it; he swears his son must ha' had his wits about un, or he wouldn't ha' hit so hard."

"Now, isn't it a shame, that the mayor lets men like the conjuror?"—observed one of the party, who was abruptly stopt by the historian of the magician.

"Men! He's not a man. He's the devil himsel'—I'm sure o' it. I could swear it: there's somethin' about un not like a common conjuror. I ha' seen 'em chew fire, and take pison at fairs—but none like this chap: no, no,—there's a somethin' about un, that—oh, yes! its plain he's the devil himsel', he's so much o' the gen'lman."

"Here, Deborah—another mug of ale," cried one of the company, and the words of the speaker went to the heart of John Applejohn, and warmed it.

John, though at first considerably alarmed, had at length listened with more curiosity than fear, becoming assured that the narrator of the works of the wizard, dwelt upon the tricks of some wandering mountebank endowed with greater cunning than his brethren. The words "a mug of ale" still trembled at John's heart-strings: he felt satisfied that for money there was liquor to be had within; and, as rain began to fall, John Applejohn entered the only habitable portion left by time and fate of the Abbey of St. Augustine, and now made sacred by the destinies to the sale of malt and hops!

John immediately found himself among the company assembled in the ruin; and, ere his ale could be brought him, was tempted to conversation

by an elderly man, who, from his voice, John immediately recognized as the person who had so long and so eloquently descanted on the exploits of the conjuror. "'Twill be a wet night, sir," said the man; and John replied that the rain had driven him into the house.

"Ha! that's the stuff against cold and wet, and wind," observed a lean, thin old man, with a sharp face and a bright eye; and he bustled about the fire, and rubbed his hands, as though, like John, he had just sought shelter from the night. "Deborah, girl," he cried, "a mug of ale; and mind, the abbot. I hope, sir," and the man approached John, and looked inquisitively at his liquor, "I hope, sir, as you're a stranger,"—

"I am a stranger," said John.

"I hope, sir, that you have the abbot there?" and the man pointed his fore-finger to John's mug. "Nothing less, as a stranger?"

"It's very good, sir," and John tasted the ale, and smacked his lips. "Very good."

"But not the abbot, I can see," said the old man, and to the surprise of John, he took away the mug, and calling Deborah, began with serious looks and in angry tones to take her to task for the slight put upon a stranger.

"The ale will do very well—very well, indeed, sir;" said John, putting out his hand for the mug.

"Excuse me, sir, as a citizen of Canterbury, I have its reputation at heart, sir; I cannot permit a stranger to be deceived in his ale. Perhaps, you will allow me, sir?" and the man inclined the edge of the mug to his mouth, as if awaiting the consent of John to taste the liquor. Then instantly taking a draught, and making a wry face, he seemed to shudder, and gave the half-empty vessel to the girl, telling her in an authoritative tone to take it away, and not in future to impose upon a stranger. The rest of the company remained silent, eyeing Applejohn and his new and disinterested friend.

"Ha! this will do—ha! ha! this is the abbot, sir," said the man, as he poured from the replenished mug of Applejohn. "Look, sir—look," —and the man held up the glass to the light— "don't you see him, sir?"

"The ale looks very bright," said Applejohn.

"But don't you see the abbot, sir?—look! There, sir—look at his broad, bright, fat face! I can see every feature of him—his cheeks, nose, chin; his winking eyes, look!" and the man held the glass, and gazed upon it, as though really rapt by the vision of a fat monk. "Can't you see him in the ale, sir? What dimples the jolly old fellow has! Ha! ha! look, how he shuts one eye and chuckles at us."

Applejohn stared suspiciously at the man—was he a lunatic? "I—I can see nothing," said John, having stared at the ale, whilst unseen by him the visitors winked and nodded at each other. "Upon my life, sir, I can see nothing," and John put down his glass.

"Ha! sir, that's because you're a stranger to Canterbury. Notwithstanding, my service to you," and the man pledged him. "Perhaps, you never heard the story."

"Never. It must be something odd?" surmised Applejohn.

"Not so odd, as true, sir. Deborah, another mug of ale, for this gentleman. Sir, I have five minutes to spare, and I'll tell you the story."

"Has it a name, sir?" asked John. "What story?"

"It has a name, sir;" and the speaker, having softened his throat with another draught of ale, began the legend of—

"The Abbot of the Ale-cask.

"Many hundred years ago, the good king Ethelbert, moved by the pious prayers of the saintly Augustine, built him this monastery for the black monks. And in this very place they lived and revelled, prayed and drank, confessed and carved, until the stormy times of Henry the Eighth,

who sent hither his commissioners to take an honest account of the revenue of the abbey, and then to turn the monks out of house and home. In Anno Domini 1539, their revenues were found to be one thousand, four hundred and thirteen pounds, four shillings—tell me, if I'm wrong, neighbour Stot," said the speaker to the man who had discoursed of the conjuror, and who nodded his willingness to assist the narrator should he stumble—" four shillings and eleven pence halfpenny."

" 'Twas a close reckoning," said Applejohn.

" Sir, they were men of conscience, and didn't miss a farthing; men of conscience, sir—Deborah, fill again. They sent the monks packing, as in duty bound. Now, the abbot of that day was called Hilary, the Maltster; an excellent churchman, and a pious lover of good ale. It was a sight to behold his resignation when the officers came to drive him and his brethren hence. 'At least, my lord'—it was a lord, wasn't it, Stot, though I forget his name?"—Stot took his pipe from his mouth, and nodded—" 'at least, my lord,' said the abbot, 'you will suffer us, if we must leave our darling abbey behind, at least you will permit us to carry away our ale?' And big tears ran down the abbot's cheeks as he looked in the unrelenting face of the commissioner; who not at all moved by the sorrows of the churchman, said, 'the devil a

drop,' and the abbot and all the monks shuddered when his lordship swore.—'The devil a drop,' cried his lordship, and the wicked soldiery with their halberds drove the abbot and the brotherhood from the gates; and the good Hilary went beyond the seas, and died of a broken heart, brought on by small wine."

"Is it true, think ye?" asked Applejohn.

"There's more to come, sir. Deborah, another jug—more to come, sir; isn't there, Stot?" Stot nodded. "The body of the good Hilary—of Hilary the Maltster, lies at Cologne; they show you his tomb, sir, shaped like a hooped tankard, and curiously wreathed with hops cut in white marble. The tomb is shown in the church of—of—but that is no matter; the body of the abbot was buried at Cologne, but his unlaid ghost haunted the abbey of St. Augustine. Don't be alarmed, sir, but drink;" said the narrator, as Applejohn shifted on his seat, "drink, sir; for the abbot is the jolliest of spectres."

"And does the abbot still walk?" inquired John.

"Not if the ale be of the true quality—but, you shall hear, sir. I said, his spirit haunted the abbey: it is true. When Queen Elizabeth, on a progress, in the fifteenth year of her reign, slept up stairs"—

"Up stairs!" exclaimed Applejohn.

"That virgin sovereign did not close her eyes

for two nights: and what, sir—what think ye kept her gracious majesty wide awake?"

John considered a moment, and then answered —"Perhaps, the fleas."

"Sir, you're a wag," cried the story-teller, and hid his face in the mug, whilst the rest of the company laughed outright. "No, sir; the affair was hushed up by the privy council, but the ghost of Hilary, the abbot, danced a saraband in the queen's chamber, with a hooped flaggon in his hand and a cask upon his head, crying aloud the while, 'hops!—your highness,—hops!'"

"Is it true, d'ye think?" again asked John.

"A maid of honour confessed the story on her death-bed. Nay, more; when Charles the First and his bride Henrietta lay in the same chamber, the abbot wouldn't let 'em have a bit of quiet, but flourished his flaggon, and danced, and still shouted —'hops! your blessed majesties,—hops!'"

"And did they ever get rid of the abbot, or does he still dance?" questioned the credulous Applejohn.

"At length, a brewer took the monastery—an honest man," answered the story-teller. "'Tis said, the first night his mash-tubs and his boilers were brought in, there was heard solemn chaunting at midnight in the vaults."

"But did the abbot never appear again—did he never more cry 'hops?'" asked John.

"He did—and would this very night, if the brewer gave him cause," said he of the legend.

"God bless me!" exclaimed Applejohn, "what cause?"

"Once, 'tis now ten years ago, there had been a great brewing, and either 'twas the dishonesty or the carelessness of the men, but the liquor was marvellously bad. Well, the poor brewer suffered for it; for, at midnight, in came the abbot, and this time with all his monks; and they dragged the poor brewer from his wife clean out of bed, beat him mercilessly with their flaggons, and screamed, and shouted, and halloed 'hops! you rogue—hops! —hops!—hops!'"

"And—and what—what—when the abbot is pleased, does he appear then?" asked John.

"Then," answered the man, "then is he to be seen at midnight sitting astride a barrel of the best ale, with a full flaggon in his hand. Should the brewer appear, then does the abbot smile with benignant drunkenness upon him."

"And all this is true?" again inquired Applejohn.

"True as death; and, my friend," added the man very solemnly, "it teaches us this valuable moral."

"I don't see," said John—"what moral?"

"The moral is plain as your nose; and tells you,

if you would sleep soundly of nights,—never—never to stint your hops."

"What! is the gentleman gone?" said Applejohn, surprised at the sudden disappearance of the narrator.

"Yes; he always goes, when he's told that tale; and he always does tell it to a stranger," said Stot, grinning.

"A very entertaining man," said Applejohn.

"Aye," answered Stot, "very; and was once the most thrivin' cooper in Kent—a scholard, too; only, you see, he thought anything o' the barrel, but makin' it."

"Does he often come here?" inquired John.

"Yes; he commonly drops in, to look out for a visitor; but he do'n't always score so much for 'em as to-night."

"What's to pay?" asked Applejohn resignedly of Deborah, who on giving in the reckoning did not forget the accompt of the communicative cooper. "A very entertaining man," repeated John, as he discharged the joint bills. "Pray, gentlemen, as I'm quite a stranger here, which is the direct way to ——?" and John named the inn where his master sojourned.

"I'm going by the house; will be proud to show you," said a middle-aged man, who from his sleek,

plain appearance, John took for a small trader. "Good night, gentlemen," said the man, immediately laying down his pipe, and taking his hat.

"Good night," said John, and he followed the civil stranger from the house. As he crossed the threshold, a volley of laughter burst from the company, whilst more than one of the party cried, "hops! you rogue—hops!—hops!"

"Very agreeable company frequent that house, sir," said our simple hero.

"The only really honest folks in Canterbury," replied his companion, and with the familiarity of an old friend, he took the arm of Applejohn, and walked with him to the door of his inn.

"Your master has been asking for you," said the waiter as Applejohn entered the house; and, without a moment's delay, John hurried to young Gruelthorpe.

"So! Mr. Applejohn," said Benjamin, "I find you have friends in Canterbury."

"Friends! sir—not that I know of," answered John. "Bless me!" and he looked round the apartment—"is the company gone, sir?"

"Oh! you'll see them again—no doubt. So, sir, I find you know this conjuror?"

"I—I have heard a good deal of his tricks, to-night. An extraordinary man, sir! I don't much believe in bargains of the sort—but—I hope there's

no understanding between him and Beelzebub," observed John, conceiving that his master alluded to the magician of whose necromancy John himself had that night heard so much. "I hope not," repeated John.

"Perhaps, you've reason—no doubt, you have; because the bargain may include some of his friends, eh? You have doubtless good reason for your wish."

"None in particular, sir; I only speak as a Christian," said Applejohn.

"There, fellow," and Gruelthorpe flung five sovereigns on the floor—"pick 'em up."

"Certainly, sir," replied the obedient domestic, and immediately gathered the coin from the carpet, and held the money towards his master.

"Take it for your wages, and"—

"I thank ye, sir," interrupted John, "they're not due yet, and with your leave, I wouldn't draw any beforehand."

"You're no longer my servant, fellow," said Gruelthorpe.

"God bless me!" said Applejohn.

"I thought you an honest man, but—but now I know your character—I've found you out."

As Gruelthorpe uttered these words, Applejohn saw himself upon his knees, with the crooked nail in his hand, and old Zweifler gnashing his teeth

above him. Yes—it was plain to John that some enemy had recognized him, and informed Mr. Gruelthorpe of the accident in the house of the tailor, whence, a victim to his good intentions, John had been thrust forth, a detected housebreaker.

"Upon my soul, sir!" said John, almost bursting into tears, "what I did, sir, I did for the best; don't, don't cast me off, sir, because of appearances, sir; for, upon my soul and body, sir, I—I meant well."

"Meant well! Never tell me—'twas a regular scheme of robbery," said Gruelthorpe.

"It wasn't, indeed—I know the crooked nail was against me, but for all that"—

"Crooked nail! I"—and as Gruelthorpe spoke, new lights seemed to break upon him—"I shouldn't wonder if in your time you've been tried for burglary."

"No—never—never tried! As I'm a living sinner, and an honest man,—never tried!" exclaimed John.

"Well, well, you might have cost me more money—the first loss is the best," said Gruelthorpe, with resignation.

"And have you, indeed, lost anything?" inquired Applejohn with real interest.

"Have I lost anything? I think you took care

of that by the company you brought me. You say, sir, you know the conjuror who is here?"

"I heard of him to-night," said Applejohn, ingenuously.

"No doubt—no doubt," answered the sarcastic Gruelthorpe—"and do you recollect a few of his tricks?"

"One, especially. I hear he can make the Jack of Clubs walk out of the pack, and follow him about the room like a dog," said John.

"Why, you impudent scoundrel!" shouted Gruelthorpe, "it isn't enough that you bring a mountebank here to rob me, but you must laugh at me afterwards. Begone, fellow."

"I bring a mountebank—I rob!" cried Applejohn, and he stared vacantly at his master. "A mountebank!"

"I suppose you can read?" asked the satirical Gruelthorpe.

"Write and cypher," answered the innocent Applejohn.

"Then read that—left by your friend; the friend you brought me, that I mightn't feel lonely. Well, if ever I believe in a foolish face again!" and young Gruelthorpe flung himself upon the sofa. "Read, scoundrel! if your blushes will let you;" and John's master pointed to a piece of paper lying, with the cards, upon the table.

John took up the paper, and read as follows:—

"'SIGNOR SMUGCARD, ILLUSIONIST,
("'*From all the cities of Europe, and from London in*
"'*particular,*)
"'*Presents his profound and heartfelt respects to the nobility,*
"'*gentry, and public of*
"'THE ANCIENT CITY OF CANTERBURY,
"'*And begs to state that he will have the honour of exhibiting,*
"'*for three nights only, his hitherto*
"'UNRIVALLED TRICKS!'"

"D—n him!" exclaimed Gruelthorpe; "read on! I—I wonder at your audacity;" and the master stared at the self-possession of his innocent servant.

"'Unrivalled tricks,'" repeated Applejohn.

"Go on, sir!" roared Gruelthorpe—and John obeyed.

"'*He will pick the pocket of any gentleman of the company,*
"'*and he shall never know it.*'"

Gruelthorpe groaned, and rolled upon the sofa.

"Bless me! Ar'n't you well, sir?" asked John, approaching his master.

"Read on, sir!" bellowed Gruelthorpe.

"'*He will blow any lady's wedding ring into a million count-*
"'*less pieces, and afterwards*
"'TRIUMPHANTLY RESTORE THE FRAGMENTS!
"'*He will put the current half-crown of the realm into a*
"'*Glass Vase, and make it*
"'DANCE ITSELF INTO LITTLE SIXPENCES!

"' He will tell any lady's thoughts!
"' BUT,—
"' *Upon the honour of a gentleman,*
"' *Pledges himself that they shall be eternally buried with him,*
"' IF AT ALL IMPROPER!'

"No man could do less," said Applejohn.

"I wonder at your assurance," cried Gruelthorpe, "but go on."

"' *The Signor will call any card from the pack into his hand,*
"' *at any distance, and from anybody!*'"

"Oh! you scoundrel," exclaimed Gruelthorpe; "but finish it."

"' SIGNOR SMUGCARD *might set forth a thousand illusions*
"' *performed by him; but it is trusted that it will be an*
"' *overwhelming testimony of his extraordinary*
"' *powers, when he states that his*
"' *Sleight of Hand and Tricks of Legerdemain*
"' *Have obtained for him the approbation of the best judges;*
"' *among whom he is proud to number*
"' ALL THE CROWNED HEADS OF EUROPE!
"' SIGNOR SMUGCARD *will administer the Laughing Gas to*
"' *the curious in risibility.*
"' *Lessons in Sleight of Hand and Tricks in general,*
"' *given by the Signor.*
"' *Gentlemen of the Church attended in private.*
"' N. B. No Dissenter need apply.'"

John, having finished a perusal of the bill, looked wonderingly in the face of his master, "Has the conjuror been here, sir?"

"Ere John had put the whole question, his master leapt from the couch—"Why," he exclaimed, "you—you brazen rascal!"

"What's the matter? What have I done?" asked John.

"Done! didn't you bring that scoundrel and his accomplices here?"

"You were alone and dull, sir, and wanted company, and I thought the foreign gentleman,"——

"Foreign gentleman! a conjuror from Shoreditch!—Look there!" and Gruelthorpe pointed to a pack of cards scattered about the floor.

"What! did he get you to play at cards, sir?" inquired John.

"A little loo—only a little loo," muttered Gruelthorpe, biting his fingers.

"Loo! What! loo with a conjuror, if he is the conjuror? but I took him for a count at least. Loo with him? Why, sir, you see he can bring any card from the pack. Play at loo with a man who can make the Jack of Clubs follow him like a dog? Play at"——

How far John might have proceeded in his oblique censure of his master we cannot say, but at this moment he was stopped in the current of his speech by Gruelthorpe, who suddenly caught him by the shoulders, swung him round, and thrust him out at the door.

"There must be something wrong," thought John, "perhaps, he has lost a large sum of money; still, when his passion is over, he can't blame me—no, that's impossible: because, whatever has happened, I did all for the best. However badly things may have fallen out, I meant well," and with this barren consolation John crept to his room, resolving not again to appear before his master until summoned. "He'll forget it in the morning," was the belief of John, who, having waited up until midnight went, tranquil in his sense of innocence to bed.

Long ere John was wrapt in sleep, his unforgiving master was travelling post to Dover.

We, however, should do injustice to the generous spirit of Signor Smugcard, if we concluded this chapter without registering his act of courtesy towards Gruelthorpe. That gentleman had in the best possible temper lost a hundred and fifty pounds to the signor and his friends, and was still in ignorance of the professional abilities of his antagonists.

"There, I think that will do, gentlemen," said Gruelthorpe, flinging down the cards.

"You vill play not no more at all?" asked the Signor, with truly a winning smile.

"No—not to-night; I don't care much for cards, but they help over a dull hour," remarked Benjamin.

"You are tout certain, varie quite sure you will play not no more?" inquired the signor for the second time.

"No—no—another time, should we meet, I may be very happy."

"Ha! sare," and the signor heaved a sigh, and looked with melting eyes upon Benjamin Gruelthorpe—"dis vorld is so fool, so entire fool of tings dat are no sure, maybe we sall nayvere meet agane."

"May be," said Benjamin, with proper resignation.

"In dat case, are you tout certain, varie quite sure you will play not no more?" asked the signor for the third time.

"Not to-night," said Gruelthorpe firmly, "not to-night."

"Den, sare, I vish you much good-night; I have been much delight vid your company; and I should tink varie littel of meself, if I did not offer you a place for my illusi-ons."

"Illusions!" exclaimed Gruelthorpe. "What illusions?"

"Gobye," said the signor, "give an annonce—a bill"—and Mr. Gobye took a roll of at least two hundred of those documents from his coat-pocket, and carefully blowing the edges to separate them, put into the hand of Gruelthorpe a bill of entertain-

ment, of which we have already given a copy. At the same moment, Signor Smugcard approached Gruelthorpe, and bowing low, presented him with two free tickets for the exhibition, saying—"One for yourself—and one for ladie." The tickets delivered into the paralyzed hand of Gruelthorpe, the Signor Smugcard walked across the carpet to the door as if he trod upon the thinnest sheet of ice, and then, making his lowest bow, disappeared, followed by his companions—for he disavowed all accessaries—Gobye and Tipit.

Benjamin Gruelthorpe glanced at the bill, and then at the tickets—he had played at loo with a conjuror! He rang the bell with his best violence, and inquired for his servant. At that moment John Applejohn entered the house, and in a few seconds stood in the presence of his enraged master, when the scene we have already described, was acted between them.

CHAPTER XI.

"DEPEND upon it, there must be some mistake," said Applejohn in the morning, when informed of the departure of his master by the waiter. "He can't have left me behind."

"That's for you to settle with yourself—here, it seems, you are," said the waiter.

"I did all for the best," said John, "I meant well—time will show, I meant well;" and thus, satisfied with his good intentions, John sat down to breakfast. "If I starve for it, I can't help it," talked John to himself, cutting at a large flank of beef; "I meant well—and good intentions"—here John buttered his roll inch-thick,—"good intentions will sweeten dry bread."

"I suppose, my man, your master will give you a character?" asked the waiter of John, whilst yet at his breakfast.

"He couldn't do less," said our hero, "I've done nothing wrong—I wasn't to tell a conjuror from another man—I meant well."

"There's a gentleman put up here last night from Dover; he's been speaking to master; he wants a servant."

"Tell him I'll be with him in a minute," said the simple John, swallowing his tea. "And now," and John rose from the table, "where is he?"

After some words with the landlord, upon whom the simplicity of our hero had a very favourable effect, John was ordered to hold himself in readiness for an audience of the gentleman in need of a lackey. Two hours elapsed and then John was summoned to the presence.

"The gentleman was a thin, tall, sallow young man, with a sharp face buried in a profusion of

black hair, whilst his cheeks and throat were fairly bandaged with whiskers. He was in a morning-gown of bright blue damask, tied about the girdle with gold cords, enriched with heavy tassels of the same material. His shirt collar was thrown back; and in his whole air and manner there was to John something inexpressibly impressive and elegant.

"Oh! ha!" said the gentleman, and he picked his teeth and looked at our hero.

"I—I've understood, sir, that you—you want a servant," ventured John.

"Well? what then?" drawled the man in the damask gown.

"I—I want a master," said Applejohn.

"Humph! ha! How long have you been from the crows?" asked the young gentleman.

"I never lived in a family of that name," answered the ingenuous John.

"Ha! ha!" and the young gentleman laughed small as through a quill. "I meant, have you been long from the clods—from the fields?"

"I'm not London born," said John. "I lived last with Mr. Benjamin Gruelthorpe."

"The Gruelthorpes of Cornwall — the great copper-men? — No? Then I don't know 'em. What can you do?"

"Whatever you please, sir," replied the ready Applejohn.

"Well—ha!—yes—you may follow me to London. I hav'n't time just now to look into your character—and by the way, I think character altogether a d—d imposition. I suppose any rascal can get one for half-a-crown? Eh?"

"I don't know the price, sir—I never went to market," said John.

"Oh, yes—yes; as for character, any scoundrel can give a brother scoundrel a lift. I had a fellow, a groom, Mr. Rummer," and the young gentleman addressed the landlord, who had introduced John, "yes, a groom; well, he had a character signed I do believe by half the bench of bishops: would you believe it,—the fellow broke open my dressing-case, stole five hundred pounds in bank-notes, besides a miniature set with the superbest diamonds?"

"Dear me! sir," said Mr. Rummer, "a very heavy loss."

"Oh! d—n the money; 'twas the miniature that —by the way, Mr. Rummer, you remember that separation in high life?"

"I—I think I"—stammered Rummer.

"Oh yes! you must recollect it; all brought on by that confounded miniature; the thief was taken, the portrait was recognised, the exposure was inevitable; there was a meeting of the families, and —ah! poor thing, she's now in Wales."

"And didn't you punish the thief, sir?" inquired the landlord—"didn't you make an example?"

"D—n examples! There again 's the greatest mistake—as if any body was ever the better for example! Though certainly, I think I should have had the fellow hanged, only as the affair happened just before I started for the county,"—

"Started for the county! I hope you succeeded?" said the landlord.

"No, Mr. Rummer, no; bribery and threats, sir; bribery and threats. I lost the election, sir; so you see I might as well have hanged the scoundrel after all."

"It was very liberal of you."

"D—n liberality!" said the fine young man—"in fact, Mr. Rummer, d—n every thing."

"To be sure, sir," assented Mr. Rummer.

"Servants," exclaimed the young gentleman, fixing his eyes upon Applejohn, "are the greatest villains that ever chewed. I've been ruined by 'em, Mr. Rummer; that is, if I could have been ruined. You recollect that I was about to be married to Lady Barbara?"

"I—I—oh, yes! I heard something of it," said the obliging landlord.

"Something of it! Settlement and every thing signed. Well, I had written a little poem; I'm afraid it has somehow or the other got into print

—it's a trifle. I flung it off at the opera, standing one night in Fop's Alley, looking at Lady Barbara opposite; we'd had a little tiff that morning. I dare say, you never met with the poem? it begins—tut! I never—no I never can remember my own lines. Yes, I have it—it begins—

'Fare thee well, and if for ever,
Still for ever fare thee well.'

"I think, sir, I can show you where those lines are in print," said the well-meaning Applejohn.

"When I need you for my librarian, I'll inform you," said the young gentleman, darting a withering look at John.

"But about Lady Barbara, sir?" said Mr. Rummer, who appeared to pay the greatest deference to his guest.

"Well, lovers' quarrels, you know, Mr. Rummer, —there's a proverb, I forget it, about 'em. Lady Barbara insisted upon my writing the lines in her album—d—n writing! and oh!"—and here the young gentleman raised his voice, and spoke with considerable fervour—"and oh! particularly d—n all albums!"

"My daughter has one," said Mr. Rummer.

"So had Betty, our housemaid," observed Applejohn; who, but for his modesty, might have stated that he had himself, ere his expulsion from the house of Mr. Zweifler, contributed to it.

The young gentleman vented another look upon John, and then proceeded—"Lady Barbara insisted; I gave the album to my other scoundrel of a servant to take to my hotel. The ruffian went to some low pot-house; was, for the basest purposes, made infamously drunk, and the album of Lady Barbara—a volume which the greatest names of Europe adorned, a book in which the greatest authors had writ, in which the finest painters, nay, in which my dear friend, Mr. Dolce"—

"Does he know Mr. Dolce?" asked John of himself, and again he thought of the crooked nail.

"You have heard of Mr. Dolce, the artist, eh, Rummer?" asked the young gentleman.

"His name hasn't yet travelled into these parts," said the innkeeper.

"Wonderful artist! has the best cut coat in London;" said the young gentleman, "extraordinary genius—paints 'beauties' by the score, and all to the life—more than that, wears diamond studs. Well, even my friend Dolce—but you surprise, me! not heard of Dolce—not seen his great work—'Portraits of the Lap-dogs of Spinsters of Quality?'—no matter, even my friend Dolce had painted a 'beauty' in Lady Barbara's album,—well, my ruffian of a servant—d—n all servants!—left the book at the pot-house, while he himself was brought to my hotel in a beastly state of inebriety."

"The fault of his stomach, perhaps?" suggested the charitable Applejohn.

Again the young gentleman frowned. "But what became of the book?" asked the landlord.

"Unfortunately," said the man in damask, "Lady Barbara's name was in it—well, the next day 'twas sent to her mansion, contributed to by all the atrocious miscreants, the hackney-coachmen and link-boys, the previous night assembled at the Bag o' Nails. To be brief, Mr. Rummer; her lady mother, the Duchess—and by the way, that excellent woman had the strangest questions put to her by the new contributors to the album—forbade me the house, and—and it's a long story, but—oh! d—n all servants! and certainly d—n all albums!"

"I hope, sir," said Applejohn, "if you think well enough of me to give me a trial, I shall be found honest and diligent? One thing, I will answer for, sir; you may be always sure that I shall mean well."

"I think you may venture upon him, sir," said the landlord, resolved to assist John.

"Well, you may come with me to London—d—n London!—must go back to it, though—ha! Paris is the only place for a gentleman. Well," and the hero in damask stared at John, "as Mr. Rummer seems your friend, you may consider yourself my animal."

"Thank you, sir. You shall find me everything you wish — thank you, sir," and the delighted Applejohn bowed himself from the apartment, followed by the landlord. "Pray, what's my master's name?" asked John.

"Cramlington," answered Mr. Rummer, "he's an excellent customer of mine, and so I keep friends with him—that is, I listen to him. I believe he sees the first company in town. You're in luck, I can tell you."

To say the truth, John was in no way displeased at the turn of accidents which had prevented his expatriation. In quitting England, he felt that he should have left Sarah Twopenny for ever—returning to London, hope whispered him that the mistake under which he had suffered might be cleared up—that he who was the most temperate of the sons of men would not continue to carry about with him the punishment of a drunkard, that—that—and then the incident of the crooked nail made him despair anew.

The next day, John attended his master to town. Mr. Cramlington rented chambers in, it is enough to say, the most fashionable part of the metropolis. The duties of John were particularly easy, inasmuch as he was left to himself the greater part of the day, his master generally quitting home early in the morning, and not returning until the even-

ing, when he usually dressed for a dinner-party or the opera. Mr. Cramlington was really an eccentric person. In the morning he quitted his chambers attired in the sober suit of a merchant; gold chains, rings, brooches, all set aside; nay, his superb head of black hair, together with his voluminous jetty whiskers, reposed upon his dressing-table until night, their owner sallying forth in a light, natural crop, with his cheeks as bare as his palm. No two persons could be more dissimilar than Henry Cramlington in the morning, and Henry Cramlington at night.

"The fact is, you see, John," said Cramlington, "I wore this wig and these whiskers for a frolic at a masquerade; and, as there I happened to fascinate a certain lady, who may one day be your mistress, John, I am fearful that a change to a state of nature on my part, might injure me in her good opinion."

John felt particularly flattered by this proof of his master's confidence; and therefore ventured to observe that he thought Mr. Cramlington's fears entirely groundless.

"No—no—John; I know more of these things than you can possibly do: I shall keep the secret until I'm married."

"Why, sir," said the conscientious Applejohn, "you'd never enter into the holy state of matri-

mony under false appearances? Lead a woman with sham hair and whiskers to the altar, and she not know it! Pardon me, sir, but I don't like deceit in wedlock."

"Pooh! pooh! it's done every day, John. I wouldn't divulge before marriage for the world," said Cramlington, with emphasis.

"I think, sir—I must say it—providing that the lady really and truly loves you, I think you wrong your other good gifts, sir, to rely too much upon the wig and whiskers."

"Not at all: you know nothing about it, John; d—n me! you have no notion of the women who have fallen victims to the curling-irons."

"Well, sir, to be sure," and John scarcely suppressed a sigh as he thought of Sarah Twopenny, "to be sure, they are strange animals. One doesn't know what will please 'em. And yet, sir, I must say it—it's too bad to use deceit, when nature's made us the strongest."

"Strongest! Why, we're fools to 'em—babies—nincompoops—d—n me!" said Cramlington.

"You don't say it, sir?" cried Applejohn. "What! all women?—All?"

"All. They all love—d—n me!—to cheat, trick, and perplex us. Ha! that sentiment brings to my recollection a poem I once wrote upon the sex. There were two rather good lines in it—let

me see—d—n it! never can recollect my own poetry. Now, I have it:—

'Some men to bus'ness—some to pleasure take,
But ev'ry woman is at heart a rake.'"

"That's hitting 'em hard, sir," said Cramlington's compassionate valet.

"Hang 'em!" cried the merciless poet, "we can't hit 'em too hard."

"And yet, sir, abuse 'em as we may," said Applejohn, "for all their tricks, sir, there's a time when there's nothing like 'em. When sickness comes, sir, or trouble, or"—

"Very true, John; I hope I'm not insensible to the good they have. No! though I have, in my time, told the baggages some hard truths, I trust, as I've shown in another poem—I wrote it after a fever brought on by pine-apples—I trust, as I've said in that little poem, I"—

"What did you say, sir—if I may be so bold, sir—what?" asked John impatiently.

"No matter—I've quite forgot it: I never can remember my own lines; other men's verse sticks to my brains like birdlime, but I never—d—n me!—can remember my own. Yes—now I apprehend; my poem begins somehow as follows—

'Oh! woman, in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please;

But when pale sickness wrings the brow,
A ministering angel thou!'"

"Beautiful!" cried John—"beautiful!"

"There's a good deal more of it," observed Cramlington, "but I've told you, I never—d—n me!—can remember my own lines."

From the foregoing dialogue the reader must be aware of the courteous familiarity extended by the master to the man. Indeed, there was scarcely a day, that Cramlington would not, for the especial delight and improvement of his servant, illustrate the most common topic by short quotations from long poems, written by the speaker, as he would sigh and say, "in happier hours." Nay, such an opinion had Cramlington of the natural taste of Applejohn, that he would condescend to sing to him *Vivi tu*, and then gather the judgment of his valet on the performance.

"That's precisely," Cramlington would say, when he had howled the melody, "that's precisely as my friend Ivanoff does it."

"And does he get money by it?" asked Applejohn wonderingly.

"Money! thousands," said Cramlington. "Money! D—n me!"

"God bless me!" said Applejohn; "well, lottery luck is nothing to the luck of some people."

"All men have luck, John, if they have but sense

enough to make use of it. Egad! that reminds me of a sentiment, tolerably expressed I think in a little sketchy drama I once wrote."

"What! a play, sir?" asked John.

"Yes—but I never would consent to have it acted. The lines are, I think—yes, they run thus:—

> 'There is a tide in the affairs of men,
> Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune.'

I forget the rest—but 'twas all in the same strain, only a good deal better."

One morning, Mr. Cramlington was more than usually familiar with his domestic. As he sat late at breakfast—he had been at four different parties the previous evening, and had not returned home until daylight—he astonished and gratified John by narrating the many conquests he had made within the last eighteen hours: never did master paint himself so great a hero to his valet.

"But, hang it! it's no use, John—I feel my time is come," said the victorious Cramlington. "Quite sure—d—n me!"

"La! sir," said the simple Applejohn, "I never saw you look better."

"He! he! I mean—plague on't! why wasn't I born a Turk?—I can only marry one, and—but what I was about to say, John, is this; as I may

leave town at five minutes' notice, have every thing in readiness for my journey."

"Certainly, sir. Shall you go far?" asked John.

"To Scotland, of course," said Cramlington. "Scotland,—d—n me!"

"May I be so bold as to ask, sir—is it pressing business, sir?" inquired John very respectfully.

"Business and pleasure combined," replied the master, "I—I run off with an heiress, John,—d—n me!"

"Run off? What! relations won't consent, sir?"

"Sha'n't ask 'em—sha'n't ask 'em, John; there's always some difficulty—d—n me!—with relations; as I said in one of my early poems,—

'The course of true love never did run smooth.'"

"You never said a truer thing, sir," remarked Applejohn, heaving a deep sigh. "I don't know how it is, sir, but we no sooner love anything, or get anything to love us, than something always happens."

"Hallo! John,—d—n me!—you've been reading my new manuscript poem—I didn't know I had left it about."

"Not I, indeed, sir," asseverated John, "I wouldn't be guilty of such a thing, sir."

"Oh! I'm not angry; but you must have read it—for I have the very same thought, rather pret-

tily turned too. As I only put it to paper last week, I recollect it very well. It begins—

'I never reared a young gazelle,'"

"What's a gazelle, sir?" asked John.

"A *specious* of goat, John," answered Cramlington, and proceeded—

"'I never reared a young gazelle,
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it knew and loved me well,
Was sure to die.'"

"It always happened to my father with his bulfinches, sir," said Applejohn, "the best piper was always the shortest liver."

"Too often the fate of us young poets, d—n me!" cried Cramlington. "However, help me to dress, John—for I've much to do abroad; and mind, in case I may want them, have my trunks ready at a minute's notice."

Mr. Cramlington was assisted by his valet into his sober suit, and in his own light hair and with his natural, naked cheeks, sallied from his chambers, secure in his present appearance from recognition by any of the five hundred individuals among whom he the last night lounged and tittered. "I shall be home at seven to dress, John," were the departing words of the master.

"He's a very agreeable man, and then, so very

clever," thought John, "who'd have thought he could do such pretty verses?" And Applejohn, musing on the many virtues and talents of his master, set himself to arrange the sumptuous decorations for the night. In this important pursuit, the raven wig and whiskers of the beau Cramlington fell into the hands of Applejohn, who thereupon began to reflect on the uncertain and curious dispositions of the sex, thinking many deep things, too deep we presume, for expression; for with the wig and whiskers in his hand, he looked as gravely as Hamlet gazing on the skull, yet said nothing. John turned his head, and saw his features in a glass: we know not what process of thought tempted him to the trial, or whether indeed he thought at all of the matter, but in a second he had placed the wig upon his head, the whiskers at his cheeks, and stood and gazed in the mirror an altered man. He was so changed, his dearest creditor, had he had one, would not have known him.

John sat in his master's easy chair, and with his head in his hand, first fell into profound meditation, and then sank into deep sleep. He had for three nights sat up late for Mr. Cramlington, and was worn with the service. John had sweetly snored away an hour, when he was awakened by a loud knocking at the chamber door. Forgetful of the

borrowed wig and whiskers, John yawned, stretched himself, and slowly rose to attend the summons. He opened the door, and almost fell prostrate when he beheld the terrible countenance of his late master, Karl Zweifler, the tailor. The old man, without the slightest ceremony, walked into the centre of the apartment, and turning himself round, surveyed at his leisure the appointments about him. John, tongue-tied with fear and shame, spoke not a syllable.

"Vere is your master, eh?" asked old Zweifler.

"Out," answered John, "quite out, sir."

The tailor turned fiercely round upon John, and exclaiming "teef," "liar," stalked into the bed-chamber of Mr. Cramlington; having opened the bed-curtains, and looked in every corner of the apartment, Zweifler grinned in the face of John, and said—"You vill please to tell me de name of de pig villain."

"The name of my master, sir?" inquired John; and the old man grunted an affirmative. "Cramlington, sir."

"Oh! mein Gott!" groaned old Zweifler, "Gramlindon!"

"No, sir; Cramlington," was the correction of John; "Cramlington."

"Damn villain!" shouted old Zweifler, "I said Gramlindon. Now, you will blease to write me dat

ubon a pit of baper—write me down de name of dat teef your master—write Gramlindon."

"I write it, sir!—I—the truth is, sir," and John was about to excuse himself, when old Zweifler seized him by the collar; again did the knuckles of the tailor, fixed in John's jugular, send an indescribable coldness to his heart. John resigned himself to the old man, who led him to a table, whereon lay pen, ink, and paper. "If you blease," said Zweifler, presenting the pen to John, and addressing him with the most ferocious politeness, "if you blease, you damn villain, to write de name of dat pig teef, your master. Gramlindon! Mein Gott!—Gramlindon," the old man ejaculated in astonishment and horror. "Write," he bellowed, and in his best round hand, considering the circumstances of intimidation, John penned "Cramlington."

The old man took up the paper, and gnashing his teeth, shouted—"Mein Gott! it is Gramlindon."

At this moment, a smart, quick knock was heard at the door, and the old man threw his hands above his head, and roared "Ha! ha! berhaps dis is Gramlindon. Open—you teef, open," he exclaimed to John, who mutely obeyed the order, when a man in a rough coat and low glazed hat, walked in.

"All right, isn't it," asked the man, "Mister Cramlington's?"

"Yes," answered John, and "quite right," said old Zweifler, making a great effort to maintain his composure.

"Have you any business with my master?" asked John.

"I believe you—I've brought him a reg'lar jewel," said the man, and he seated himself with an air of conscious importance.

"He puys jewels!" exclaimed Zweifler, with a groan. "Berhaps, diamonds. Is it baid for?" he inquired of the new-comer.

"That's not my affair," said the man, "but I should think my master knows his customer or he wouldn't trust him with such an article. Old fellow," and the stranger addressed himself to John, "have you anything to drink?"

"Nothing," said John.

"Worse than an uninhabited island, for all it's so fine then," observed the man, looking round the room.

"But what have you brought my master?" asked John, old Zweifler staring silently at the new-comer.

"'Tisn't to be matched in all the town, I can tell ye, old chap," replied the man, "if it is, my name's not Bub. I say, your master's going to be married, isn't he?"—Zweifler groaned—"what's the matter, old un?"

"But is that your business?" inquired John,

"what can you have to do with my master's marriage?"

"You wouldn't ask that, if you know'd what was in my pocket," replied Mr. Bub, with a nod and a wink.

"Berhaps," said Zweifler, trying hard to be polite, "berhaps, sir, it's the marriage zettlement?"

"I should think so; 'nough to bind any woman to a man for life; I tell 'ee, there isn't the fellow to't in the wide world; and I ought to know something, for I've been in the trade since I could stand upon one leg," asserted Mr. Bub. "Yes, I'm sure when gen'lmen does as Mr. Cramlington does, they means marriage downright, and no inweigling. She's such a beautiful creature!"

"Is she?" asked Zweifler, "you're sure, eh?—beautiful?"

"Beautiful! your whiskers black as they are," said Bub, slapping John on the shoulder, "your whiskers"—

"My whiskers!" exclaimed John, and catching his features in the glass, he saw his master's property upon his own face, and felt deep gratitude for the accident that had disguised him from the eyes of old Zweifler.

"Black as they are, your whiskers are white to her," said Bub.

"Black!" exclaimed Zweifler.

"And ears," said Mr. Bub, measuring about eight inches from his fingers, "ears that long."

"Mein Gott!" said Zweifler. "Where does she come from?"

"Purest breed in the world; takes the water like a duck," avowed Bub, "they say, came first from Spain."

"Mein friend," exclaimed Zweifler, "you are a teef—a damn teef."

"Did a little once in that way when young, and not ashamed to own it," said the ingenuous Bub, "but we don't call it stealing, we don't: to pick a pocket's a robbery if you like; but to steal a dog is only too much humanity for animals."

"A dog! what—what do you mean?" exclaimed Applejohn.

"Mean! why, look there; that's what I mean," and Mr. Bub, with a triumphant countenance, drew from his coat-pocket a very diminutive and very beautiful jet-black spaniel bitch. "There—look at 'em," he cried, and displayed the peculiar attractions of the animal, that like certain other animals owed much of its good fortune to the length of its ears. "Worth fifty pounds apiece, the ears alone," said Mr. Bub.

"You seem to make very much of the beast." remarked Applejohn.

"Make much? Why, there's repitation, for all

trades," answered Mr. Bub, "I tell 'ee I'm almost as fond of that little spannel bitch, as if she was my own flesh and blood."

"Gott forgive ye," cried old Zweifler, "you damn teef!"

"La! bless your heart, if you was to see what I see with these little things and them as owns 'em, you'd think something better of your fellow creatures for their kindness. Why, there's many an old lady as I know, as treats her dogs and her birds as if they was the best of her."

"Oh lord!" groaned Zweifler.

"Bless you! I can feel all their pulses through their animals," said Mr. Bub. "You see, they comes to the gardens," by this, it was evident that the speaker was attached to some great menagerie, "they comes to the gardens, and sometimes they just gives me a nod and nothing more, and then I know all's well at home. But when a dowager comes smiling up to me, and says 'Good day, Mr. Bub,' why then 'Oh, oh!' I cries to myself, for I know right well her spannel's caught the 'stemper, or parrot's got the pip. Bless your hearts! people in our line o' life see a good deal o' human nature," said Mr. Bub.

"And very odd parts of it, too," said Applejohn, interested by the manner and matter of the speaker.

"I believe ye," said Bub, "animals, the lower animals, as we people of science call 'em, does away with all distinctions. For instance, when a duke takes to stuffing,"—

"What do you mean by stuffing?" asked Applejohn.

"Stuffing skins of birds and beasts," said Bub, "to make 'em look like life; why then, in that case, he's no more than a common man. There's two or three dukes of my acquaintance think they knows a good deal of stuffing—that's what I call the practical science of the matter,—they knows nothing about it, though sometimes I humour 'em."

"You find it to your advantage, no doubt," observed John.

"Yes; it tells in for a man better than always speaking the dry truth: but sometimes I can't help having a fling. Why, there's the duke of ——, but I won't mention his name, 'cause I promised him I wouldn't; well, I went on an invite to his place to see a sick ostrich of his; a carpenter had left his basket of tools in the way, and there was a hammer and six chisels missing, and the bird getting melancholy, suspicions fell upon him. Well, to make short, we recovered the tools and the ostrich too. But I was going to say, that his grace takes me all round his museum—*his* museum, after our's!—and, proud as a peacock

with two tails, he would show me all the birds stuffed and set up with his own hands. In a man's own house, you know, its only polite to humour him a bit; so whenever he asked, 'What do you think o' that flamingo, Mr. Bub?' I says 'Very well stuffed, your grace;' and 'What do you think of that Solon goose, Mr. Bub?' I answers, 'You stuff a goose better than any man in the kingdom, my lord duke;' and so on, he being as I could see, mightily tickled with my good word. Well, we went round fifty specimens, and as he was only a duke, and not a bird-stuffer by birth, I did all I could to encourage him—why should we feel envy of any body? However, one can't always go against one's conscience; so when we had been nearly all round the museum, his grace stops suddenly before a bird—did you ever see a cockatoo?"

"Yes," answered Applejohn. "Well, his grace stops?"

"His grace stops, and looking hard at me, he says, 'There, Mr. Bub—I think that's nature itself. It looks alive—hopping on the twig, eh, Mr. Bub?' Now, I'd do anything for his grace, but I saw he was getting too conceited. It was no more like the shape or action of a cockatoo, than—however, I looks at the bird, and I shakes my head. 'What!' says his grace, 'what's the matter?' Then I looks very steadily at him,

and I says, 'My lord duke, you'll pardon what I'm going to say?' and he says 'Certainly.' 'Well then, my lord duke,' says I, 'don't you in the house of lords—you'll forgive me what I'm going to say—don't you in the house of lords sometimes vote by proxy?' 'I do,' says the duke. 'Then, your grace,' says I, 'for the time to come, I'd advise you to stuff cockatoos in the same manner."

"That was bold of you," observed Applejohn.

"I know it; but in the cause of science we must risk a little. However, the duke took my advice seriously to heart, for I'm told that his grace has never touched a bird of that sort since. Geese and so on may be stuffed by bunglers, that is ammatours, but parrots and cockatoos is very different things. I assure you, it's enough to do to protect the interests of science. Isn't it a horrid thing that people as ought to know better won't let a lion go for a lion, and a bear for a bear, but they want to mix 'em up with things that don't belong to em?" asked Mr. Bub.

"What do you mean?" inquired Applejohn. "Mix 'em up?"

"Yes; with music. Some of the 'fellows' of our society want to have a military band, like Mr. Polito, in Smithfield. Do you call that science? When science has a real lion, what does it want with cymbals? Isn't it enough to make an

elephant blush to the tusks to be puffed off with pandæans?"

"It must hurt its consequence," said John.

"Consequence! hurt it!" exclaimed Bub, "I should only just like to see 'em try to do it if I was an elephant."

"But, mein freind," said Zweifler, who had for some minutes employed himself in the minute inspection of the costly articles to be found in the chamber, "mein freind—how much vill dat damn buppy cost?"

"Cheap at eighty guineas, sir; cheap at"—Mr. Bub was suddenly interrupted by the violence of the old man; for he gave utterance to a yell—raised his arms—clenched his fists at the unconscious spaniel, and, incapable of words, rushed from the place. Mr. Bub, after a moment's pause, indulged himself with a long whistle.

"He doesn't know what he's about," cried Applejohn, considerably relieved by Zweifler's disappearance; "the fact is, I—I think he's my master's tailor."

"That's enough," observed the sagacious Bub; "no wonder, poor gentleman, that it makes him mad to see so much money wasted upon puppies, when he, perhaps, gets so little, eh?"

"But do you really think the dog will cost eighty guineas?" inquired John.

"I know that Lady Lucina—ah! she's dead now, she was the woman for science—although her ladyship was one of the oldest fellows,"——

"Her ladyship, a fellow!" exclaimed Applejohn.

"A fellow of our society—she paid eighty-five for a spannel with a tail that had nothing of the promise of a tail about it that this has. Ha! she was the woman for science. She took as much interest in the monkies as if they was her own family. I may say, she quite lived in the Gardens. There wasn't a Muscovy duck hatched that she didn't book it; kept the young emews' birth-days; and when the first kangaroo was born, why, in honour of science, she give a grand dinner-party to all the fellows. She *was* a woman."

"And dead, eh?" said John."

"Caught her death, watching the sick lion without clogs last hard winter: I give her a hint what would happen, but there was no getting her from the den; she insisted, as she said, upon seeing the last of what she called 'the lordly brute.' Terrible thing, to think how our lions do die: you'd not think it," said Mr. Bub, "but he's a wonderful lion that lasts above a season."

"What is it that takes them off?" asked Applejohn.

"Why, some of our fellows will have it, it's the clay—some, the water; Muzzle, one of the keepers,

has an opinion of his own—he swears it's because among the fellows there's such a mob of attornies."

"I can't see how attornies should destroy lions," observed the enlightened Applejohn.

"Why, nor I neither," said Bub, "only you see, some people have great faith in what's called animal magnetism. After all, her ladyship was the woman for science. Do you know," continued Mr. Bub, with increasing melancholy, "of all the folks that come to the Gardens,—and I forget the millions of shillings that we took last summer—of all of 'em, there isn't one in a thousand that comes out of the real love of the thing?"

"Isn't there, indeed?" said the astonished John, "what do they come for, then?"

"I could make your head look like a porkipine to tell you," answered Bub. "Science! bless your soul, they leaves all thoughts of it behind 'em—that is providing they bring out any—with their walking-sticks and parasols at the gate. Science! Bless your heart, sometimes it's matrimony!" exclaimed Bub; "and I've marked, that they that come to talk over love and marrying, commonly buy a catalogue to hide what they call their motives."

"Is it possible?" asked Applejohn, with all his simplicity, "Can it really be possible?"

"It's a melancholy fact," answered Bub. "Only yesterday I saw a couple, and I thought by their

looks, there really was a love of science in 'em. They was standing just by the Brahmin bull with the catalogue open. I had to walk by 'em, and what do you think I heard? No doubt, you'd suppose they were reading all the particulars about that noble animal?"

"Why, what else?" inquired John.

"The old story; not a bit of science, but all matrimony. I heard the words 'po-shay' and 'consider my pa,' and I was quite savage."

"Why should you be—not an enemy to matrimony, I hope?" said Applejohn.

"By no means," replied Bub, "specially to the matrimony of other people—but marrying is one thing and pure science is another; I wouldn't have the one made the cover to the other; I wouldn't have 'em mixed. You'd think now, I suppose, that when the giraffes first come, it was they that filled the Gardens, and nothing else. You'd think it, wouldn't you?"

"I should," said Applejohn.

"To be sure," continued Bub, "and yet I should like to know what it was that very year that trebled the number of weddings at Marrowbone. Bless you, they get one another's consent in the face of the rhinoceros, and settle the christening before the monkies. I tell you, these things are done every day; and what's worse, there isn't a bit of

science in the whole matter. But I say, isn't this dry work?" asked Mr. Bub, very significantly.

"I'm not thirsty, myself," said Applejohn, "but I should like to have some more talk with you; you seem to know something, Mr. Bub."

"So every body says," replied Bub modestly. "I've a good deal to do to persuade people I don't come from King's College, but I don't."

"I should very much like us to meet again," observed Applejohn, anxious to extend an enlightened connexion.

"First business, then pleasure," said Mr. Bub; "come, give me your fist to this," and Bub wrote the following receipt for the signature of John:—"*Reseaved of mr. Bub A Spannel Bittch,*" to which John subjoined "JOHN APPLEJOHN."

"John Applejohn," and Bub paused when he had read the signature. "If I was you, I should never think of changing that name—you'll never get such a droll one again."

"It is a little particular," remarked John, "has been a very good one. I'm the last of the family: the Applejohns go out with me."

"But I shouldn't let 'em, you know—I should graft," said Bub.

"What do you mean?" asked our simple hero; and then the metaphor of Bub revealed itself to John, who sighed as he thought of Sarah Two-

penny. "No; that's impossible," he said; "but I really should like us to meet again."

"Then come to the Gardens to-night at eight; and, as you seem a decent fellow, I'll take you to my society," said Bub.

Applejohn seized the speaker by the hand, and most cordially promised punctuality.

"Clever fellows, there,—men who know life and science; all of 'em first-rate chaps. I'm the chairman. Mind, eight, and no mistake," and Mr. Bub, carefully depositing the receipt for the spaniel in his waistcoat pocket, took his leave.

"A valuable man to know"—thought John—"a man of science—of the purest science;" and admitted to the society of which Mr. Bub was the distinguished chairman, Applejohn reasonably expected to obtain the most useful intelligence conveyed by the most pleasing means. Heavily hung the hours until eight o'clock.

CHAPTER XII.

Early in the evening, Mr. Cramlington came home to dress. He was absorbed in admiration of the spaniel, destined that night to become the property of a lady who will in due time appear upon our page, when he was disturbed by a hurried

knocking at the door. "John, my wig!" exclaimed Cramlington, and rushed into the inner room to sieze that elegant disguise, John, after a necessary delay, attending the clamorous summons. "Master's at home," cried a gentleman very confidently, and dashed into the room; almost at the same instant, Cramlington issued from the inner chamber, in his satin morning-gown, and with hair and whiskers black as death.

"Ha! ha! my dear lord Slap, how are you? Eh! what's the matter?" asked Cramlington, seeing his lordship's arm in a sling.

"Nothing—smashed my arm last night, but had capital fun. Ha! ha!" and his lordship flung himself down in the easy chair of his host. He was, however, no sooner down than up again—the spaniel with swollen eye-balls and angry teeth snapping at the offending part of his lordship, which falling heavily upon the fragile creature lying in the chair, had almost rendered it a fit subject for the museum of the nameless duke, distinguished by the praise of Mr. Bub.

"Gracious heavens! Slap," exclaimed Cramlington, rushing with open arms to the flattened spaniel.

"D—n the dog! Why, the devil do you litter in your chairs?" cried his lordship, and catching

the dog by its tail of great promise, the born senator, for his lordship was a peer, flung the animal to the other end of the room, Applejohn providentially catching the beast as it was in full speed towards a superb mirror.

"My dear lord," cried Cramlington, and then added, but very deferentially—"d—n me!"

"Suppose I'm bit, eh? good joke for the damned newspapers, eh?"—cried his lordship.

"I hope, my dear Slap, you're not hurt; it is but a pup, Slap," said Cramlington.

"Nothing hurts me," exclaimed his lordship, "blood—true blood will stand anything."

"But what's the matter with your arm?" inquired Cramlington, with great concern.

"Such rare fun last night—never had such glorious fun! Why, wasn't you with us? Ha! ha! such fun!" and his lordship flung himself back in the chair, and shouted with laughter at the recollection of the revel.

Cramlington, staring with astonishment at the opened and injured jaws of nobility, exclaimed—"Good God! Slap—what's the matter with your teeth?"

"Had three knocked out last night—here they are though," and his lordship produced three teeth, two single and one double, from his waistcoat-

pocket, "brought 'em off safe out of the gutter, and more than that, left the field with the pump-handle —such fun!"

"Pump-handle!" exclaimed Cramlington—"what! another?"

"Yes—swore I'd have it; carried off St. George's last night—that makes ten pump-handles at my chambers. Glorious fun! must have a dozen though," said the peer. "However, you must come with us to-night."

"You know, my dear lord Slap, that I'm yours entirely, but to-night," and Cramlington sought to excuse himself.

"Must come; such sport in hand—the crowning joke, d—n me!—the crowning joke, ha! ha! I've hired a stable ready to receive him," said his lordship.

"Him! who?" asked Cramlington.

"Billy Pitt. Carry him off to-night! Ha! ha! how I shall make those damned editors cackle! Talking of editors, have you seen what that scoundrel, the editor of—what's the paper—said of me? I'll give his ears to my terrier, by—but, however, I've condescended to answer him. Read that, Cram—read that," and his lordship flung a letter on the table, which Cramlington opened and read. The contents were as follow.

"*TO THE EDITOR OF* ——.

"*Sir,—In your paper of Thursday, the following base and contemptible paragraph has been kindly pointed out to me :—*

'LORD SLAP AGAIN.—On Tuesday morning, the shopman of Mr. Dobree, pawnbroker, of Charlotte Street, was considerably astonished and alarmed on discovering that the three balls suspended over the shop-door had been violently carried off during the night: information of the robbery was immediately given at the police-office. The most curious, and we must add, the most flagitious part of the mischief remains to be told: for on that very morning, what was the surprise of the footman of the Bishop of L——, to find the Lombardy arms, the property of Mr. Dobree, pawnbroker, fastened immediately over the door of the right reverend prelate! His lordship, with that kindliness of disposition which has endeared him to his reverend brethren, immediately gave orders for the return of the property to Mr. Dobree: the balls have been restored to their pristine station. It is almost needless to add, that Lord Slap and his friends have been implicated in the transaction. When will this eccentric nobleman have sown his wild oats?'

"*Now, sir, permit me very briefly to remark on this paragraph, in which it is very difficult to separate the falsehood from the malice. Your readers will henceforth know what amount of belief to award to your fanciful lucubrations, when I distinctly and solemnly state, that the three balls—the 'Lombardy arms' as you are pleased learnedly to designate them—belonging to Mr. Dobree, never were removed to the house of the Bishop of L——. No, sir; it is a duty I owe to the*

public and myself to state, that it was the mansion of the Bishop of E—— that on Tuesday morning last was found decorated with the insignia of the pawnbroker. You will, I trust, in future abstain from coupling my name with circumstances, of the truth of which you appear alike ignorant and unmindful.

"*I remain, yours,*

"*SLAP.*

"*P. S. You are pleased to ask, when will my wild oats be sown? To this I make answer,—about the time that your hemp will be up.*"

"That *is* splendid!" exclaimed Cramlington, "he'll not forget that, I think."

"The scoundrel!" cried Slap, "I'll have his ears off—I'll have his ears in spirits of wine to show my friends—I *will!*"

"Serve him right—serve him right, d—n me!" added Cramlington with some hesitation; for it almost seemed that he considered the oath as the exclusive property of his lordship, and therefore rarely indulged himself with it in the peer's presence.

"But you must be with us to-night, Cram; such fun! Must carry off Billy Pitt," cried Slap.

"What Billy Pitt? Any rascally editor of that name, eh?" inquired Cramlington.

"Editor! D—n all editors! I mean, Billy Pitt, the minister, out of Hanover-square," answered his lordship.

"What! the statue—carry off the statue?" and Cramlington stared at the boldness of the idea.

"To be sure; tired of street-door knockers and pump-handles; they're small game, d—n me! and make no noise now. But to carry off Billy Pitt—that will make something of a stir, I think," exclaimed Slap, big with the enterprize.

"But it can't be done, my dear Slap," said Cramlington timidly.

"Can't it! I've engaged fifty fine fellows—such splendid rascals—and, ha! ha! I say, Cram, how the tabbies will stare when they get up in the morning and find Pitt walked away—discover the 'heaven-born minister' removed—oh! what glorious fun," and the senator was in ecstacies at his anticipated triumph. "Well, Cram, you must be one of us."

"My dear Slap, I should have no objection, but the fact is, the freak involves politics; you know, I swear by Pitt, and"—

"Oh, d—n it! there's no politics in the business, none at all; I intend to prove that there's no politics in the matter," said Slap.

"How, my dear Slap, can you disabuse the public mind of the prejudice? They'll set down what you mean to be a pure joke, as a conspiracy of the disaffected," observed Cramlington with more than his usual acuteness.

"I've provided against that; and I tell you how. To-night we shall carry off Pitt from Hanover-square; well, to-morrow, we shall remove Canning from Palace Yard, and the night after, we intend to steal old Cartwright from Burton Crescent. Eh? Ha! ha!" and his lordship roared with delight.

"Why, you're not serious, my dear Slap?" asked Cramlington.

"Don't you perceive," said the peer, "as we favour no party, we shall triumphantly assert our independence?"

"Carry off three statues! All London will be in an uproar. Three statues—and where will you put 'em?"

"All settled, I tell you: I've hired two stables and a cow-house to receive 'em. What fun, eh? Never was such fun!"

"But I'm very much afraid, my dear Slap, that—hang it! the authorities as they call themselves know nothing of real humour—that you may get yourself into an ugly scrape. It's one thing to run away with a cobbler's knocker, and another to make off with two prime ministers," said the cautious Cramlington.

"That's it," exclaimed Slap—"there's the fun. The thing has never yet been attempted; 'twill be the greatest thing of the day—Tom Rumpus will be of the party, and Blow, he's only gone to

Bath to bury his aunt, he'll be back in time for the sport. You know my friendship for you, Cram, I wouldn't let you out of the party, no—d—n me! for any money."

Cramlington shook lord Slap's hand with the most cordial spirit of gratitude, swearing that he should never, to his dying day, forget the senator's kindness. "Really, my dear Slap, your condescension overpowers me! That I, a mere commoner, should be thus admitted to your most private recreations,"—

"Don't mention it," cried his liberal lordship, "true genius levels all distinctions; and never, never can I forget the cool courage with which, while I tossed with the mutton-pie man, you laid the train of gunpowder under his very nose, and blew him"—

"Oh, a trifle—not worth naming, my dear lord—quite a trifle," cried the modest Cramlington.

"Trifles show the man, Cram," said the peer; "from that very night, I was convinced you were destined for great things, d—n me. Therefore, you must join us with the statues; look at the glory—look at the fun! There'll be a proclamation out—hundred pounds reward—oh, what real wit!"

"A thought has struck me," exclaimed Cramlington, "a brilliant thought, my lord. The thing

will make just as much noise, and isn't attended with half the danger; listen, my lord."

"Humph! d—n me! 'fraid there's no fun in what you're going to say; however, go on," said the peer.

"You know the statue of the venerable George the Third—the statue on horseback?" asked Cramlington.

"Cockspur-street—the gentleman with his hat off?" said lord Slap carelessly.

"The same, my lord. In meditating upon the statue of that good and great man"—

"That's right," said Slap, interrupting his friend, "I like a spirit of loyalty—too little of it in this d—d levelling age."

"In contemplating the statue," repeated Cramlington, pleased with the eulogy of the peer, "of that good, great, and temperate man—of that enlightened legislator, and staunch supporter of the established church, has your lordship never been struck with his pig-tail?"

"Infant poker?—Yes."

"Well, then, my lord, I propose—at all events to begin with—that instead of carrying away William Pitt, we saw off the pig-tail of George the Third."

"No, no," cried Lord Slap, "it's disrespectful; don't mind removing a minister or two into a cow-

house, but d—n it! won't touch a copper hair of the pig-tail of sacred majesty. Like wit—but d—n disaffection!"

"I applaud your principles, my lord—they do honour to your heart and head," exclaimed Cramlington.

"Have sworn to defend the prerogative of the crown," cried lord Slap, kindling with generous ardour, "and look upon that pig-tail as one of the sacred institutions of my country. Like a harmless frolic, but d—n treason!" and lord Slap, to the astonishment of the commoner Cramlington, assumed all the severe dignity of an hereditary senator. "Cramlington," said lord Slap, with touching gravity, "if we are to remain friends, not a word, not a syllable on the removal of that queue. I would shed the last drop of my best heart's blood in defence of that pig-tail."

"No man can suspect my principles, my lord," said Cramlington, affected by the earnestness of the peer; "when I proposed to saw off the pig-tail of his majesty, I hope that you will do me the justice to believe that to the statue itself I intended nothing personal."

"I know that—never doubted your principles, Cram, but your wit, your capital keen wit,"—

"My dear lord," simpered Cramlington.

"So apt to run away with you. However,

come with me to my rooms—now, I'll not be denied—all the lads are there."

"I'll follow you—upon my honour," said Cramlington.

"Won't leave you—won't, d—n me!" cried the peer; and Cramlington, finding the nobleman determined, hurriedly dressed himself, and having given Applejohn the strictest orders to attend to the comforts of the spaniel, was about to depart with his lordship. "Oh!" cried Cramlington, "has any one been here, John?"

"Your tailor, sir," said the domestic.

"My tailor! My tailor — impossible!" cried Cramlington, and he rolled his eyes.

"I beg your pardon then, sir," said John, "he mayn't be your tradesman, but as I heard he is a tailor, I thought that perhaps, Mr. Zweifler,"—

"Who?" shouted Cramlington, turning pale as paper.

"Mr. Zweifler, sir, he has been here, and"—

"What! do you employ that old German rascal?" asked lord Slap of his astonished friend.

"I—I have known him for—for," and Cramlington turned to his servant—"who—who did he ask for?"

"He asked for—for my master," replied John.

"Aye, for Mr. Cramlington?"

"Yes, sir, I think he asked for you by name;

but he seemed very odd and passionate, sir," said Applejohn.

"Upon my soul, d—n me! I do wonder, Cramlington, that you employ such an old scoundrel; but if the miscreant's pressing, we must give him a hint to mend his behaviour—yes, we must set his house on fire, or play him some such practical joke," said lord Slap, and placing his sound arm in the arm of the confused Cramlington, the nobleman led the commoner away to meet a few of the midnight spirits of the age, to which it is our wish with little ceremony to introduce the reader.

CHAPTER XIII.

Lord Slap and his friend were received with a shout by four gentlemen assembled at the lodgings of the peer, whose arrival was the signal to serve dinner, provided from a neighbouring tavern. "Slap," cried one of the party, whose bold, handsome countenance was not entirely disfigured by a severe bruise, and several cuts, "Slap, my dear fellow, permit me to introduce my young friend Plucky, one of the oldest families in Devonshire,—a gentleman who will be an honour to our society."

"The introduction of my dear friend Rumpus,"

said lord Slap, bowing to the new-comer, a sickly-looking boy of eighteen, "is a guarantee of all the amiable and excellent qualities of a gentleman."

"I trust, my lord," cried young Plucky, in a chirping voice, "that is, I hope to deserve the eulogies of my valuable friend, the Hon. Tom Rumpus."

"No doubt, sir—no doubt, d—n me!" said Slap. —"Come, lads; let us feed, and then to business."

"Ha! ha! my dear Slap—you are the most exquisite fellow—it is the best joke I ever heard," exclaimed Rumpus at the latter end of the meal.

"What, Rowdow? you've let the cat out of the bag, eh? d—n it! couldn't keep the secret, eh?" and lord Slap shook his head reproachfully at lord Rowdow, who, seeming to taste every word ere he uttered it, slowly excused himself on the score that "he knew Slap wouldn't mind the affair being whispered to Tom Rumpus."

"Yes—yes—that's how a man's brightest ideas sometimes miss fire. We should look very small now, if we were to find Billy Pitt put under the protection of five hundred of the police," said Slap.

"'Twould be devilish annoying," said Rumpus, "but there's no fear of that. It is the best idea since the carrying off the three balls from the pawnbroker, and hanging them at"—

"Bye-the-by, gentlemen, have you seen what

that scoundrel editor says of the transaction? have you seen how the miscreant garbles the business?" asked lord Slap. "I've written to the ragamuffin."

"Upon my life, you're wrong—you are, indeed, Slap," said the Hon. Tom Rumpus; "I'd treat such vagabonds with silent contempt—or, if they came in my way, with a horsewhip."

"I shall be very happy," cried young Plucky, "very happy, indeed, my dear lord Slap, if you contemplate horsewhipping any body, to go and hold the door, while you lay into the ruffian."

"Sir—d—n me!—eternally obliged to you, Mr. Plucky. A little wine, sir?" and lord Slap pledged his new friend.

"But, seriously, Slap," said Rowdow, "I would not write to the papers."

"No, after all," observed Cramlington, "perhaps it's low."

"It's not only low," said Mr. Smasherton, the last of the four, "but it's impolitic; it makes the scoundrels so devilish conceited; it makes them crow about—what do they call it?—yes, public opinion,—I think that's the slang phrase. Public opinion!—ha! ha!"

"What is it made of?" asked young Plucky, "public opinion! how is it manufactured?"

"That's a devilish droll question, Plucky. Yes, I should like to have it analyzed; it wouldn't be

bad sport to separate the component parts of public opinion," observed lord Slap, and all the party roared with laughter at the suggestion.

"Let's indulge in a little chemistry," said the Hon. Tom Rumpus, "let's analyze it; let us suppose this champaigne so much public opinion, and all of us, chemists as we are, declare what we find in it."

"Bravo!" cried the party, and every man filled his glass. "Do you begin, professor Rumpus," said lord Slap.

"Aye, do," exclaimed Cramlington; "do, Tom, and as I have said, that is, as Mr. Pope has said—

'Catch the living sparkles as they rise.'

Now, Tom, what do you see?"

The Hon. Tom Rumpus, held a glass of champaigne to his observing eye, and thus gravely characterized

"The beaded bubbles winking at the brim."

"Now, gentlemen, this fluid is called public opinion—it has been denominated the wine of life, the thing by which we move, and breathe, and all that; there," and Tom looked closely at the air bubbles,—"there go a crew of shirtless editors—ha!—they're up and out, before you can count 'em."

"I see a mob of 'unwashed artificers,'" said Rowdow, looking steadily in his glass, "and now, where the devil are they?"

"There go my tailors!" exclaimed young Plucky, as the bubbles rose and burst.

"Yes, I should think your tailors break sooner than any other," said Smasherton, and the intended joke was loudly applauded.

"I think—I think," cried Cramlington, staring curiously at the glass, "yes, I'm almost sure I've caught hold of my washerwoman."

"And there's my bootmaker," exclaimed lord Slap—"and there's—eh?—how d—d muddy this wine is!"

"All public opinion, my dear fellow," cried Tom Rumpus; "the greatest part of it to be got only from the dregs: so, gentlemen, let us have done with our practical chemistry. We've analyzed opinion, and find it composed of scoundrel editors—a man's own tradesmen—and muck in general. Talk about ghosts and spectres, the bugbear of all bugbears is public opinion: thank heaven! I'm not superstitious, or I should never have gone to bed without a candle for fear of the hobgoblin."

"Public opinion! Every ruffian pretends to make up a bit of it," cried Rowdow.

"The greatest scoundrel—the filthiest beggar

believes he contributes to the general fund," said Rumpus, "and in these times gives himself airs accordingly."

"Very true," observed Smasherton; "a fellow with a hole in his breeches, with no hat, naked legs, and a broom in his hand, is still to be respected; because, you perceive, my dear friends, there is in the bundle of dirt and rags, that particle of divine gold—a scintillation of public opinion."

"Well, lads, d—n it! ha! ha! let's be proud that we can live without it," exclaimed lord Slap. "Now, to business. Listen; I've hired the men—all the tackle's in order—and you are all determined upon the removal of the minister?"

"I'm told he can't keep his ground," said the innocent young Plucky, who had not been informed of the conspiracy against Pitt, and therefore conceived that his friends talked of politics and not of a high misdemeanour.

"Have you secured him a retreat?" asked Rumpus, "where is he to be put by?"

"Never fear me, lads; I've hired a splendid shed for the prime minister. What glorious fun, eh? what sport 'twill make! I say, boys, if there's a public meeting on the matter, we must all go and speak; we must all express our indignation at the

miscreants, eh? ha! ha! what fun!" again cried lord Slap.

"Great pity you hav'n't room for the bronze in your museum, Slap," said Rumpus.

"Has lord Slap a museum?" inquired young Plucky.

"Have I a museum!" exclaimed lord Slap, "look about you, Plucky—not such another collection in the kingdom. But I'll show you a few of the specimens."

"Why the devil, Slap," observed Smasherton, "why don't you have a catalogue for visitors?"

"D—n it! I would,—but the fact is, I hate the trouble of literary composition."

"But what, my dear lord Slap," and young Plucky looked wonderingly about him, "what are the articles in your museum?"

"Look there; lot the first," and lord Slap pointed to a corner.

"Lot!" exclaimed Plucky, "why, my dear lord, they're pump-handles."

"Ten of 'em; brought away the tenth—St. George's—last night. Everything in my collection, my dear Plucky, is the fruit of hard conquest; no d—d presentations. I only want two more handles to make the set complete. However, I have a weightier business in hand just now; I have first to secure two of the principal ministers, and the

pump-handles will follow. Ha! Rumpus, do you see that one?" and lord Slap pointed to one of the ten hydraulic instruments. "That's St. Giles. Don't you recollect,—the scoundrel policeman had his bludgeon raised at my temple, when you bent that bit of iron over his skull, and we got off? Should have been killed but for that—never, never, my dear Rumpus, do I look at that pump-handle without thinking of you. Ten of 'em, Plucky; isn't it fun?"

"I had no idea," said Plucky—"capital."

"Look here—number two," said lord Slap, exhibiting a huge bronze knocker.

"Is that an interesting relic?" asked Plucky.

"Very; wouldn't take any money for it. This knocker was the property of the late William Wilberforce—had a great respect for the man; —watched three nights to wrench off his knocker."

"What is this?" inquired Plucky, reading a label attached to number three, "what is this—'*A trifle from Fulham?*'"

"That is," said lord Slap, "the bell-pull from the gate of the Bishop of London: and there you see number four—for I'm above bigotry of all kind—is the scraper of Doctor Chalmers. But there's nothing here; come into this room"—and lord Slap conducted Plucky into an inner cham-

ber, filled with the richest and most curious midnight spoils. Rumpus, Cramlington, and others followed.

"What is this—a Highlander?" asked Plucky, staring at a painted image, the size of life.

"Yes; carried him off from the door of a snuff-shop. I say, Smasherton, you recollect that night—you'd two ribs snapped—capital fun, wasn't it?" cried lord Slap.

"A stout, stalwart fellow," exclaimed Plucky, admiring the kilted effigy.

"Said to be like Sir Peter Noodle, before he was breeched—that's why I keep it. Great respect for Sir Peter—talks more and says less than any man on the bench," observed Slap.

"And what are these, my dear Slap,—door-plates?" asked Plucky.

"Eight-and-thirty of 'em,—only two more, you know, Rumpus, and I win my wager," said Slap.

"What wager is that, my dear lord?" inquired Cramlington.

"Why, I've laid Slap a fifty that he doesn't carry off forty door-plates with the name of 'Smith' upon 'em, in three months; and I'm very much inclined to fear that I have made an ass of myself; to be sure, there's only a fortnight left of the time," said Rumpus.

"Don't flatter yourself, Tom," cried lord Slap, "I've already marked out six—but at present all my thoughts are absorbed by the prime minister. I say," and Slap pointed to half-a-dozen police lanthorns, "do you recollect the night we fought for these—what fun?"

"Wasn't that the night we sent seventy accoucheurs to the lord Chancellor?" asked Rowdow.

"Yes," answered Smasherton, "and the monthly nurses to the attorney-general. Glorious wit!"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Plucky, "what—what have we here?"

"Ha! that *was* fun. Tom Rumpus was terribly drunk, when luckily we met some fellows carrying home this new coffin—we thrashed 'em soundly—such wit!—took away the commodity, brought Tom home in it, and here it is. The undertakers had to go back and manufacture another article. Great fun," cried Slap.

"By-the-bye," said Smasherton, "this reminds me of bad news. I forgot to tell you."

"What's the matter?" exclaimed two or three of the party.

"Blow can't be with us in our attack on the minister. He's at Bath, you know, and they won't bury his aunt until Wednesday."

"Shameful," cried Slap, "never mind—must do without him."

"What, my dear lord Slap, what is that collection of curious caps and?"——

"Ha! Plucky—there isn't such another collection as that in the possession of any other nobleman in the world. What do you think they are? They are the hats, caps, bonnets, or call them what you will, of all the watchmen of Europe," answered his lordship.

"You don't mean it, Slap?" cried Plucky.

"Taken with my own hands, my dear Plucky—taken in hard fight. I intend to make another tour for the coats,—such fun!—I'll have the whole costume before I've done, from the common dress of an English policeman to the holiday suit of a janissary. That's what I call real fun—true humour—glorious wit."

"You *have* travelled then, my dear lord?" asked Plucky, deferentially.

"Have travelled! I'll show you that I have in a minute—here, never mind the rest of the museum now," and lord Slap quitted the room wherein were five hundred articles, among which might be found knockers, scrapers, barber's poles, black dolls, dairy-signs of cows, golden boots, and other domestic instruments, and familiar types of commerce. "You ask me if I have travelled, eh? Here, Mameluke," and Slap called to his servant, "hand me my nose-bag."

"Your nose-bag, my dear lord!" exclaimed the astonished Plucky. "A peer's nose-bag!"

"Here it is," cried the noble lord, as his servant handed to him a tolerably large velvet bag, crammed with apparently some weighty substance. "Now, Plucky, lad, you ask me if I have travelled? I'll just trouble you to cast your eyes over these," and with a word the peer emptied the bag of its contents, which fell in a rattling shower upon the table.

"Stones!" shouted Plucky, jumping at the sound.

"Look at 'em; they are stones—but look at 'em," cried the nobleman and born senator with a triumphant air.

Young Plucky picked up the stones, one by one, and having minutely examined a dozen of them, exclaimed—"Good God! my lord—why, they're noses."

"Every one of 'em—warrant 'em all noses," cried lord Slap; "noses of both genders and of all shapes, from the nose of Diana to the snout of Pan. That's fun, if you like. A hundred noses! And now, I think, Plucky, you'll not ask me again if I have travelled."

"Really, my lord, I'm very dull—I don't apprehend; I don't see the connexion of your travels with these noses," said Plucky.

"Don't you? well then, permit me to illumine you, Mr. Plucky; and to assure you upon the

honour of a nobleman, whose whole life he is proud to say has been spent in pursuit of the humorous, that these noses are from the most eminent galleries and gardens of the most superb cities of Europe."

"Copies?" asked Plucky.

"Copies be d—d! I chipped them all off the original statues, with my own fingers, my own hammer, and my own chisel," said the peer.

"You did, my lord?" exclaimed the astonished Plucky.

"I did; took me some time to do it, too; for I had to watch my opportunity. However, I flatter myself that I succeeded wonderfully—indeed, I may say that I scarcely visited a city throughout the Continent that I didn't quit it with a broken nose. That is fun, if you like," exclaimed the mutilating nobleman.

"Ha! ha!" roared Rumpus, "don't you call that wit, Plucky? Isn't that life?"

"Capital! I hadn't an idea," replied Plucky, evidently dazzled by the brilliant prospect of distinguishing himself, so suddenly opened upon him.

"However, enough of this, my boys, it's d—d egotism in me to boast of these things," and his lordship gathered the broken noses in a heap, and was about to return them to the bag: seeing the eye of Plucky resting as his lordship thought wist-

fully upon the fragments, the liberal nobleman asked—"Will you have one, Plucky—one as a *gage d'amitié?*"

"No—no; not for the world," answered the modest Plucky, "'twould be a million pities to spoil the set."

"Take them away, Mameluke—and mind, you scoundrel, that you don't lose one. Ha! this is all very well; still in the matter of noses, I am not yet quite satisfied," said lord Slap.

"What more could mortal man desire?" asked the Hon. Tom. Rumpus. "You're quite an Alexander, and sigh for new noses to chip."

"No, I shall never rest—you know, those scoundrels the editors of—but no matter; I never—no, I never shall rest until I have three editorial noses cut from the living animal, and put in excellent spirits, in my museum,—I never shall," exclaimed lord Slap with touching earnestness. "I never shall."

"Well,—well, let us hope the best," said Rumpus.

"Yes—I tell his lordship," observed Cramlington, "to have patience; all we wish can't be done in a day."

"That's very true," remarked the philosophic Slap, "so, now to business. I'm resolved to-night to pull down the minister."

"What's the question? Must you go to the 'House' to-night?" inquired the unsophisticated Plucky.

"The house! Pooh—I mean Billy Pitt," answered Slap.

"Now, I hope, my dear lord, you'll be advised," said Cramlington. "What think ye, gentlemen," and he addressed the general company. "Isn't the business dangerous?"

"But think of the fun," answered Rowdow, "besides we've hunted small game more than enough: we must now do something to take the town by storm; knockers and pump-handles are now become a drug."

"I must say," remarked Smasherton, "that I'm taken with the idea of running off with Pitt; still I see obstacles."

"D—n it! gentlemen, you don't mean to cry off?" exclaimed lord Slap with some emotion.

"No, certainly not," said the Hon. Tom Rumpus, "but don't let us be too hasty."

"Too hasty!" retorted lord Slap rather contemptuously, "why, except the little affair last night, and the matter with the pawnbroker and bishop, we've done nothing this fortnight."

"That's true enough; still, I think we had better wait for Blow," was the counsel of Smasherton, "you know Blow's a host."

By this time young Plucky had been informed by his dear friend Rumpus of the real object of the meeting, and therefore no longer confounded the removal of ministerial bronze with the out-voting of ministerial real life. Assured that the immediate purpose of the society was fun—glorious fun—he ventured to ask permission of lord Slap to be heard. "Hear! hear!" from lord Slap, and "Bravo! Plucky," from Rumpus.

Mr. Plucky rose: and never did young and bashful member of either House propose or second an address in answer to a royal speech with more modesty, with more grace, with a finer sense of what was due to himself and to his subject. There was, for a moment, a slight confusion in the manner of the speaker—his cheek was flushed, and his voice trembled,—but he almost immediately regained his self-possession, and—we give his entire speech—spoke as follows:—

"My lords and gentlemen—When I look around me and observe not only my seniors in age, but noblemen and gentlemen illustrious by achievements, accomplished under difficulties which would have paralyzed not only meaner men, but individuals enjoying equal rank and birth—('Hear!' from Mr. Cramlington) I cannot,—I say I cannot attribute my present position in this society to any merit of mine save to that—for I consider it a

merit—of being known to my friend, and I am proud to call him my friend, the Hon. Tom Rumpus ('Hear!' from Rumpus.) I, my lords and gentlemen, am an unknown man. (Cries of 'No!') Permit me to say, I am an unknown man. I bring to this chivalrous society nothing but good intentions. It would be folly—it would be base ignorance in me—to think otherwise. As yet, gentlemen, I feel—all too acutely feel—that I have done nothing.

"When I look around me and consider the trophies of my noble friend—I trust he will henceforth permit me to call him my friend ('Hear!' from lord Slap)—I feel humiliated by the sense of my own insignificance. I, my lords and gentlemen, can show no pump-handle—I can exhibit no knocker—I never chipped the nose from an Apollo—I never plucked a bishop's bell-pull—never bore away a presbyterian scraper. I have yet my spurs to win; for it ill becomes me in such a society to boast of a broken lamp or two—a linch-pin, pulled in early life from a quaker's gig—cats shoed with walnut-shells—rats smeared and burned with turpentine—or any other puerile exploit. My lords and gentlemen, I feel that I am now only about to start in a course that you have all so gloriously run. I shall gird up my loins for the race ('Hear! hear!') Succeed as I may, I yet feel that I can

never approach the inventive genius and invincible courage of a Slap—the buoyant humour and ennobling fortitude of a Smasherton—the airy wit of a Rumpus—the practical satire of a Cramlington—or the playful mirth of a Rowdow (Cheers from all parties.)

"My lords and gentlemen,—I was about to propose a subject for your consideration; yet when I think of my own inexperience—when I remember my own ignorance of public life—I—I—(Cries of 'Hear!' and 'go on.')—My lord, then it does appear to me—I entreat your kindest construction of my motives—but it does appear to me that the removal of the statue, although involving great public confusion, and thereby considerably enhancing the reputation of this society, is a matter requiring the most mature reflection. For my own part, I would say, let the minister remain for another session."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Plucky, but have you any specific motion to make?" asked lord Slap. "Otherwise, this address is—d—n me!—a little irregular, the statue having been determined upon."

"I have a motion, my lord," ("Hear!") said young Plucky. "Still, my lord, permit me to deprecate"—(Cries of "Motion!") Mr. Plucky coughed, and bowed obedience. "My lord, I ob-

serve in the public prints of this morning, that there are three remarkably fine tigers for sale, newly arrived in the East India Docks. Now, my lord, as fun—glorious fun—is as I understand the object of this society, I humbly propose that these tigers be purchased, and on any evening that shall hereafter be determined upon, conveyed in a coach or caravan to the doors of the Opera-House, and there be suffered to escape among the people as they are about quietly to depart for their homes and their beds."

A burst of applause honoured the motion of young Mr. Plucky; and the epithets "glorious fellow"—"splendid wit"—"first-rate humourist" were liberally bestowed upon him.

"D—n me!" exclaimed lord Slap, "there's something in it. How many tigers—three?"

"Just the number," said Rowdow; "one for boxes—one for pit—and one for gallery. I shall vote for the tigers—decidedly."

"Still, I—I would suggest, as an amendment, that the experiment should not be made at the Opera-House—no—some of us may have friends and relations there, and—no; it might not be considered gentlemanly. I would suggest that the tigers should be taken on a holyday-night to some low play-house, and at a lucky minute let loose among the mob." Thus spoke lord Slap.

"That's better, very considerably better," cried Smasherton.

"I am quite in your lordship's hands," said young Plucky, with great modesty. "If, however, a suburban play-house be decided upon, it would possibly meet the views of all the gentlemen present, should that particular house be selected, (for I am told there is such a place,) which is the especial temple of recreation for sheriff's officers, their wives and families."

"Not the slightest objection," said lord Slap, and it must be owned with great disinterestedness, he being a privileged person.

"Will your lordship, then, be good enough to put the tigers?" asked the Hon. Tom Rumpus.

"A show of hands, gentlemen, for the tigers," was the order of lord Slap, and every hand was uplifted in favour of the animals. "I congratulate you, d—n me! Plucky," exclaimed lord Slap, shaking the young member by the hand—"I congratulate you, alike on the felicity as on the success of your first motion."

"He'll be an honour to the society," cried Smasherton. "He's full of wit—the drollest dog alive—splendid humour," and the diffident Plucky blushed at the many praises showered upon him.

"Mameluke," called out Slap, and the domestic took a whispered order from his master, quitted

the room, and in a minute returned, bearing what a casual observer might have mistaken for a large telescope.

"Mr. Plucky," said lord Slap, and from his look and voice, it was evident that his lordship was about to enter upon a very serious business. "Mr. Plucky, you have—d—n me!—this evening proved yourself a speaker of the highest genius; and it would be to me a matter of everlasting regret, d—n me! if you quitted the present meeting without some trifling mark of its esteem and admiration. In enrolling yourself a member of our society, Mr. Plucky, a man of your acute intellect cannot have been insensible of the fact, that many dangers await you.—Popularity, or what is much better, notoriety, in these days of competition, is not to be obtained by reading all day in an arm-chair, or retiring to eider-down with gruel at eleven. No, sir; men who in this age would distinguish themselves, must be up and doing. Midnight brings rest to the mob of men, but not to us. It is very probable that you may, in your pursuit of fame, have an arm or a leg broken—be made to swallow ten of your teeth—or be carried to your lodgings with a compound fracture of your shoulder. These things are to be expected; happy is he who escapes them. It is my wish, sir, as a token of my regard—d—n me!—and as a testimony of my admiration, to

provide you with a solace in sickness, should any calamity in the pursuit of fun—of glorious fun—befall you. Look here, sir," and to the astonishment of Plucky, lord Slap produced a tin instrument of about three inches in diameter, and as many feet in length. "I present you with this antidote to melancholy—with this never-failing source of wit and amusement." Plucky bowed.

"Mr. Plucky, in presenting you with this instrument, I ought to tell you its peculiar use. I had been knocked down, and my ankle dislocated,—you recollect the night, or rather the morning, Rowdow?"

"To be sure; infamous case. Only for pitching a chimney-sweeper into a pail of milk—brutal affair," said Rowdow.

"I was confined to my chamber, Mr. Plucky, for two months—and this," and his lordship looked gratefully at the engine, "this was my only solace."

"A solace! How, my dear lord Slap?" asked Plucky.

"You will perceive, Mr. Plucky, that this instrument is made on the true hydraulic principle,—Mameluke, you scoundrel—empty that bottle of port into the cooler." Mameluke instantly obeyed the order, and presented the vessel to his lordship, who applying the instrument formed "on the true hydraulic principle," to the wine, drew the whole of it into the tube. "It is in fact, you

see, Mr. Plucky, nothing more than a gigantic squirt; I had it made to hold a bottle. Mameluke, you miscreant, stand further off; back, sir! and keep your d—d hands from your face," cried lord Slap, as his servant, with possibly a fear of the coming event, covered his face and swayed restlessly from side to side. "You will perceive, Mr. Plucky," said his lordship, "you will perceive that—there! bet fifty pounds he had every drop of it!" exclaimed the eccentric nobleman, having adroitly discharged from the instrument, "on the true hydraulic principle," the whole bottle of port into the menial countenance of Mameluke.

"Capital shot!" cried Rowdow.

"That, Mr. Plucky, during my two months' severe illness, was my only solace.—I sat at a third-floor window," said his lordship, "and on an average I hit every night from eighteen to twenty coachmen. 'Twas capital fun to hear 'em swear."

"With port wine?" inquired Plucky.

"No, d—n 'em!—water, or—or anything. By-the-bye, they make a capital kind of thin ink now, which would do splendidly," was the recommendation of his lordship. "I should have died with melancholy but for this instrument, d—n me! However, sir, it is your's; and on presenting it to you, I can only imitate the parting address of

Louis the Fourteenth, d—n me! to James the Second. It is yours, sir, but I cannot wish you better than by wishing you may never have cause to use it," saying this, the peer, amidst the cheers of the company, placed the hydraulic instrument in the hands of Mr. Plucky.

Mr. Plucky attempted to return thanks; he found it impossible, and then briefly apologised for his confusion on the score of his feelings.

"Now, when are the tigers to be tried?" inquired Rowdow, anxious for the sport.

"Why not to-morrow?" asked Rumpus.

"Certainly not," said lord Slap, "how do we know what condition they're in?"

"Oh! they're in capital health—at least so said the paper," remarked Plucky.

"Health! D—n health! don't you perceive," said Slap, "if the tigers have been over-fed, they'll afford no sport? They'll be no more than Newfoundland pups let loose in the mob. The only way to insure glorious fun is to get the tigers into our own possession, and keep them without an inch of meat for ten days or a week at least."

"That's well thought of," said Smasherton; "if they're not sharp-set, we shall throw away our money and our time."

"But, it has just struck me," remarked the

milky-hearted Cramlington, "that, possibly, the tigers may do some serious mischief; that they may wound, or perhaps kill somebody."

"Nothing of the sort; they'll not go beyond a scratch or so," said Slap. "Perhaps, take away a mouthful or two from some fat tailor, who can afford it; or, if he can't, he can advertise to have his pound of flesh back again, it being of no use to any but the owner." This sally was loudly laughed at by all the party, except Cramlington, who returned to the subject.

"But if anybody should be killed? To say the least of it, my dear lord Slap, there'd be an inquest, and all that nonsense; and I do think—it's only the opinion of an individual, certainly,—but I do think that we might have just as much fun with the tigers, without any fear of bloodshed. You see, bloodshed, my dear lord Slap,"——

"What the devil would you have, Cramlington? Perhaps," said Rumpus, "you'd prefer rabbits to tigers?"

"I reject the insinuation of my honourable friend," retorted Cramlington, turning to Slap.

"Then what would you have?" asked lord Slap.

"I would have the tigers, certainly; I would assuredly send them among the mob—one at the pit, one at the box, and one at the gallery—

it will be glorious fun, and I stand to the tigers. Still"——

"Still what?" roared several voices.

"Still, with regard to the animals, I must confess it would materially ease my mind if—if," and Cramlington was almost fearful of giving birth to the tenderness that laboured at his heart—"if they were muzzled." Cramlington sank in his seat, fairly knocked down by the shout of laughter that followed his humane suggestion. "I have finished," said Cramlington with dignity—"I say no more."

A pause ensued, which was broken by Rumpus, who asked lord Slap what was to be done. "You see, we have thought it prudent to defer the removal of the statues, and as we must wait for some time until the tigers are properly starved, there's no fun."

"Has any gentleman anything to suggest?" asked lord Slap. Every man seemed plunged in thought—but no one made answer. There was another pause, and Cramlington shifted himself uneasily towards Slap, and whispered to him, and gesticulated with great vehemence. Lord Slap shook his head,—cried "pooh!" "pish!"—still Cramlington continued to whisper. At length Slap drew himself up, and said—"Well, Cramlington, if you like to put your pig-tail into a motion,"—

"I will," exclaimed the energetic Cramlington, and rose.

"Pig-tail in a motion!" cried Rumpus.

"My lords and gentlemen," said Cramlington, "as there is apparently a great dearth of fun, and as the tigers cannot come off for some time, I have to make a motion." Whereupon, Mr. Cramlington moved that the pig-tail of the statue of George the Third—all for the sake of glorious fun—should be cut off that night, and, neatly enveloped in silver-paper, be sent to the court barber.

"Does anybody second the motion?—d—n me!" asked lord Slap, looking at the serious faces of the party.

We are proud and delighted to say, that wits as they were, there was no man of the knot found so reckless in his principles as to second the motion.

The motion was consequently lost.

CHAPTER XIV.

Leaving lord Slap and his companions still sitting, debating the means of fun, "glorious fun," we return to John Applejohn, that we may accompany him in search of his new acquaintance, Mr. Buffon Bub. That profound naturalist had finished his labours of the day; the leopard had gorged

his belly full, the tiger had supped, the bear was satisfied, the hyena was appeased; and Bub, "their guide, philosopher and friend," quitted his carnivorous cares to seek the high society of man. Our hero met the naturalist at the garden gate, and lost no time in assuring him that he felt particularly happy at the event. Mr. Buffon Bub received John Applejohn with an unaffected stare of ignorance.

"You surely don't forget me, Mr. Bub? Why, how many hours is it since we met?" asked John.

"Sorry to say, I never could count beyond a thousand," answered Bub, "so perhaps you'll tell me."

"My name is Applejohn. I am Mr. Cramlington's man—I"—John was proceeding, when he found his hat suddenly removed by Mr. Bub.

"If that's the case," asked Bub, staring at the fair locks of John, "who the devil has bleached you?"

"Ha!—my hair," answered John. "You see, that was quite an accident. When we met, I had —ha! ha!—black hair and whiskers."

"And since then, you've taken a fancy to another colour? When do you change again?" asked Bub, with a suspicious look at John.

"The truth is, Mr. Bub, it's quite a secret, but that wasn't my own hair."

"I should think not," observed the naturalist.

"I don't know how it happened—in a moment of forgetfulness I had put on the black wig and whiskers, and the old German coming to the door, I couldn't take 'em off."

"Why not?" asked Bub.

"Why, between ourselves, Mr. Bub, that man—I believe, however, I said as much—was a tailor, and we had met before, and"—

"Is that all? I see—he made for you once, and you didn't want to claim his acquaintance?" observed the acute Bub.

"I regret to say," answered Applejohn with a sigh, "I did not. However, I earnestly hope that a day will come, when the affair between us will be fully cleared up."

"Why," remarked Mr. Bub, "in the matter of tailors' bills, whatever comes of 'em, it's as well to hope the best."

"Ha! Mr. Bub, I could tell you a sad business I had with that old tailor. It's an affair that weighs very heavily upon my heart; however, I assure you, I meant well."

"Every gentleman as deals with a tailor, commonly says he does; for my part, I think good intentions ought to go farther than ready money; but they don't, Mr. Applejohn; the world, you

see, hasn't got to that state of perfection to take a man's good meaning instead o' half-crowns."

"More's the pity, Mr. Bub," observed John.

"That's what I say; if it was otherwise, what a banker's account I would have!" declared the naturalist.

"But the worst is, Mr. Bub, the ill-luck that follows a man who means well. I do believe, if I was to make a present of a guinea to anybody, 'twould turn to a farthing."

"Did you ever try?" asked Bub. "If you never did, now's your time," and the naturalist turned up the cuff of his coat, opened his palm, and winked at Applejohn.

"Just now, Mr. Bub, however I might wish it, I can't afford the experiment. Ha! Mr. Bub," proceeded John, possibly desirous of turning the conversation, "has it never struck you that this is a very strange world? I ought to have been a happy man, Mr. Bub, but on this earth there's nothing certain."

"Don't talk in that way, Mr. Applejohn, don't; I can't bear it," exclaimed Bub, abruptly.

"Bless me! what's the matter—anything happened?" asked John.

"He was the pride of my heart! No father could love his child better than I loved him. You

may well say nothing's certain. When I come to you with the spannel, he was in the best health and spirits, and now—but I'd promised myself not to think of it, it won't bear thinking of. Only this morning!" and Bub sighed.

"I wouldn't hurt your feelings for the world," said the tender Applejohn, "but—I fear, Mr. Bub, you have had what is called a domestic loss?"

"You may say, domestic; he'd take his meat out of my mouth—bounce right through a hoop when I cried 'jump'—stand upon his two legs, and lash his precious tail like any whip. Don't talk of it."

"Tail! I was afraid you had lost a favourite child," said Applejohn, somewhat relieved.

"I tell you, he was the pride of my heart; and to-morrow they'll skin him. Such a noble creature! It's only on Monday that he set for his likeness for the king's arms—it was painted for one of our fellows as was 'pointed thimble-maker to the crown,—and now, he's gone."

"I see—you've lost one of the beasts?" said John.

Mr. Buffon Bub turned suddenly round upon Applejohn—stared in his face for a second, and then, with a burst of feeling, exclaimed—"The lion's dead!"

"Dear me!" said John. "Did you have him a long time?"

"I had him in a basket from the ship as brought him from his native place; his mother—poor thing! she'd eaten up a rajah and a company's captain—was killed afore he was weaned; he was caught, you may say with the milk in his mouth; and now he's dead."

"I don't wonder at your grief, Mr. Bub; no doubt the animal was attached to you," remarked John.

"Attached! I believe he was: he'd roar when I came within a mile of him; my own wife didn't know my foot better than he did; and now he's gone. Poor dear Nero's dead!"

"What—what was his complaint?" asked John.

"I can't say for certain—but I think his death lays at the door of a d—d stockbroker," exclaimed Bub.

"What could a lion have to do with such a person?" inquired Applejohn.

"You see, the old stockbroker, after he'd had his bellyfull watching the bears get up the pole, wanted what you call excitement, and would teaze Nero—would poke him about to get up a roar. Well, one day the old fellow somehow or another steals in a big blue cotton umbrella; and there he stood, as I heard, laughing away as if he was winning upon 'Change, and poking the royal animal under the right shoulder. For a time, the

lion treated the old fool with proper contempt; but at last, Nero pounced upon the umbrella, dragged it through the bars, and afore you could say 'stop,' swallowed it complete."

"What! the umbrella?" cried Applejohn.

"I come just in time to see the handle disappear down his throat; I could swear to it—round wooden handle, with five bits of mother-o'-pearl, like shirt-buttons."

"And did the umbrella kill the lion?" asked John.

"Why, some of our people said he'd digest it—but all I know is this; after that, whether the disease were what is called sympathy, or whether it were something in the nerves, I can't rightly say; but this I know, from the time that Nero swallowed the umbrella, it never came on to rain that the poor animal didn't swell three times his proper size." And Mr. Buffon Bub narrated this extraordinary event with a gravity which left nothing for Applejohn to hazard even as a doubt.

"And was he the last of the lions?" inquired John.

"The last and the best," answered Bub. "Poor dear fellow! how he used to love me! Ha! Mr. Applejohn, it would have done your heart good to see him and me play together with a shin of beef: how I'd just grease his whiskers with it, and then

take it away to teaze him; and then how he'd jam his nose between the bars, and loop up his lip o' each side, and drop his under jaw, and push his paw sideways out, fishing after my jacket; how he'd keep up a rattling growl, and I talking and chatting to him all the while—and the ladies and gen'lmen, countesses and dukes and lords among 'em, perhaps, looking on, and all more delighted than if they was at a rational play. And then, when I throwd him the bone, to see him drop down upon it like a thunderbolt, and pull it with his two paws like any Christian under his breast, with his eyes looking murder at anybody as should touch it! Ha! that was a brute—and he's dead."

"But another lion may be had," said Applejohn.

"Another lion! Perhaps it's my fancy, but for my part, I think that the breed gets poorer and poorer every day: lions ar'n't what they used to be when I was a boy; except Nero, there's hardly a lion that oughtn't to be ashamed to show his face. Poor Nero! Well, I'm afraid I've a good deal to answer for—I didn't always use him well," said Bub.

"I don't know for certain, but I think I may venture to say, you did," observed John.

"No, I didn't; sometimes the fine old fellow would be dead asleep as a stone—dreaming, perhaps, of lounging about in his own native land, for

he used to pine for it, I know he did, sometimes—and then I'd rouse him up, to make him walk and show his paces to a holiday party of little schoolboys; and then, poor thing! he'd sometimes sit down, and pushing his nose through the bars, give me such a melancholy look, as much as to say, 'Mr. Buffon Bub, if you'd have stumbled upon me, fast asleep in Afriky, I'm d—d if you'd have waked me.'"

"Perhaps, there is a cruelty in chaining up the brutes,—still I don't know"—and John could not give a decided opinion on the matter.

"Cruelty! why, though I'm in the business, I do sometimes feel for 'em. Poor things! isn't it shocking now, for the hawks to be caged up with the sparrows flying about 'em, and yet can't get at 'em?. However, it doesn't answer to think of these things—we must have science, and—poor Nero!"

"I'm sure you must have a tender heart, Mr. Bub," said John, "I'm sure you must."

"Why, it's a cowardly thing to hurt wild beasts once in your power; and do you know, I've an odd thought or so on that matter—it's my belief that folks who ill use poor beasts in this world, may, perhaps, be hunted for a while in their turn. I say, Mr. Applejohn, how should you like to be clapped in a cage, with the ghost of a lion for your keeper?"

"I never heard of such a thing," said Applejohn.

"No more did I," rejoined Mr. Bub, "but it would be droll if it could happen, wouldn't it? and in after matters, Mr. Applejohn, who can say what won't happen? Here's the house," and the speaker suddenly stopt at the hospitable door of an inn much frequented by the humbler lovers of natural history on their way to and from the Gardens. Mr. Bub led his companion into a small room, where some half-dozen persons were already assembled. We pass the compliments of meeting, circulated among all parties, and hasten to place Applejohn quite at his ease, in the midst of his new associates. It was, however, but too evident that the loss of the day had cast a cloud over the society: or it might be that in deference to the feelings of Mr. Bub, the members restrained their usual flow of mirth, for there was a sad propriety in the looks and words of everybody. Mr. Bub, having lighted his pipe, watched the smoke with a moralizing eye, and thinking of Nero, meditated upon the uncertainty of leonine life. At length he observed, "Ha! gen'lmen, that lion was the flower of the flock."

"Are you sure, Bub?" asked Mr. Rough, an eminent farrier of the neighbourhood, "are you sure that Nero had fair play? My opinion is

pison. There's a many malicious people go to your Gardens. I wouldn't suspect nobody outright; but this I must say, I saw Doctor Hygian pelting the poor beast with what seemed biscuit—I only hope, it warn't pills."

"The loss of Nero," said Bub, not condescending to entertain the suspicion of the farrier, "the loss of Nero will be a great blow to science."

"And the shillings," added the farrier. "But you must try and get something else. What are the fellows about?"

"It's easy enough, to say get something else, Mr. Rough, but where are we to get it? I 'spose though, the fellows will try at something—and that's what makes me miserable; 'cause, just now, I don't want to quit England," said Bub.

"And can nothing be had, unless you go to catch it, Mr. Bub?" asked Applejohn.

"They pays me the compliment to think so. I contracted a liver complaint going after the rhinoceros, and they never give me even a *meddle* for it," said Bub.

"All your own fault, Bub," exclaimed Mr. Paunchly, a thriving butcher, whose good fortune it was to supply dinners to the *carnivora* of the gardens; "I must say, all your own fault. You might have writ a book on that animal, and had it finely bound in scarlet morocco and gilt edges, and

made your fortune by it. Yes, anybody but you might have gone to court on that rhinoceros."

"In that matter," confessed Mr. Bub, "perhaps, I was a little back'ard."

"A little!" cried the butcher—"a good way back'ard. What's the use of a man having the brains you have, if he will hide 'em in a bushel? You know every thing—you know, you do; and yet you let the 'fellows' run away with all your credit."

"Poor things!" said the benevolent Bub, "it pleases 'em to think they know a little, and why should I take the conceit out of 'em? Because I know every thing about a beast—where he comes from, what he can eat, what family he belongs to, what's his habits, and in fact, all his private and public history—is that any reason, why I should crow over people, who are perhaps nothing more than lords and members of parliament? Isn't the world big enough for us all? as I said to lady Mildmug, when she would tickle the bear with a stick."

"Ha! you shouldn't have let that rhinoceros slip through your fingers as he did," said Rough, "when you had that chance, you should have thought of your family."

"And pray, Mr. Bub," inquired Applejohn, desirous of withdrawing the naturalist from the

friendly censures of his acquaintance, "pray, have the fellows done a great deal for science?"

"For my part," said the farrier, "I don't think we get poultry a bit bigger for all they've done."

"We have not, perhaps, been very lucky," said Bub, with a look of mild reproach at the farrier, "but, you know, what I said about good intentions, Mr. Applejohn—science can't always succeed. To be sure, one of our fellows, Mr. Crawthump, coming to me this very day when he heard of the death of Nero, says to me, 'Ha! Mr. Bub, I've told you so; you'll never prosper while you let in the fellows and their wives and families on the Sabbath. While such wickedness goes on, how can you ever expect to keep a lion?'"

"Humph! He's a nice fellow, he is;" said the butcher; "for my part, the only thing I see to complain of is, keeping the poor beasts without any meat on Sundays."

"It does 'em good, Mr. Paunchly," said the meek Bub, "it does 'em good; in a wild state they lives irregilarly. Sometimes a lion eats a whole buffalo, and then, poor thing! goes without for a week; and then they're ragged and bony, and not in the condition that lions are in a state of civil life. Look at Nero; his skin was as sleek as a bishop's apron."

"And Mr. Crawthump would have you shut out visitors on a Sunday?" asked Applejohn.

"He goes further than that; and, as he said, for the better observance of the Sabbath, he proposed on that day to put all the monkies into strait-waistcoats. More than that, I heard that that was to be part of a bill brought into parliament. Just to satisfy myself, I went down to the House of Commons to look out for that clause. Somehow or the other, I 'spose they found out that I was there, and didn't go on with the matter."

"But what I complain of is, the fellows," said Rough, "have done not a bit of good for science. Poultry is just as dear."

"Mr Rough," said Bub, with impressive placidity, "we should be careful how we blame whole bodies of folks for the blunders of some."

"Very right," exclaimed the butcher.

"Excellently said," remarked Applejohn.

Mr. Bub, unconscious of the praise, proceeded —"Many things have been tried, Mr. Rough, but few have turned up trumps. There's Alderman Whitecross, he was one of the cleverest of the fellows, and had a capital plan for what he called the enlargement of ducks."

"Pray," asked Applejohn, "what plan was that?"

"Why he proposed to make the ducks hatch

nothing else but goose eggs: the alderman was not supported in his plan, and flung his fellowship up as he said in very marked disgust. Don't say we hav'n't tried nothing," said Bub. "Then there was another plan for the improvement of asses."

"Whose plan was that?" inquired the butcher.

"Why, there was no one name mentioned, but there was a great many fellows in that job," answered Bub. "It was a plan to turn all the asses into zebras; but the fellows, after many months' debate, found there was just as many asses as before."

"But why—why don't they stick to poultry? When I first heard of the society, I did promise myself a turkey for ten-pence," said Rough.

"Some people, Mr. Rough, are never to be pleased. Poultry! What do you say to the plan for taming wild-ducks? Not spent above a thousand pounds, and we've at least seventy ducks as tame as any of your most familiar acquaintance."

"Ha! something more might be done for poultry," was still the assertion of the farrier.

"We've tried our best in that matter, I must say? Why, did you never hear of the plan of Mr. Barleymeal, the great Scotch 'conomy member? Well, he was one of our fellows; and had a capital plan to lower fowls to just one half the price."

"What plan was that? 'Twould be a capital

thing for the poor. What plan, Mr. Bub?" asked Applejohn.

"Why, Mr. Barleymeal's plan was simply this: he showed what a deal would be saved, and what a deal would be got in the way of chickens, if it could be contrived to make every single egg hatch not less than two."

"Two!" exclaimed the butcher.

"Twins from every egg," said Bub, gravely; "and more than that, he put down upon paper rows and rows of figures, showing how many more chickens would be brought to market—how they would lower butcher's meat,"—

"What a fool!" exclaimed Paunchly.

"And many other profits beside. Well, he counted up I don't know how many hundred chicks, allowing only two for each egg, when how it happened it isn't for me to say—but there wasn't above a third of the chickens ever come to light. Still, you can't say, Mr. Rough, that the fellows was to blame. It's plain, to be sure, that the blame lay somewhere; but for my part I believe the fault was originally laid with the eggs."

"Ha! all I know is, there's very little what they call science in the matter. The fellows hav'n't made nothing cheaper," said Rough.

"Did you ever see the beavers we've got in a pond, eh?" asked Bub.

"I have—pretty creatures!" exclaimed Paunchly.

"Well, I should like to know what's made hats so cheap as they are, if it wasn't for our breed of beavers," said Mr. Bub—"but science may work itself blind for some people, and get no thanks."

"Why, you don't kill your beavers for the trade, do you?" asked the farrier.

"Do you think," said Bub, endeavouring to parry the home-thrust, "do you think the poor things is skinned alive? Then see how cheap all sorts of furs is got since the fellows dealt in bears. Rabbit-skin's gone down to nothing."

"I hope, Bub—I really do hope," said the disinterested purveyor of shins of beef, "that you'll get a few lions: if not, you may as well let all the fellows discharge themselves, and shut up the Gardens."

"Why, I don't know, if we get a good band next summer—though it goes against the grain of a man as loves science to think of it—still, if we get a good band, a loudish organ or so, a juggler to fling about some knives and balls, and two or three pretty little girls in white muslin frocks and red shoes, to dance upon stilts; why, perhaps, poor Nero mayn't be so very much missed. People, you see, call science by itself dry stuff; so they like science with tumblers."

At this moment the door was opened, and a tall, thin, pale-faced man glided into the room, and catching the eye of Bub, nodded to him, and then with a triumphant look, said in a voice little louder than a whisper, "It's over."

Mr. Bub looked at his tall, fragile friend, and scarcely suppressing a chuckle, asked—"How did they do it?"

"Done it safe enough," answered the stranger, "the thing will never be heard of again."

"You don't say so?" cried Mr. Bub, and he shook with inward laughter.

"In the whole course of my professional existence—and I have, you will concede, Mr. Bub, seen something—I never did see such an exhibition," said the tall man, raising his eyes and hands, and tossing his head, "never."

"You don't say so?" repeated Bub, and again he laughed, "Gone to the devil, eh? Call for what you like, Mr. Shadowly."

"What's the matter, Bub? Not a secret, eh?" asked Paunchly.

"Not at all—it's known pretty well, now. He! he!" gasped Shadowly, "he! he! it's a great triumph. Gone to the devil! A great triumph!"

"All comes of people, as without knowing any-

thing of the matter, meddles with science," said Bub.

"And lower a profession," gasped Shadowly, "However, it's a glorious triumph."

"But what's it all about?" inquired Mr. Rough; "do you call going to the devil a glorious triumph?"

"For me," answered Mr. Shadowly quickly, "it couldn't be more glorious for me."

"To be sure, some people know what's best for 'em," remarked the butcher, staring at Mr. Shadowly.

"You see, gen'lmen, this is the whole affair," and Mr Bub addressed the party. "Mr. Allgag, —you've heard of Mr. Allgag?"

"Of the playhouse, to be sure," said the farrier, "didn't I dock his horses for the last tragedy—and didn't he give me a silver horse-shoe, with his eternal gratitude 'graved upon it?"

"I dare say, sir—I dare say," said Shadowly, with a sneer, "Mr. Allgag is exactly capable of such discrimination."

"Well, Mr. Allgag," resumed Bub, "come to us, and wanted to borrow our polar bear."

"And when I had offered to play Hamlet, too!" said Shadowly, and again he threw up his eyes and arms.

"Not only the bear," said Bub, "but the elephant to boot."

"When I offered my Hamlet! Well," cried Shadowly, "it's a great triumph!"

"And I must say the gen'lman,"—

"You don't call him a gentleman? Good God! sir," exclaimed Shadowly, "did you ever hear what he said of my Hamlet?"

"I only know," replied Bub, "what he said of the elephant and bear, and that was very much like a gen'lman. He said, as for all expense, that might be d—d; and my opinion is, that no gen'lman can say more."

"What! he wanted to hire your beasts?" asked Applejohn, who had kept a long silence.

"That was it, sir," said Shadowly, fixing upon our hero as a stranger—"when there was my—but go on, Mr. Bub."

"I was asked about the matter, in course; but as I have been all my life for pure science," said Bub, "I spoke up for the animals."

"Very right—very right, Mr. Bub: had the manager," said Shadowly, "been without resources, 'twould have been a different matter; but when there was a Hamlet—the only Hamlet in the world, to let—but—he! he! almost killed one of the fiddlers,—great triumph!"

"I said," continued Bub "that to take the animals to a play-house was to remove 'em quite out o' their spear; and though Mr. Allgag thought all I said was said in the way of a private pike against him, it warn't—it was all for pure science; more than that, I said the bear and the elephant warn't used to applause; and if they got a good deal of it, I wouldn't answer for the tricks they'd play."

"Very right, Mr. Bub"—said Shadowly, the actor—"there is no answering for anybody under such trying circumstances. I recollect when I acted Hamlet,"—

"So you see," interrupted Bub, "very much to the anger of some o' the fellows, who'd have liked to turn a penny, Mr. Allgag went to another place, hired some beasts, and to-night they comes out. This gen'lman—I sold him a tiger skin"—

"For Othello," said Shadowly, "I dress him that way."

"This gen'lman's been to see 'em," said the naturalist.

"And I take it very unkind of you, Mr. Bub, not to let me know of this," said the butcher, "Bears must be fed; and though I look at what is called the destruction of the theatre, with as much pain and grief as anybody, still, as bears must be fed, I might as well have had the job as another person."

"Not at all, Mr. Paunchly; 'cause the bear's on board wages—that is, his master finds him. What I did I did upon principle. I said to Mr. Allgag when he comes about the beasts,—I said, no, sir; do you keep your people to themselves—and let us keep ours. If they're mixed so much up one with the other, folks won't soon care about any of 'em."

"A remarkably true view of the case," said Shadowly, "but after to-night, I don't think the manager will trouble you. He's had a lesson to-night I think."

"What did they do, eh? What did they do?" and Bub laughed in the expectation of mischief.

"I'll tell you. In the first place, the play was so heavy in itself," said Shadowly, "that not even an elephant could drag it easily to the third act. The audience began to hiss and whistle, when—oh! a great triumph—the elephant, as if indignant at the treatment,"——

"He's a noble animal, and if he knows it," said Bub, "won't take impudence from nobody."

"The elephant turned out of the procession, and walked to the front of the stage. There was a dead pause, when the beast raised its trunk, lifted up its ears, and screamed. On this, another shout was set up, when the bear broke from the man who held it, jumped into the orchestra, and

catching the respected leader in its paws, hugged him within an inch of his life, many of the musicians, in the agitation of the moment, vainly breaking their fiddle-sticks upon the head of the infuriated animal."

"Ha! ha! Well, what will science come to?" said Bub.

"At length, the bear was beaten from the leader, and dragged away; but with the elephant stoutly refused to appear again, and the curtain fell, amidst the most delicious clamour. Several distinguished critics who saw me in the house—I was somewhat gratified by the circumstance—exclaimed, 'No bear!' 'Shadowly!' 'No bear!' 'Hamlet!' Well, my friends, at such a time it did not become me as a Christian or a gentleman to bear ill-blood to the manager. I forgot every insult I had endured from the man—I saw that he was on the edge of a precipice, and I resolved to save him."

"Very handsome of you, indeed, sir," said Applejohn.

"What do you think I did, sir?" asked Shadowly, addressing himself to John.

"Perhaps, offered to take the beasts in your own charge," answered John, "perhaps, offered to lead 'em on again."

"Sir!" and Mr. Shadowly drew himself up, and frowned terribly: then, relaxing from his

severity, he observed, "but I see, sir, you don't know me. What do you think I did, gentlemen? I immediately quitted the front of the theatre, and went round to the stage-door. 'Can I see Mr. Allgag?' said I. 'Impossible, sir,' said the man at the door, 'he's coaxing the elephant with toast and ale, and won't be seen by nobody.' 'Take my name instantly to him; say that Mr. Shadowly —he knows the name—will, at the unanimous call of the audience, bury every thing in oblivion, and in the present dreadful crisis, serve the theatre by performing Hamlet. Tell him that. I shall retire to yonder opposite tavern, and await his answer.'"

"Very like a gentleman," said Paunchly.

"When the bear had failed, for you to come for'ard in that manner showed you had no malice, and was very noble," said Mr. Bub.

"I went to the tavern, gentlemen; ordered a Welch rabbit—for I always play Hamlet upon toasted cheese; I find it gives a quality, a certain tone to my voice, and in seven minutes was ready to dress for the part. Three more minutes did I wait—no messenger came, and I again went to the stage-door."

"You couldn't do less," said Applejohn.

"Hear me out, sir; and when I have told my tale, think what you please of human nature. I immediately accosted the man,—you shall hear,

gentlemen, every word that passed between us. 'Did you take my name to Mr. Allgag?' 'I did, sir.' 'Did you deliver my message to him—my exact message? Did you tell him every word?' 'I did, sir.' 'And what did he say, when you told him that I would bury every thing in oblivion?' 'Why, he said, sir, as you was about to bury every thing, he hoped you'd bury yourself quite at the bottom of the lot.'"

"Ha! ha! that wasn't bad," roared the farrier.

"I've heard worse than that," said the butcher.

"Yes, he's not bad at a joke, that Allgag," observed Mr. Bub.

"He must, indeed, be a very droll person," remarked Applejohn.

Mr. Shadowly had expected many expressions of sympathy; he therefore with inexpressible disgust listened to the praises of the manager's wit, when the brutality—the shocking brutality of the man—ought to have called down execration. Mr. Shadowly rose, slowly put on his hat, and treating every gentleman present to a smile of ineffable contempt, quitted the room.

In half an hour the company broke up, Mr. Bub requesting Applejohn not to estimate the general wit of the society by what he had heard that night, as he himself—it will sometimes happen in the brightest circles—had never known his friends so very dull.

CHAPTER XV.

JOHN returned to his master's chambers where, in the meekest spirit of resignation, he waited the uncertain coming of the libertine Cramlington. "I shall be very glad when he marries," thought John, as at about three in the morning he was roused from slumber by a clamour in the street. "When he marries, of course he'll keep better hours," concluded John; and as he soothed himself with this comforting thought, he heard a tumult without—a loud knocking at the door, with the voice of Mr. Cramlington and others "high in oath." Applejohn opened the door, and in rushed his master, followed by lord Slap, Plucky, and the Hon. Tom Rumpus.

"Glorious fun!" cried his lordship, "think I've smashed that fellow's jaw," and the peer, sinking in a chair, took a lady's bonnet from his senatorial head, and laughed immoderately.

"Did you hear the scoundrel inquire of me," asked young Plucky, "what right I had to kiss his wife?"

"D—d insolent ruffian!" said the Hon. Tom Rumpus, "if I'd been you, I'd have set him on the

spikes of the railings, and then have turned him round."

"It would have served him quite right—but if I hav'n't caught the animal, I've carried off the skin," and young Mr. Plucky produced a fur tippet from his coat pocket.

"Gentlemen,—I—upon my word—you know, these people have no idea of real fun,—if they were to proceed against us for a robbery," suggested Cramlington.

"There'd be fun!" cried lord Slap. "I say, Cram, should like to see you in the prisoner's dock—with your nose snuffing the southernwood and rue. But I say, Mr. Cramlington," and his lordship took a severe tone, "you've shown yourself rather nice to-night; in our attack upon that old scoundrel, Zweifler—devilish lucky I thought of him as we passed the door—you hung back like a cur."

"A what, my lord,—was cur the word?" asked Cramlington with considerable passion, for he felt that all the eyes of Rumpus and Plucky were upon him—"a cur, my lord!"

"I—I withdraw the cur,—but you must confess you hung fire," said the peer.

"I—the truth is, my lord, I believe that at the bottom, old Zweifler is a tolerable person, and"—

"It's no matter; as you were so diffident in

making a personal call, you couldn't do less than send your card."

"My card! my lord, what may I ask?"—

But the inquiry of Mr. Cramlington was broken short by a knocking at the door, and the shouting of Rowdow and Smasherton. The door was opened, when the two useful and illustrious members entered, dragging between them a remarkably diminutive and youthful-looking person, who in vain endeavoured to escape; they lifted him, despite his struggling, upon the table.

"Caught the vagabond, as he was running by the door," said Smasherton, "sure he's a thief."

"Upon my word, gentlemen, I'm not—I'm"—exclaimed the prisoner.

"Search him," cried Slap, "shouldn't wonder if he hasn't got the crown jewels in his pocket. What's your name?"

"Tape, sir," said the trembling little fellow, "Maximilian Tape."

"Great historical likeness to Colonel Blood," said Slap; "where's the jewels, you villain?"

"I—I'm not a thief, gentlemen; I'm a—a—tailor—I'm,"—and the man recognized John—"Oh, Mr. Applejohn! is it you, sir?—you can answer that I'm a tailor; you know we've worked together in"—

"What!" exclaimed Cramlington, turning

MAXIMILIAN TAPE BEFORE THE "LORDS."

very wrathfully round upon John, "are you a tailor?"

"I—I was bred to the business, sir," said Applejohn, "but I—I"—

"Yes, yes—there's more to be got by a crooked nail than with an honest needle," said Tape, and Applejohn's teeth began to chatter at the insinuation of the captive. Luckily however for John, the gentlemen were too intent upon their immediate sport with the prisoner, to give attention to his sneers at his fellow-workman.

"Silence!" cried lord Slap, "if you're a tailor, prove your words; come, if you're really a knight of the needle," and lord Slap broke a plate upon the head of the unfortunate little man, "sew the pieces up again."

"Gentlemen—pray, gentlemen, let me go, for my wife's sake," cried Tape.

"Your wife! Why, you miscreant," said Rowdow, "how long have you been breeched?"

"I told you I had a wife and family," cried Tape.

"Family!" said lord Slap, "well—d—n it! you a family! I shall think less of children after this. How many, you illicit ruffian?" roared lord Slap.

Maximilian Tape shrank within himself, and gasped in his fear as he confessed—"Five."

"Five!" cried Plucky.

"Five," replied the father, "and I was running for the doctor for my wife, when these gentlemen"—

"The doctor! Oh! no wonder, d—n me!" said Slap, "that gentlemen like us are ground to the dust by taxes, when idle ragamuffins like you bring such large families about us."

"But for such villains, I could keep my fox-hounds," said Rowdow. "And you're a tailor, eh? Who's your master?"

"Mr. Zweifler," said the man; "if you'll only go to him,"—

"Better let the fellow go," was the advice of Cramlington; "he's going for the doctor; consider his poor wife."

"Why, you atrocious wretch, that will make six children. Horrible!" cried young Plucky. "Don't let him go before he gives us pledges."

"I'll give you anything, gentlemen; but do consider my wife," said Tape.

"Well, then, if we let you go this time," questioned lord Slap, "will you promise this honourable company never to do so any more?"

"I'll promise anything, sir, that a man should promise," cried the tailor.

"Man! You a man—if you dare to entertain such an opinion,"—and lord Slap shook Tape by the collar, who promised for the future to eschew

such conceit, if the honourable company would but suffer him to depart.

"Stop, Slap; don't let him go yet," cried Rumpus, "as all of us are in the Education Commission," and Tom winked at his friends, "it is our duty to get pledges for the new baby. Now, Mr. Tape; if you should be blessed with a son, will you give us your solemn word not to make the child a member of parliament?"

"La! gentlemen," answered the simple Tape, "I hope to bring the child up to some honest trade, I shouldn't think of any thing else."

"Will you promise not to compel the boy to be a general officer?" asked Rowdow.

"Or a lord chancellor?" said Plucky.

"Or an archbishop?" required Slap.

"He shall be nothing, if you'll let me go, gentlemen," said Tape.

"No tailor can promise more;" said Smasherton, "let him go."

"Stop," cried Rumpus, "if you're a true tailor, you have a needle about you; so, without another word, write us the promise in your blood."

"I—I can't write, gentlemen. Oh! my poor wife," and the wretched little man lifted up his hands entreatingly.

"Vanish, then!" cried Slap, "but mind, you outlawed rascal, mind, you never do so again." A

way was made for the tailor to the door, and with the agility of a grasshopper the little man skipped from his tormentors, all of whom save Cramlington laughed immoderately at the adventure. "There, now," exclamed Slap, "if that isn't wit, I don't know what wit is."

"Well, what's to be done now?" asked Rumpus. "Why, Cram, you look as lively as old Laocoon."

"Do you know," said Plucky, "I'm afraid that we have unconsciously given pain to one of Mr. Cramlington's relations."

"My relation, sir?" asked Cramlington, stammering and blushing.

"Yes; to Mr. Maximilian Tape: I'm sure he must have been a younger brother at least, you seem so devilishly affected."

"Mr. Plucky," cried Cramlington, his eyes flashing fire, "we are comparatively strangers,—still, sir, permit me to hope that you do not wish to insult me. You do not really mean to insinuate that I'm any relation to that"—

"Ha! ha! Why, really, Mr. Cramlington," said Plucky, "I did but joke—I—of course, I should as soon think you the son and heir of a darning needle." Mr. Cramlington instantly seized Mr. Plucky's hand, pressing it with great warmth of feeling. "But what makes you, Cram, so very bilious in your mirth?"

"Why, the truth is," said Slap, "poor Cram's in love."

"Now, my lord—my dear lord," cried Cramlington, "I—there are sacred subjects, my lord."

"To be sure; talking of sacred subjects," said his lordship, "I have that old rascal's door-plate in my pocket—there, Cram, it's at your service," and lord Slap flung a brass-plate, with "Zweifler" on it, upon the table. "Bet a hundred I wrench off door-plate or knocker with any born gentleman in the kingdom."

"Really, my lord," said Cramlington, "I hope we're not going too far: I trust that in these attacks on private property,"—

"Private property! D—n it! if you're getting sentimental," cried his lordship, "I've done with you. Come, gentlemen—another turn, and then soberly to bed at four. Farewell, Cram,—I suppose you'll stop at home and take gruel to-night?"

"I am not very well, my lord—if you could do without me," and Cramlington looked imploringly.

"We'll try—come, gentlemen;" and Slap having donned a hat, the property of Cramlington, quitted the chamber, followed by his sprightly companions, who, we regret to state, did not couple the name of their domestic friend with the most respectful epithets.

"Not thorough-bred, I should say," observed

young Plucky, "no, under-bred, depend upon it—as I'm a gentleman, under-bred." In quitting the party to return to Cramlington, it may be an equal matter of surprise and gratification to the reader to learn that the distinguished individuals, after a fruitless search for humour, retired at an unusually early hour, soberly to bed.

Mr. Cramlington sat in a pensive mood, with his eye upon Zweifler's violated door-plate. At length, he condescended to address his servant. "I—I don't think this proceeding quite right. What do you think, John?"

"Why, sir, in a poor man I should call it high-way-robbery; as it is, sir, I can't give an opinion. Only this, sir, I would advise you not to let the property be found on the premises. Pray, sir, will you allow me to ask you a question?" Cramlington bowed assent. "How long may it be before you think of getting married? I wouldn't leave you for the world, sir; but, really, lord Slap puts a poor man's character quite at stake."

"You are right, John; I ought to marry: I have seen enough of society—had enough to do with titled men. After all, what is there in a title? For as I said, in a song I wrote when quite a boy—

> 'The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
> The man's the gold for all that.'"

"Oh! that's capital, sir—that's really capital! I do think, sir, if you would but talk a little of your poetry to lord Slap and his friends 'twould do 'em some good."

Cramlington shook his head, and with a languid smile, said, "I fear not, John—I fear not." This was no doubt a fixed opinion of Mr. Cramlington, inasmuch as he never did condescend to bestow a line of those numerous effusions upon his high companions, which he so liberally imparted to his valet. "Yes, John—I certainly will marry: I feel that without the object of one's heart—what are those lines of mine? hang it! I wrote them so long ago—ha!—I remember:—

> 'Without the smile from partial beauty won,
> Oh! what is man?—a world without a sun.'

I never wrote a truer couplet—I feel it, never," said the poet.

"As I'm alive, I could stay here till this time to-morrow, listening to all your beautiful things, sir," said Applejohn, "I could, indeed."

"But it's getting late, John; good night," and Cramlington rose to retire to his bed; he paused, and putting his hand to his forehead, said—"Tut! the lines have escaped me; they were in a tragedy I once wrote, but I left the manuscript in a hackney-coach."

"Bless my heart! sir," cried John, shocked at the loss, "and did you offer no reward for it?"

"'Twasn't worth the trouble. Now, I have it—but I do believe they're the only lines I can remember out of the whole play; but they do strike me as being rather strong. Let me see," and Cramlington, extending his right arm, and grasping his black artificial locks with his left hand, to the passing fear of Applejohn, bellowed the following lines—

> "'''Tis now the very witching time of night;
> When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
> Contagion to this world: now could I drink hot blood,
> And do such business as the bitter day
> Would quake to' "—

"For goodness sake! sir," exclaimed John, frightened by the terrible purpose of the poet.

"Don't be alarmed, John; I forget the rest—but they're strong ar'n't they?" asked the bard.

"Shockingly strong, sir," said Applejohn, "and you left the written book in a hackney-coach, sir,—had you no copy, sir?"

"Hang it! no—it's gone, and it's no use grieving about it: still I do think, if I had had that tragedy acted, it might have done something; to be sure, we are never proper judges of our own works, yet I do think that little play one of the neatest things I ever wrote."

"What was it called, sir?" asked John.

"I never gave it a title," answered the unfortunate poet.

"How unlucky! That made it more difficult to come at—how very unlucky," repeated John.

"Good night, John—good—ha!—a couplet has just hopped into my head—an original couplet—it isn't bad for a sudden thought—

> 'To both of us a fair good night,
> And rosy dreams, and slumbers light.'"—

"Beautiful!" exclaimed John.

"Tolerable, for a sudden thought," said John's retiring master.

CHAPTER XVI.

EARLY next morning, as Mr. Cramlington sat at breakfast, he was alarmed by a knock at the door. "If it should be Mr. Zweifler for his door-plate," cried John.

"Booby," said his master, dropping an egg-cup at the words, and turning very pale, "booby—how should he know it was here?"

"That's true, sir;" replied John, "see what a thing is conscience." Another knock. "Still, sir, if it should be Mr. Zweifler for *you*."

"I'm not at home, John," and young Cramling-

ton ran like a startled hare into his bed-room, and closed the door, which he was heard to bolt and lock. Again the knocker sounded, and John's heart sank at the summons. How could he think of confronting the terrible looks of the old tailor! John stared in vain around him for the friendly wig, there was no help for it; he must, in his natural hair, appear before the man who had caught him with the crooked nail 'twixt thumb and finger. Another knock—and John, in desperation, opened the door. He trembled, and slowly raised his eyes to meet, as he feared, the burning glances of a furious old tailor, when he beheld the smiling, shining face of a damsel of about two-and-twenty; who, simpering at the confusion of John, held towards him a curiously folded piece of paper, and saying, "For Mr. Cramlington," dropt the note at John's feet, and ran away. John stared awhile about him—thought of Sarah Twopenny, sighed, picked up the note, and, walking to the bed-room door, rapped with his knuckles, and, to the great relief of the prisoner within, said—"You may come out, sir."

"Who was it?" asked Cramlington, rejoiced at his liberty.

"A letter, sir; a young woman brought it—she flung it down, and ran away," answered John.

"Why the devil didn't you stop her? Why did

you let her run?—Now, what a deal of misery or joy, John," said Cramlington, sighing and looking interesting, and turning the note in his fingers, "may be contained in a little piece of paper! As I have said in an epistle of mine—humph! I forget, but 'twas a translation from the Latin of a nun, Heloisa—it was something about letters, but no matter." Mr. Cramlington opened the note, and his face beamed with sudden happiness. He sat down, and smiling placidly at Appiejohn, said—"John, my time is come."

"Dear me, sir! what do you mean?" asked the anxious domestic.

"Get my trunks in order—my time is come. I shall carry of my lovely Caroline to-night, this note—this precious note—is't not," and Cramlington again folded the note, and flourished it to and fro—"is't not like the wing of Cupid?"

"Why, sir, if I must say, I think it's more like a cocked hat," said John.

"John, you want imagination; you want a part of that extraordinary faculty of which I possess so much—which makes every thing out of nothing; which finds"—

"Talking of finding, sir," said John interrupting his master, "I only wish you could find that tragedy you left in the hackney-coach."

"Pooh! 'tisn't worth thinking of," said Cramlington.

"I know, sir, I've done nothing but dream about it all night. That bit, sir, where you make the 'churchyard yawn,' and the 'hot blood,'—that's terribly fine."

"Nothing to what I have done; however, let my trunk be in readiness—my coat, cloak, and everything for a journey for two. I shall be back at six, and then you must be prepared to attend me. First I must in person—give me my wig, John—fly to my darling Caroline. My wig, John."

John with reluctant step retired for the raven wig and whiskers, and returned with them, stood looking pensively at his master.

"What's the fellow staring at?" said Cramlington, "give me the wig."

"I wouldn't do it, sir, if I was you," said John, still holding back the jetty decoration.

"Wouldn't do what?"

"Why, sir, as it comes so near, I'd throw off disguise, and go to the lady in my true colours. For instance, sir, if the lady don't like a fair man, see what a wretched house you'll have after you marry. I'd give up the black, sir," said Applejohn, "I would indeed."

"John, you're a fool, and know nothing of the

sex: they love us the better for cheating 'em—they do, indeed. Though—hang 'em!—we are no match for 'em; no, they beat us hollow. As I have said in a little song of mine, in an opera that may come out some day, for I've been so busy of late, I've not had time to do the music—in that little song, I remember, I—the air is rather pretty and all my own, it goes much in this way;" whereupon, Mr. Cramlington chirped the following lines to what John considered a very original air:—

"'Tis woman that seduces all mankind,
By her we first are taught th' inveigling arts,
Her very eyes can cheat when most she's kind,
She tricks us of our money with our hearts."

"It's too true, sir," said Applejohn sighing. Cramlington proceeded in a louder voice—

"For her like wolves by night we prowl for prey,
And practise ev'ry fraud to bribe her charms,
For suits of love like law, are earn'd by pay,
And beauty must be feed into our arms."

"I'm afraid it's too true," said Applejohn.—

"'And beauty must be feed into our arms.'"

sang Cramlington, and catching his face in the glass, he stuck his hat upon his head, flung up his arm, and again repeating the shameful libel on the disinterestedness of the adorable sex, the singer quitted his chamber for the street.

"I've thought too well of 'em, all my life," mused Applejohn left to himself, "if I'd been a rascal,

what a happy fellow I might have been!" John, however, made all possible haste to fulfil the orders of his master: every thing was speedily prepared, and John waited anxiously for the arrival of the poet and musician, though not without trembling at every sound, lest old Zweifler should again appear. Six o'clock came, and brought back Cramlington; he was in a very flutter of delight. Entering the room, he exclaimed—

> "'Blest as the immortal Gods is he—
> The youth who fondly sits by thee!'

In three hours more—a short three hours, and we shall be galloping to the altar—I shall call her mine—is my trunk ready? all her charms—my great coat? her warm, devoted heart—mind, my comforter. Her blushing face—her—her—if, now, I could subdue myself for five minutes, I feel that I could write the most beautiful bit of verse—I"—

"Here's pen, ink, and paper, sir," said Applejohn.

Mr. Cramlington sat down, and taking the goose-quill between his thumb and finger, brushed his black locks back, and looked either very much inspired, or very hungry. He then applied three fingers of his left hand just over the top of his nose—frowned—looked at the carpet—again stared at the paper—and rising, put down the pen, with these remarkable words—"It's no matter."

"Won't you write anything, sir?" asked the disappointed Applejohn.

"I'll throw off an ode in the carriage; there isn't time, now," said the poet. "I must dress for the theatre—we must be there at seven."

"What! sir—do you go to the playhouse first?" inquired John.

"That's part of the plot, John; part of the plot. The post-chaise will be waiting for us at the end of the street; Caroline will be taken with a sudden faintness at the conclusion of the first act; indeed, she'll be so very ill, that she'll be obliged to go home immediately."

"Dear me! sir—I hope not," cried John, "for in that case"—

"Simpleton! In that case, I shall insist upon seeing her home, leaving her respected uncle and aunt in the boxes—her sister Maria is in the plot—then we jump into the coach, and"—

"I see it now," observed John with extraordinary sagacity. "Then you'll carry her off and marry her."

"Nothing less, as I'm a gentleman: there'll be a pretty stir, i'faith—a very pretty stir; shouldn't wonder if some of the cousins want to shoot me; but no matter, as I've said in one of my unprinted works—

'Come what will, I have been bless'd!"

"Why, yes, sir; and once done, they can't unmarry you," said John, "that *is* a comfort."

"Sometimes," observed Cramlington; "but, quick, John—we have no time to lose. Call a coach, put everything in it,"—

"Do I travel with you?" asked John.

"Certainly not," was the reply of his master, who straightway gave his servant the fullest directions for the business of the night. The luggage was to be taken to a certain inn, where the post-chaise had been ordered—the trunk of Caroline had already been secretly despatched there—the post-boy knew where to wait, and John was to be at the door of the theatre, to attend the coming of the happy couple, and take further orders. We are happy to inform the reader that all these preliminaries were effected in the happiest manner. Seven o'clock was come—was past; Mr. and Mrs. Monteagle, and their lovely nieces, Caroline and Maria Monteagle, with an interesting cousin, named Frederick Ponto, new from Bombay, and the happy, exulting Henry Cramlington had passed the threshold of that Temple of the Muses—too often made the Mews for the horses—and were seated in the box—the post-boy sauntered by his ready vehicle at the end of the street, and John Applejohn kept watch beneath a portico, massive if not very picturesque. The evening grew chilly, and John in his ex-

ceeding tenderness for the health of his master, bethought him of a thick great coat, deposited with the luggage in the chaise: he immediately walked to the end of the street, and was accosted by the post-boy.

"Coming?" was the brief question.

"Every minute," answered Applejohn, taking the coat from the chaise, and returning to his place of watch. He had not remained there many minutes, when he was familiarly accosted by a tall thin man.

"Why, you've never come to see the elephant? Try him again to-night—ha! ha!—be damned again; glorious triumph!" On this John immediately recognized Shadowly, the disappointed Hamlet of the previous evening. "You never came to see this trash?" asked the tall man—"Let me hope, my dear sir, that you make no party to uphold the bear to the destruction of the true drama?"

"Certainly not, sir," answered Applejohn, "I was waiting here for—for"—

"I thought so; I was sure from a certain intelligence of manner that"—and here the speaker grasped John's hand—"did you ever see my Hamlet?"

"Never had that pleasure," said John.

"Only wait a little—they'll be sure to send for

me—I know they will; the elephant can't go through it; they may try to thrust him down, but they must fall back upon my Hamlet. You say, you never saw it? Very well; it's all right. I am not a malicious man—thank heaven! I'm not a malicious man, or after the insults I have received from the manager, I might refuse to come forward. However, I trust that my devotion to the true interests of the stage will render me forgetful of petty annoyances.—I—I have been three times round to the stage-door, offering my services—I have my Hamlet's dress all ready; cloak, star, sword, everything—I am now about to go for the fourth time; yes, for the fourth and last time, knowing that the elephant must fail, I'll step forward to save the house from inevitable destruction. The manager shall not say, that I suffered personal feeling to destroy the real drama at the last moment. Come with me, I'll take you behind the scenes."

"I'm very much obliged to you—another time—but I have business, and can't at present stir from this spot," said Applejohn.

"Stay here, then; I'll send a man round for you—for I shall be dressing for the part in five minutes,—I'll send a man, who shall take you into the theatre. I will—upon the honour of a gentleman," was the assurance of the sanguine Mr. Shadowly, who turned from John, to offer for the fourth

and last time the entire use of his Hamlet to a sinking manager. The reader, however, may judge of the spirit with which the kind, the benevolent offer was received, from the fact, that in less than ten minutes Mr. Shadowly returned with huge strides to the portico, where John with the coat on his arm was still waiting. Great was the indignation in the looks of the actor! He seized Applejohn by the arm, and in a loud, whistling voice, exclaimed—

> "'——— Now could I drink hot blood;
> And do such business as the bitter day
> Would quake to look upon!'

"I could," exclaimed Shadowly, glaring at the astonished Applejohn—"I could."

"I say," said John, taking breath, "did you ever find anything in a hackney-coach?"

"Talk not to me of hackney-coaches, man," cried Shadowly, "what think you of that villain Allgag—that thief—that?"—

"Why, as for thief, Mr.—I believe your name's Shadowly?" and John began to put a very serious face upon the matter.

"It is, sir; Jaffier Shadowly: but that is not now the business, it"—

"Oh! I don't know that: things come out very curiously; would you be good enough to repeat those words—those about 'hot blood?'"

"What! you like my way of speaking them?

There never was man, woman, or child who did not like my way; and yet that villain Allgag! I have this moment made to him my fourth offer, and would you believe it?"—

"Yes; but the 'hot blood?'" said Applejohn.

"Ha! you're a man of taste—I can perceive that you have the right feeling of the art," said Shadowly.

"The—the 'hot blood'—if you please," urged Applejohn.

"But, never mind; you shall see me play the whole part—you shall; and when that elephant and that wretched bear are dug up centuries hence in a fossil state,—why then, yes, even then, my Hamlet,"—

"I beg your pardon, but I insist upon hearing those words again," pressed John, "I must hear them."

"I admire your enthusiasm, young man: it is complimentary—I feel it to be so. Yet, don't be impatient; the words are,"—John appeared to listen with the deepest attention—"the words are—

> '——— Now could I drink hot blood;
> And do such business as the bitter day
> Would quake to look upon!'"

"And you'll mean to tell me, Mr. Shadowly," said John, becoming excited, "you'll mean to tell me, you've never been in a hackney-coach?"

"Often—what has that to do with Hamlet?" asked Shadowly.

"I mean—you know very well what I mean—that you never found anything in a hackney-coach? Now, consider; and confess the truth."

"Found anything in a hackney-coach!" exclaimed Shadowly.

"If you'll give up the property at once, I'll"—John was interrupted in his intended proposition by his master, who called him from the lobby; John ran in great haste to Gruelthorpe, whom he found with a lady trembling on his arm. "Oh, sir! you don't know what I have to tell you!" exclaimed John.

"Silence, blockhead—run and prepare the coach—silence, I say. What have you there?" said Cramlington.

"Your coat, sir,—only your coat, sir; but I was going to say,"—

"Fool! give it me—and away," exclaimed Cramlington, snatching the coat from his servant; when the pocket-book—carelessly left in the coat of Mr. Henry Cramlington—fell from the pocket, and was instantly picked up by a lurking thief, who immediately made from the lobby with his prize.

"Sir—sir—stop thief!—sir, you've lost your pocket-book," exclaimed a stranger.

"My pocket-book!" cried Cramlington.

"Yes, sir—I saw him—I saw it fall—I'll catch him—stop thief!" roared Applejohn, and was running in pursuit of the offender, when Mr. Cramlington seized John by the collar.

"Let him be—stay where you are—poor wretch! —I wouldn't prosecute—I"—exclaimed Cramlington in sudden agitation.

"Oh, sir! you're too kind, sir—stop thief!—you must, sir,—stop thief!" roared Applejohn, and with a sudden and violent effort he disengaged himself from his compassionate master, and ran, crying "stop thief!" after the delinquent.

"I—I—I wouldn't prosecute—it's no matter—come, Caroline," said Cramlington, endeavouring to make his way through the crowd too quickly gathered about him.

"But, sir—'tis a duty, sir, you owe to society, sir," said the stranger; "I hope the scoundrel will be caught."

"What's this, Mr. Cramlington,—robbed?"—asked Mr. Frederick Ponto, that gentleman having followed the fair Caroline from the box, resolving, despite the assurance of Maria that her sister would soon be better, to attend the sufferer to her carriage. "Eh; Caroline—why you seem, very much better?"

"Very much—very much better," said Cram-

lington, "this way—this way;" and the lover endeavoured to hurry his trembling charge through a crowd of people, all considerably interested in the loss of the gentleman, and the probable capture of the thief.

"Hurra! we've caught him—here he is!—bring him along!" cried twenty voices, as the robber was dragged forward.

"I caught him, sir—nearly slipped through my fingers though!" exclaimed the almost breathless Applejohn,—"but I fixed my hand in his collar, sir—and here—here—here's your pocket-book, sir!"

"Pocket-book? Ha! ha! Pocket-book! Hurra for a pocket-book!" and a roar of laughter from the mob greeted the display of the recovered property. The reader will, possibly, cease to wonder at this vulgar merriment, when we inform him that the pocket-book—an article apparently stuffed with bank-paper,—the valuable pocket-book of Henry Cramlington, Esq., suddenly exhibited by the trusty Applejohn, appeared no other than—a tailor's book of patterns!

Mr. Cramlington turned pale, and almost fainted, as he stared at the damning witnesses in blue, black, grey, green, brown!

"Caroline!" said Frederick Ponto to his cousin, and offered his arm.

"Frederick!" cried the young lady, and—evidently not knowing what she did—accepted it.

"Positively, a tailor!" exclaimed Frederick—"well, I thought there was a mystery about"—

"Spare my feelings, Frederick—spare my feelings," was the entreaty of Caroline, as bewildered with shame and disappointment, she was assisted into the carriage by her cousin. (We may here as well dispose of the lady, by stating that in six weeks after the above melancholy catastrophe, she became Mrs. Ponto.)

"Oh! you infernal scoundrel!" exclaimed Cramlington, gnashing his teeth, and clenching his fist.

"A wicked thief," said Applejohn, believing that his master addressed the robber.

"But I'll trounce you, I will—yes, I'll—I'll"—Cramlington was speechless with passion.

"You must prosecute him, sir," said a police constable; "this way, sir—this way—the office is open."

"No—no—I don't mean to prosecute—I don't"—and Cramlington sought to escape, but the constables crowding about him, declared with several respectable lookers-on, that it was a duty the gentleman owed to society to transport the thief; and thus, despite of himself, Cramlington was hurried before the magistrate, many vulgar persons among

the crowd addressing himself and the robber on the way.

"What a shame to rob a tailor!" cried one benevolent person—"I say, when will my coat be done?" inquired a second—"Button, not so short in the skirts as the last, if you please."—"Jack, what colour will you have?—'cause, make your choice, and he'll measure you." Such were the sundry calls, gladdening the ears of the astonished Cramlington, as he was hurried to the office.

"Now, what's all this?" asked the magistrate as the constables brought in the robber, the robbed, and the witnesses. "What is this?"

"Pickpocket, your worship," answered the constable, and the features of the accused were collateral evidence against him.

"Who has he robbed?" inquired the magistrate —"Is this the gentleman?"

"He's no gentleman," said the prisoner, who then added with the most profoud contempt—"he's only a tailor."

"State your case," said the magistrate to Cramlington; who trembling and stammering, deposed that his pocket had been picked by the prisoner at the bar. "Is that your property?" inquired his worship, pointing to the pattern-book.

"It—it is," answered Cramlington, blushing to the ears.

"You are a tailor, then?" said his worship.

"I—I was a tailor; but I—I do not practise at present—I am retired—I—I assure you, my lord, this is to me a most distressing situation; and as I understand that the prisoner at the bar"—how Mr. Cramlington became aware of the domestic fact, we know not—"is married, and has a very —very large family"—

"Gammon," said the hardened culprit, with the most offensive leer at his unwilling prosecutor.

"My good man, don't injure your cause," said the compasionate Cramlington.

"That will do, sir—that will do; the prisoner is committed for trial," and to the horror of the complainant he was bound over to prosecute the offender. Mr. Cramlington was about to quit the office, when Applejohn called to him—

"Sir—sir—don't go—there's another thief," for though John was much astonished at finding in his magnificent master only a retired tailor, he was nevertheless determined that his employer should have justice upon all his evil-doers. "Mr. Cramlington—don't go, sir"—

"Another thief!" exclaimed the magistrate; and then in an authoritative voice to Cramlington —"come back, sir." That gentleman turned back, and looking at John as though he could have eaten him, *cum grano salis*, anxiously awaited the event.

"Now, what is this?" asked his worship, "what's your charge?"

"If you please, your worship, there's something very mysterious in the conduct of that gentleman there," said Applejohn.

"Mysterious! don't talk in that manner here, sir, have you any charge to make?" asked his worship.

"If my master will let me, please your worship, I think I can get out something that may lead to the discovery of a dishonest transaction that"—

"Come, come; you beat too much about the bush for an honest man. Have you any charge to make?"

"I think I shall have, your worship. If you'll first allow me to ask of that gentleman—it's you, I mean, sir,"—and John addressed himself to the tall, pale Shadowly who had come among the crowd to witness the proceedings against the pick-pocket.

"And what are you, sir?" asked the magistrate of Shadowly.

"My name, sir, is Jaffier Shadowly; I believe, pretty well known—despite the baseness of some parties—pretty well known, indeed, sir."

"Have you any charge against this man?" inquired his worship of Applejohn.

"I can take my oath, sir, to a certain fact; there may be some mistake in the matter—on the other hand, there may be robbery. Mr. Shadowly, will you just speak over those lines, you spoke to me—Mr. Cramlington, pray, sir, attend; you'll be astonished, when you hear 'em—those lines you spoke to-night?"

"Your worship," asked Mr. Shadowly, with a smile and a graceful bending of the body, "have I your permission?"

"Strange case, this," said the magistrate, somewhat amused—"go on, sir; but don't be long."

"Your worship," said Mr. Shadowly, "I am proud of the opportunity so strangely afforded me, of showing you how infamously I have been treated by the champion of that system, which has crushed the native drama of the English stage, which has"—

"Go on with your business, sir; I have the cases of two or three pickpockets to listen to; I can't have my time wasted with the native drama. Go on."

"I obey, sir;" said Mr. Shadowly, preparing himself.

"Mind—the very lines," cried Applejohn.

"I know my cue without a prompter," replied Shadowly with a sneer; and then, fixed in his favorite attitude began:—

"'"'Tis now the very witching time of night;
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world. Now could I drink hot blood'"—

"There—there!" exclaimed Applejohn, incapable of longer silence. Mr. Shadowly threw at him an annihilating look, and repeated the words—

"'———————— Now could I drink hot blood;
And do such business as the bitter day
Would quake to look on.'"

"There, sir—there," cried Applejohn to his master—"isn't that enough? Won't you make a charge?"

Mr. Cramlington bit his lip, and shook his head with looks of great confusion at his well-meaning, but too officious servant.

"What is all this?" inquired the magistrate.

"Why, your worship, I should like to ask Mr. Shadowly if he didn't get that speech out of a play?" asked Applejohn.

"Out of a play!" echoed Shadowly—"why, did you never hear of the sweet Swan of Avon?"

"Never mind swans or geese neither, that's nothing to do with the present charge,"—said Applejohn. "Let me ask you one thing—it's no use, sir, I will speak," said John to his agonised master, "you'd let people take the eyes out of your

head, and say nothing—I only want to ask you, if you know any more of that play?"

"Your worship," said Mr. Jaffier Shadowly, with a deeper smile, a lower bow than before, "it will give me infinite pleasure to go through the whole of the part, before you—and if any gentlemen of the press are present, I hope for their liberal treatment under the circumstances.—The whole of the part, your worship, beginning with the line—

'A little more than kin, and less than kind,'

and ending with, for I play it from the original edition—

'Why does the drum come hither?'"

"What is this jargon about?" asked the magistrate; and then to Applejohn—"Have you any charge to make?"

"In a minute, your worship," said John. "You confess, Mr. Shadowly, that you got all that from a play?"

"Why," replied Shadowly, with a pitying smile, "why, of course."

"Then, your worship," exclaimed John with energy, "I'm prepared to swear that what he's got he hasn't got honestly: I am prepared to swear upon the information of Mr. Cramlington, that that play is my master's property!"

"Your master's property!" cried all except Cramlington.

"My master's property," asseverated John; "he wrote it—it was never printed—and moreover he told me that he lost the written book—left it in a hackney-coach!" A shout of laughter followed this declaration.

"Pray, sir," and the magistrate with very creditable gravity, turned to the retired tailor, Cramlington—"pray, sir, am I to understand that I sit before the author of Hamlet?"

"Really, sir," replied Cramlington, quite confounded by the disasters of the night, "I trust that I am not called upon to bear the blunders of my servant. I did certainly speak of a book, a manuscript copy, left by me in a hackney-coach, and my domestic—a simple person, as you perceive, sir—he has confused the—the—your worship must perceive the"—poor Cramlington tried to smile, and rushing from the office, stammered—"the very ludicrous mistake!"

"There never was so easy a man as my master," said John to Shadowly; "you've had a lucky escape, I can tell you; if it had been some men"—

At this moment there was a sudden noise in the passage, and immediately John, to his consternation, saw Mr. Cramlington, his respected master, dragged back to the office by the rude hand of Carl

Zweifler, followed by his diminutive journeyman, Maximilian Tape.

" I have got de teef—I have got de teef—my vindow—my door-blate !" exclaimed the old tailor.

" Silence—silence ! What is this ?" cried the magistrate.

" I vill hang him—I never did tink to hang a man—but mein Gott !—I vill hang dis teef," and Zweifler stood with his clenched hands, and his eyes glaring like a hungry cannibal upon the unfortunate culprit, involved in the fun, the glorious fun, of his noble friends—Slap, Rowdow, and party.

" What is the charge ?" said the magistrate. " Take off your hat, fellow—take off his hat, officer."

The officer with more zeal than civility struck at the hat of Cramlington, and knocking it from his head, knocked with it his superb black wig, and the bushy whiskers thereto appended. Henry Cramlington stood confessed at the bar, with bare face and flaxen locks ! Old Zweifler had proceeded with the greatest vehemence—" Dis teef—dis tamn teef," when the old man turned round and staggered back—" mein Gott ! de teef is mein son !"

" Your son, my good man ? He seems a very tricksy, disreputable person. Well, he has robbed you, it appears ? What"—added the magistrate—" what have you to say against him ?"

"He is mein son!" cried the old man, and he wrung his hands—"mein own son!"

"Do you proceed against him? State the charge: we can't sit here to be trifled with. Do you proceed against him?"

Old Zweifler drew himself up, buttoned his coat, and turning from the prisoner, said with great energy—"My heart is ion—I *do* broceed."

"What is your charge?" asked the magistrate, taking up his pen.

"I go to ped last night—I but my head ubon my billow—dat billow vich he, de brisoner—Gott help me! mein own son—has stuffed with dorns.—I cannot sleeb—I—ven he was porn, he made my heart twice as pig—and now he is proken it."

"Proceed," said his worship. "Come to the charge, my good man."

"Last night—my vindows is proke—'tis not enough to preak my heart, but he preaks my vindows—my vindows is proke—and my door-blate stolen away."

"And you believe the prisoner, your son there, to be the thief? You charge him with stealing your door-plate?" Old Zweifler made no answer; and again the magistrate addressed him. "Attend to me, my good man. You charge the prisoner with stealing your door-plate?"

"Mein Gott!" exclaimed the old German,

trembling with emotion, "mein Gott! de brisoner is mein own son—and de brisoner cannot pe a teef!" and with these words old Zweifler threw himself round, and fell upon the neck of the accused —"Oh, Ludwig! Ludwig! vy have you proke my heart?" and the old man wept bitterly.

"Let us go home, father," said young Zweifler.

"You say home—to my own home—mit me? To stay mit me?" cried the father.

"To stay with you—to—I'm ashamed of myself, father—I"—

"I dank Gott! mein son is ashamed of himself! Oh, I dank Gott for dat! You hear—he is ashamed?"

"Have you no charge, my good man?" asked the magistrate, very drily.

"Charge! You hear—he is ashamed! What charge—ven he is ashamed?" cried old Zweifler.

"Clear the bar," said the magistrate, who added in a low voice, "foolish old man."

Old Zweifler and his son were about to quit the office, when they were met by two or three officers bringing in for judgment the chivalric Plucky, and his spirited friend, Tom Rumpus. The prisoners paused at young Zweifler.

"He's got another head certainly; but I'm ——," said Rumpus, "if it isn't his coat and waistcoat."

"He makes his own," cried a voice in the crowd.

"Mein son, mein own son, Ludwig Zweifler," exclaimed the old tailor, clapping his blushing offspring on the shoulder, and to his confusion, making him confront the contemptuous glances of his late high companions.

"A tailor! I told you, Rumpus—ha! ha!—I told you," said Plucky, "that the fellow was hatched under a goose; he showed so many white feathers."

The Hon. Tom Rumpus and Plucky were then conducted before his worship. We have not space for a detail of the proceedings: it may be sufficient to state that an old woman, on her way to the bar to appear against the prisoners, called them "a couple of murdering villains who wouldn't let a poor soul roast her apples in peace and quietness."

We have now to account for the appearance of old Zweifler at the office. He had only that evening discovered a card-case flung through his dining-room window on the previous night by the humourous lord Slap, who had with great skill extracted the missile from the pocket of young Cramlington; against whom the tailor had come for a warrant, when he found in the libertine of high life his own graceless flesh and blood. By means of false name, false wig, and false whiskers, the young tailor had disguised his real self; and

assisted by large sums of money, which he had found very little difficulty to raise on post-obits at anything per cent., he had by degrees wriggled himself into what he believed to be the very best society; lords Slap and Rowdow, Rumpus, Smasherton and Plucky, being the choicest samples of that elevated and enlightened sphere. Thus, he had stumbled upon an introduction to the Mount-eagles, and had every prospect of improving his acquaintance with Caroline into a secret marriage, when the stolen pattern-book revealed his plebeian self, and the half-kindled torch of Hymen was extinguished by a thimble! The book—the accursed book—by some horrible accident had been left in a coat which the unfortunate hero had worn in the pursuit of his business, and added to the travelling wardrobe by the too zealous Applejohn. Old Zweifler had learned that his son had been very often seen to enter the lodgings of Mr. Cramlington; and hence the appearance of the old tailor at the chambers in search of his scapegrace offspring; who, at length humbled and ashamed, returned to the shop-board, became a tailor to the very nails, and at this moment keeps his country-house and carriage upon broad-cloth.

Ludwig Zweifler, otherwise Henry Cramlington, sleeps under the paternal roof: but where—where is John Applejohn? What was the reward of all

his noble intentions? Listen: he approached his late master, who caught him by the collar, twirled him round, and—but that John was quick of motion, he had received the most ignominious rebuke that one gentleman can inflict upon another. John escaped the graver injury—but his ears were offended by the epithets—"scoundrel—vagabond—thief!" and a very unequivocal recommendation never to trust himself in the presence of the speaker again. John had ruined his master—as his master then believed; yet, who is bold enough to say that John did not mean well?

CHAPTER XVII.

Again was John Applejohn upon the world; again was he in the terrible position of a man who, with the best of appetites, has not the best of characters; the evil being in his case considerably aggravated by the fact, that the satisfaction of his stomach depended upon the purity of his name. It is true, he was a tailor—but his reputation was stark and dead, hanging from a crooked nail! John was well nigh reduced to his last pound, when loitering in the Park, gazing at the ducks, fed by happy little boys and girls, he in the melancholy

idleness of his spirit wished himself one of the web-footed, well-fed animals; and stood, "chewing the cud" of the silly fancy, when a well-known voice roused him from meditation to look upon the pale, sharp face of Jaffier Shadowly; grown paler, sharper, since last John saw him.

"How are you,—do you see that bird? I think that's—yes that *is* the hernshaw. Some Hamlets always say 'hand-saw'—I always keep to hernshaw. By-the-way, speaking of Hamlets, you wouldn't think it, I hav'n't come out yet. No: I hav'n't, indeed."

"I fear, Mr. Shadowly, I behaved very ill to you about that play and the story of the hackney-coach: the truth is, I'm very much afraid my master, as he then was, didn't always speak what"—

"Never mind it—don't say a word about it. What are you doing now?" asked Shadowly.

"I want a place: I went to Mr. Bub, to get something to do with the beasts; but he said even the places of the men who carried the intestines to the bears wer'n't to be had without great interest with some of the fellows."

"And would you—I believe your name is Applejohn,—would you condescend to administer nourishment to a bear?"

"Not by choice," answered John, "only when a man wants nourishment for himself—I"—

Shadowly put his hand upon John's shoulder, and looked steadily at him. "You have voice—figure—face?"

"All three," answered Applejohn.

"Then, you sha'n't starve; no—I—I have long wanted to bring up an Horatio according to my own style; just now, I have I think an offer for Hamlet—come with me." John obediently followed his friend, and after some minutes' walk eastward, Mr. Shadowly entered an alley, where cast-off clothes wooed the pockets of the poor and economical: Shadowly paused at a door, and said with some solemnity—"Here the agent lives."

"Agent! what for?" asked John Applejohn.

"For the true interests of the drama," answered Shadowly: "follow me."

"Stop—stop," cried John; "what is all this—agent for the drama? Does he get places for people out of work?"

"Your question, Mr. Applejohn," said Shadowly, "is put in homely phrase, but I believe it contains the true character of Mr. Goodfellow's occupation. Follow me, and fear not."

John followed his patron, who conducted him along a dark passage, and up a very winding and very narrow staircase. Halting at the second floor, Mr Shadowly knocked.

"Open locks—whoever knocks!"

was exclaimed in loud sonorous tones from within, and Mr. Shadowly turning the handle of the door, entered the dim apartment, followed by John.

"Mr. Shadowly! The very man who"—

But ere we proceed, let us endeavour to describe the person of Mr. Goodfellow. In his youth he had been called a handsome man, and his face at five-and-forty put in strong claims to the compliment. His black hair was flecked with grey, but his eye was full of vivacity, and his mouth expressive of kindliness and good humour. His shirt collar was flung back over what had been in former times a white linen jacket, edged with blue riband; he wore grey trowsers, made for him as it appeared in his more dapper days; and a pair of russet shoes, with rosettes of faded scarlet worsted, were lowered to his slippers. Mr. Goodfellow sat in an arm-chair, upon which were the remains of white-wash and Dutch metal, and with a huge book opened before him, was evidently employed on the future fortunes of the good people who composed his levee. The agent rose to greet Mr. Shadowly, and "proud to be introduced to any friend of his," welcomed Mr. Applejohn.

"The very man I was thinking of, Mr. Shadowly; sit down, sir—there, sir; upon that throne," and Goodfellow pointed to a rush-bottomed chair, with very many of the rushes wanting. "On that

throne, sir." And this, Mr. Goodfellow delivered in a loud ringing voice, and with a manner that would have exalted even a three-legged stool into the dignity of an arm-chair. Indeed, nothing mean and petty seemed to enter into the enlarged and magnificent mind of Mr. Goodfellow; every thing with him was upon a grand scale; his alchemic tongue would turn pewter pots to gold by the very tone in which he would speak of pewter pots. Thus, when he said to the representative of Hamlet—"On that throne, sir," it was impossible from the loud musical voice and the heroic look of the speaker, to consider it merely a rush-bottomed chair in a very advanced state of dilapidation.

"Mr. Goodfellow," began Shadowly, "I want to"—

"I beg your pardon," said the agent, with mingled sweetness and dignity—"I beg your pardon, Mr. Shadowly, but when you entered the mansion, I was engaged with Mr. Strongbow, an illustrious musician, sir, who will by and by when he is somewhat more matured,"—here, Mr. Strongbow, a little withered man of at least sixty-five, in a thread-bare brown coat, with tarnished buttons, drab breeches, and leather gaiters, rose and bowed to the tragic actor.

It is said that babies feeding at the breast, catch the expression of their mothers. Mr. Viotti Strong-

bow had lived so long upon his fiddle, had for so many years hugged it to him, that his head and the head of that which fed him were alike as twins. Every particle of his visage was a piece of fiddle—and his voice was the voice of cat-gut. He rose, we say, bowed and sat.

"Mr. Strongbow first," said Goodfellow, "you know, Mr. Shadowly, order is heav'n's first law." Mr. Shadowly bowed an acquiescence to the truth, and the agent turned his smiling face to the musician.

"'Twouldn't buy me rosin," said Strongbow.

"The salary, I must say it—is moderate; yes, the remuneration is inadequate. I own it—I blush and own it," said Goodfellow.

"What could the manager mean by offering a musician such a salary?" asked Strongbow.

"The manager," replied Goodfellow, "is a great reader of Roman history,"—

"What of that?" inquired Strongbow.

"And therefore knows that Nero fiddled under great difficulties."

"It's no matter to me," said Strongbow, "what another musician has done. I have had my difficulties too."

"All of us, sir—all of us," said the agent, casting up his eyes, "within this vale of tears."

"And I say, seven shillings a week, and to travel

a journey of a hundred and fifty miles is—oh! it can't be done," said Strongbow. "I had rather wear a green shade—put a dog in a string, and go into the street at once."

"No, you would not, Mr. Strongbow—I know too well your love of the art—of its dignity, sir. Seven shillings, I own it, is low: still, you must bear in mind this important fact. In the large and populous district in which the theatre lies,"—

"It isn't a regular built theatre of course?" said Strongbow.

"Why," replied Goodfellow, with one of his sweetest smiles, "why, I believe the manager is bound in his lease to allow a farmer to thrash corn in it."

"Ha! I understand—oh lord!" and the musician groaned, and if possible looked more than ever like his fiddle.

"Still, sir, don't despond—one of the qualities of true genius is hope, sir, hope. I was about to say that in the populous district—populous though scattered,—there is not, I am credibly informed, although the people have an embryo passion for music, there is not a single fiddle. Hence, Mr. Strongbow, the advantage of the engagement must press itself upon you: for combining in yourself

the whole of the orchestra, when private parties are afoot, you will not be injured by unprincipled competition."

"There's something in that—still," cried Strongbow, "seven shillings."

"In the cause of music, sir—in adoration of that immortal maid," said the agent, "I will upon my own responsibility advance a shilling, trusting to my persuasive powers—feeble though they be—to reconcile the manager to the unlooked-for augmentation."

"Eight shillings—well? But you say, it's a village. Humph! I don't know," said the musician, "I had rather it had been a market-town."

"There you are wrong," replied the agent, "permit me to say, very wrong, indeed. Market-towns, Mr. Strongbow, are busy only on market-days; calves or corn once a week; but in villages, sir—in villages, there is an equanimity of disposition among the inhabitants—a serenity of mind I may say, disposing them as much at one time as at another to the patronage of our art."

"I suppose, the manager wouldn't advance a fortnight's salary?" said Strongbow, gloomily.

"Really, Mr. Strongbow," answered Goodfellow, "I think I may venture upon my knowledge of that gentleman's finances to assure you, that such

an event comes not within the range of human probability."

"I thought not," said the fiddler.

"Sir, I'll not pay the ill-compliment to your instinct to suppose you could have thought otherwise," rejoined the agent.

"I don't know,—eight shillings," and the musician hesitated—"it may do in summer, but when winter comes,"—

"Ha!" exclaimed the agent, "then—then will come your harvest: for in that primitive village, Christmas, sir—Christmas is kept in all its ancient splendour. See—see what you'll make by the waits—they have not heard the waits there these twenty years: there is in that otherwise happy district, an adult generation who have never heard the waits! Mr. Strongbow, in that district, I perceive it—you are destined to be the envied man who shall bring back the simple music of our forefathers."

"Well, I—I think I must close, but I'll let you know," and the fiddler walked to the door.

"Mr. Strongbow," exclaimed Goodfellow in his loudest voice, and putting on his most important look—"Mr. Strongbow, I have a duty, sir, to fulfil; I must have nothing left to surmise; I send my despatches by the post to-night—I must have a definitive categoric answer."

"I'll let you know in time," said the musician.

"Ere the postman shall strike upon the bell, if you please," said Goodfellow, and the fiddler being gone, the agent turned him to a slim youth who appeared at the ripe age of seventeen to have grown beyond his strength. His lip was graced with a moustache made apparently from the nap of a dirty white hat; his dress was remarkably shabby, but there was an exulting, hopeful spirit in his eye, as he approached the table of the agent. "Now, young gentleman, if you are determined to leave your shop, and turn actor, I—I think I can send you to grass somewhere in Essex."

"Pray, sir," asked the young gentleman, with a very thick lisp, "pray, sir, what is the ighest salary?"

"Why, Mr. Butter, adventurous managers, mark me—adventurous managers, I say—offer for first tragedy fifteen shillings a week: but, sir, I should be wanting in duty to you, myself, and to those gentlemen the managers, did I not without equivocation or mental reservation, assure you that such a sum is perfectly illusory—mark me, sir, perfectly illusory. However, as you are determined to regale your nostrils with the lamps, I can put you in a company where you will have great practice."

"That, Mr. Goodfellow," said the tyro, "is in course my great hobject."

"Great practice, sir; you may do every thing, from Richard the Third to carrying on a table."

"I'm hup in Richard," said Butter.

"And the other," observed the agent, "may be compassed with a very little study."

"I should like the young tragedy and the eroes," said Mr. Butter.

"A most profitable line, sir: by the way, you wear pantaloons—of course?"

"Sich a pair!" exclaimed Mr. Butter.

"The patronage of boarding-schools follows as a matter of certainty," said Goodfellow. "Your benefits, sir, may be enormous, but—I deceive no man—they may be most contemptible."

"I'm not a bit afeard," said Butter; "the thing isn't hall together new to me. I've took lessons from Mr. Vimper; and give him seven shillings for a book of Amlet."

"Gracious heavens!" exclaimed Shadowly, "you play Hamlet?"

"Mr. Shadowly, permit me," observed Goodfellow, "to request a taciturnity—a courteous taciturnity." Mr. Shadowly gracefully acknowledged the reproof. "Seven shillings, Mr. Butter, for Hamlet! When that divine emanation of our

glorious and transcendant bard,—of that great creature, is given forth to the world, price sixpence?"

"Yes, I know hall that," replied Butter; "but Mr. Vimper marked vhere I vas to throw hup my hies, and lift my harms. He said throwing hup the hies and harms in the proper places was the greatest part of helocution."

"Eyes and arms are useful in our art, I don't deny it. Well, Mr. Butter, as for salary,"—

"Ha! that's hit," said Butter.

"As a young man you can only expect to enter a commonwealth; that is, a company established on the justest principles, where every person shares according to his merits."

"I can't have no hobjection to that," cried Mr. Butter.

"Then, sir, Essex—Essex is your destination. Do you know the county? It offers peculiar advantages to the young aspirant. There are marshes—very many marshes—much water in Essex. Answer me, sir; are you fond of eels?"

Mr. Butter with great emphasis replied "Wery."

"Sir, you're a happily constituted man: whilst in Essex, you may snap your fingers at fortune—for there, sir, eels abound. You have nothing to do but to pull off your shoes and stockings, if after

a moderate term you persist in wearing them,—and wade for your dinner."

"Vade, Mr. Goodfellow—vade, sir?"

"Catch eels, sir; catch eels. There requires, I own, an art—a certain dexterity of hand, and tenacity of finger to catch an eel with the naked palm; for eels, sir—I deceive no man—eels"—and Goodfellow gave the sagacious look of a discoverer,—"eels *are* slippery."

"I can old anything," said Mr. Butter, looking at what he considered a very sinewy hand.

"Then, sir," observed the agent, "hold yourself in readiness to walk, or if you are luxuriously inclined, and have the money, to ride to Essex on Thursday. Enough, sir; a letter shall be sent to you to-morrow. Stay, sir; you are about to enter upon a thorny, but a most glorious profession."

"I ham," replied Mr. Butter with great fortitude.

"There are prizes in it, sir—great prizes; somebody must have them. There are blanks, also—a very considerable number of blanks; somebody must have them too."

"We all ope for the best," observed Mr. Butter.

"Nobly said, sir; nobly said. But, sir, I was about to give you a little wholesome advice against

the guile, the cupidity of rustic landlords. Mr. Butter, you must sometimes have a bed—hay isn't in the fields all the year round, or salaries would be much reduced. Well, sir, it is possible amidst the multitude of human affairs, that if you take a lodging, you may not always have the money to pay for it. Such a calamity has occurred to the very lights of the profession. Now, sir, mark me: under such heart-rending circumstances, you owe a solemn duty to your manager never to go home in your dress,—if that dress be the property of the stock. For strange, incredible as it may appear to you, an unsophisticated creature, blushing on the threshold of active life,—monstrous as the fact may present itself to you, I have positively known a landlord so lost to the feelings of humanity, so callous to every touch of common tenderness, as to detain the costly property thus thoughtlessly placed in his possession, until every shilling of his avaricious demand upon his unsuspecting victim was paid down upon the nail; aye, sir,—upon the nail!"

"You don't say so?" exclaimed Butter.

"I wonder not, sir, at your simplicity—'tis the concomitant of youth; but, sir, be advised by a man who has had landlords. Pay while you can, sir; but when you can no longer pay, exhibit the

purity of your principle—the excellence of your good intentions, and your love of tranquillity—by quietly removing yourself from a roof under which you can no longer rest in peace. Farewell, sir; farewell, and prosper.—Remember, sir; the sandals of John Kemble are not yet occupied."

"You'll *see*," replied Mr. Butter, and he quitted the room, in his own conceit, with the sandals already at his soles.

"And that fellow is to be an actor!" said Mr. Shadowly. "Well, Mr. Goodfellow, if ever he should come to London, he'll never set the Thames on fire."

"Very likely not, sir," replied the agent; "still, the New River may be in considerable danger."

"And has the blockhead ever played?" asked Shadowly.

"I have seen him expose his anatomy as Richard in private," said Goodfellow. "A very thin slice of Gloster indeed, sir."

"But doesn't he in the most atrocious way misplace the *h*—the *w*—the *v*—and"—

"He does; it can't be denied, sir, he does;" said the agent, "and yet, sir, he is an honest lad, a very honest lad—he gives you in the course of the night the full number of letters; nay, I know not, if you wait patiently, whether you hav'n't more than the number by way of interest, for the delay."

"Mr. Goodfellow, as we are now alone, shall we not imbibe?" and Mr. Shadowly took from his pocket a bright half-crown, and held it forth to the agent.

"Sir!" exclaimed Goodfellow, with an expression of arch-wonder in his face, "that is a half-crown! You are out of an engagement, sir—return it to your pocket; put the money in your purse, I say."

"Nay, but Mr. Goodfellow, I insist"—

"A half-crown, sir! I give you my honour, sir, and I speak it not to your disparagement, nor to the disparagement of your friend whom I have not the felicity of knowing,—but, sir, I pledge you my honour as a gentleman, that I have had six eminent men, most eminent men in the profession with me this morning,—and yet, sir, I would have defied the united muscular exertion of ten Israelites, exercised upon any one of those men, to have shaken from him half of half-a-crown! Put the money in your pocket, Mr. Shadowly—half-a-crown is not often beheld by the conscious walls of this cabinet. When you are in pay, sir,—when you're in an engagement,"—

"Allgag must come to me—nothing but my Hamlet will save him," said Shadowly.

"Then, sir, come hither, and show me silver or gold, and I will imbibe with you. But now, sir—

now, Tom Goodfellow himself will play the host. What does your friend take?" asked the agent.

"Anything, sir," said Applejohn, who marvelled greatly at the dignity of Goodfellow, "anything, sir; though I want nothing."

"The usual thing, I suppose—we can't do better;" observed Goodfellow to Shadowly, who nodded acquiescence. "What, ho! within there!" exclaimed Goodfellow—"What, ho! I say—Fabuletto!"

In answer to this call, a little boy of some ten years old, one of the twelve children of Goodfellow, ran from the next room. "Yes, father?"

"Fabuletto," said the sire, placing sixpence in the hand of his offspring, "Fabuletto, child—a pot of metropolitan ponderous fluid: and haste thee, good Fabuletto;" and had Ariel been discharged upon the errand, he could not have "done his spiriting" more quickly; for ere Applejohn had ceased to speculate upon the mystic command of the agent, Fabuletto returned with a pot of foaming London porter.

"Doubtless, sir, you drink from the metal?" and Goodfellow pressed the beverage upon Applejohn, who drank.

"I will give you, gentlemen," said Shadowly, taking the pewter-pot, "I will give you the revival of taste—the regeneration of the drama."

"I would drink that toast, sir," said Goodfellow, seizing the pot, "I would drink it, lacking other liquor, in

'The ruddy drops that visit this sad heart;'"

and the agent emptied the vessel, and reversing it, whilst about three drops trickled to the floor, exclaimed—"Peace! the charm's wound up." He then flung the pot into a corner of the room, and resumed his official chair. "Now, Mr. Shadowly, to business. I have an offer for you, sir; you have staid too long in London, sir; you would be very wrong to play anything but first business."

"Especially to the persons who are now in possession of it. No, sir; I have made up my mind to do nothing second: in a word, not to grind colours for artists who can't paint."

"Very right, sir—very right. Of course, Mr. Shadowly, you can play every leading part?"

"I can play Hamlet," said Shadowly.

"Certainly: but I mean you can play all the first tragedy?"

"I—I flatter myself I can play Hamlet."

"He, sir, is a heathen—a beast—a wretch devoid of sense, who doubts it!" said the agent. "But if another tragedy were put up?"—

"I think no tragedy so good as Hamlet."

"My opinion, Mr. Shadowly—my opinion; 'tis

the prime work of the immortal bard. Still, you know other parts—other"—

"I should always prefer playing Hamlet," said the actor.

"As I said, sir, I have an offer for you—an offer not far from the metropolis. You could take all your friends down in stage-coaches, or, perhaps, the whole of your connexion in a gig."

"I must open in Hamlet—nobody near town has seen it."

"Open in what you please: the town is Greenwich," said the agent.

"Small theatre," observed Shadowly, with sudden melancholy; "very small."

"By no means, Mr. Shadowly—'tis a new theatre—a theatre erected under extraordinary patronage, and for three days only—a most extensive building."

"I must open in Hamlet," said the actor.

"You will find the proprietor of the theatre a most obliging person, and if you can persuade him," said Goodfellow with his usual gravity, "that Hamlet will suit his purpose as well, or perhaps better than anything else, I have no doubt that he'll oblige you."

"Well, that's settled," and already Shadowly saw himself in the inky suit of the Dane. "Now, how much am I to have?"

Mr. Goodfellow raised his eyes to the face of the actor, smiled and said—"Sir, you've been too long in London."

"I feel I have—I have wasted my time in solicitation, when, had I gone into the country, I might have brought managers crawling to my feet. But to return to the salary—what am I to have?"

"I am glad, sir, for your own sake—for the cause of the drama, that you are at length awakened to your just value. You have been much wanted in the country, sir; trust the word of Tom Goodfellow—a word never yet nailed to the counter of public opinion, as a bad one. You have been much wanted, sir."

"I think so—I'm sure so," said Shadowly: "but how much am I to have?"

"In the country, you would have been followed—sought for—asked to the mayor's balls—the churchwardens' wives' tea-parties—the—I am glad, Mr. Shadowly, profoundly glad that you have at length determined to migrate into the rural provinces of merry England."

"All my friends have long advised me. But the question is, how much am I to have?"

"In Greenwich, sir, you will find a"—

"But, my dear Goodfellow," and Shadowly laid his hand upon the agent's shoulder, and stared in his face,—"how much am I to have?"

"Oh! I understand you; I perceive—the *pecunia* —the 'last infirmity of noble minds,'—the salary?" said Goodfellow, suddenly enlightened.

"Exactly it: how much am I to have?" asked the actor, for the sixth time.

Mr. Goodfellow threw himself back in his chair, folded his arms, and looking sorrowfully at the actor, said—"Mr. Shadowly, estimating, as believe me on the faith of man, I do estimate your extraordinary powers, I should feel myself a beast, if I could tell you."

"You can't tell me what I'm to have?"

"I can't sir—my tongue would cleave to my mouth, did I attempt to wound your high-minded ears by giving utterance to the sum proposed."

"What! very low, eh?" asked the actor.

Mr. Goodfellow spoke no word, but drew up his features at the question, as if suddenly suffering excruciating tooth-ache.

"Still, I have I hope fortitude—let me know the amount—come, speak out," said Shadowly.

"No, sir; not for the worth of this sublunar world would I speak it—but—but, Mr. Shadowly, I will constrain my hand to write down the sum—I will put down the salary in round numbers." On this, the agent wrote on a scrap of paper, and burying his averted face in one hand, with the

other, which he made to tremble exceedingly, gave the document to the tragic actor.

Mr. Shadowly took the paper, glanced at it, threw it upon the table, and said—"D—nation!"

"I expected no less from your greatness," said Goodfellow, venturing to look up, "but let not your just displeasure fall on me."

"To offer me such terms—me!" cried Shadowly.

"They are low, sir; degradingly low; and yet, sir," said the agent, "it should not be forgotten that provisions are very cheap at Greenwich. The terms are very low, even for Greenwich; and yet that picturesque borough to the student of human nature presents peculiar recommendations."

"What are they?—I don't know 'em," said Shadowly.

"The pensioners, Mr. Shadowly! If, in the extraordinary changes that I forsee—and from my position I may without vanity say, that I am enabled to forsee much—if, from the changes that the drama must yet undergo, from the vicissitudes that its professors, its highest professors—among whom I of course include Mr. Shadowly—must suffer; if you should be compelled in the 'sere, the yellow leaf' of your days to take to the old men,—mark you not, sir, the advantage you would have over all competitors, from a previous study of the habits, the

manners, the bye-play, so to speak, of those picturesque antiques, the pensioners of Greenwich College?"

"Pooh! I—I learn anything from such persons!" exclaimed Shadowly, with an amazed look.

"Despise not such instruments, sir; believe me, that in the pursuit of that high calling to which destiny has exalted you—for it is a high calling, sir, the display of human passion,—you may learn a touch of nature, aye, sir, a miraculous touch from the vilest beggar in your path. I will give you, sir, a practical instance of what may be done even at Greenwich. Are you aware, sir, that a gentleman—who shall be nameless—was instructed in every step of his celebrated nautical hornpipe by a pensioner now living in the Hospital? That hornpipe alone, sir, is worth a thousand a year! The actor has marked his sense of its value, by giving to a splendid pile of buildings at Hastings, of which he is the happy proprietor, the significant name of Hornpipe Crescent! Despise not Greenwich, Mr. Shadowly."

"But the salary—the salary"—

"It is low; still, let me hope you have not forgotten the collateral advantages?"

"I don't know—I—after all," said Shadowly, "it would be worth something to show that rascal Allgag that I *can* get a situation."

"That feeling of triumph," exclaimed the agent with great animation, "would alone be worth twenty pounds per week. When—when he has lost you, Mr. Shadowly, then—then will come his sense of your value—then will begin his everlasting remorse. Shall I say you accept the offer?"

"Hang it!" cried the tragedian, "the salary is an insult."

"Disabuse thy mind of that, I pray thee, gentle coz,—think not so hardly of the manager. I know the man—the meekest, best of creatures. 'Tis not his estimation of your genius that offers the salary: 'tis not his mind that speaks, but—alas!—his pocket. I can perceive, Mr. Shadowly, by the varied expression of your countenance, that you will take the man's offer."

"Be it as you will," said Shadowly.

"Your hand, sir," exclaimed the agent, rising to grasp it. "'Tis done. You will have a multitudinous audience. By-the-way, I had forgotten to state, that the salary is only for three days—it is not to be considered for the week."

"That materially alters the sum," said Shadowly, "that doubles it. Ha! a very different thing: I play only three times for"—

"More than three times," replied the agent.

"More than three in three nights?" asked the actor; "how is it possible?"

"Why, you will be convinced of the popularity of the drama in Greenwich, when I inform you that at this season of the year—you will open on Whit Monday—the manager has played, and every time to overflowing audiences, not less than twenty times a day. Call you not that encouragement of the drama?" asked the agent.

"Twenty times! Why, what theatre is it? What's it called?"

"It might be called, from its proximity to that lovely place, it might be called the Park Theatre. Think of Greenwich Park," said Goodfellow—"fine historical associations about it; Queen Elizabeth used to walk there."

"Is it a regularly constructed theatre—regularly built?" inquired the tragedian.

"Built with the greatest care; it is put up and taken down again like clock-work."

"What! is it moveable?"

The agent smiled, and said—"Thespis began in a cart, Mr. Shadowly; and I should be guilty of an affectation, I trust foreign to my character, were I to attempt to deny that the theatre of which I speak is carried away from place to place in sundry waggons."

"You surely do not mean, Mr. Goodfellow, to insinuate that the theatre is—a—a booth at a fair?"

"At this festive season of the year," answered

the agent, "the nymphs and swains make holyday. The drama is not merely a harmless, it is an instructive recreation: you will have the proud satisfaction of blending tuition with amusement, for the benefit of thousands of your common species."

"But in a booth—in a common booth—with walls of canvas!" exclaimed Shadowly.

"I am told, sir," observed the agent, "that the great Greek tragedians—I do not read Greek myself—always acted in the open air."

"What might suit the Greeks," observed the English actor, "would be extremely disreputable in a British artist. Act in a booth! As I have said, to canvas walls!"

"At first, when I was solicited to become agent for the manager, let me confess it, Mr. Shadowly, I thought as you do. What! said I to myself, I! Tom Goodfellow—I who have expended my best energies in support of the true drama—I, who every week, send youths—young, callow missionaries of considerable promise—into the most remote corners of this extensive empire, to disseminate a taste for the true theatre—I have a letter here, sir, from a haberdasher's apprentice, a youth sent by me to the Isle of Skye; he has played Richard there"—

"Has he ever played Hamlet?" asked Shadowly.

"Not yet; but he has played Richard and

Coriolanus three times, and speaks in the highest terms of the docility of the natives. Nay, he is so much pleased with the people, that having left his trunk behind, he has conformed to the insular prejudice, and wears a kilt. But, sir, I am wandering from my theme.—As I said, I felt as you feel with respect to the Greenwich Theatre. In the vanity, the ignorance of my heart, I thought the agency beneath me: but, sir, a little cool philosophy set all right. I thought with you of the canvas walls—of a theatre built without the aid of a single brick. And what, said I, my better mind coming to me,—does the artist, does the true actor, the genius, the mighty mover of the passions depend upon the materials, the insensible materials that form the building? Am I an agent for bricks and mortar—or for the throbbing sons of genius? Am I to estimate an actor by trowel-work? Are the wondrous depths of tragedy to be measured with a carpenter's chalk-line? Perish the folly! I exclaimed—it is the man and not the building. If the actor ride in his carriage, does his carriage elevate the art?—no: it is the art that has given him the vehicle. As genius is an endowment which no money can purchase, it is therefore above all the extraneous advantages obtainable by lucre. A diamond is a diamond, though you shall put it on the finger of a beggar."

"That's very true—very true, indeed," said Applejohn, venturing to speak.

"It is true, sir," observed Mr. Shadowly, "only permit me to say, that on the finger of a beggar, nobody would believe it to be a diamond. Why, sir, does not mendicant genius every day offer the 'precious jewel in its head' for sale—and yet, because the holder is mendicant, does not the world believe the jewel to be of no value? Men, sir, have died with jewels in their brains; and not until the men were dead, were the gems owned to be of the true water.—Now, when I am dead, why then my Hamlet will be confessed the"—

"It is already confessed, sir, by men who know what Hamlet is, to be prodigious: but then, sir, the judgment of the few is but a razor against that block of stupidity called public taste: time, sir—time is wanted to cut through the stone. But, sir, the time will come when your Hamlet will be a household thing," said Goodfellow.

"Do you think so?" asked Shadowly, touched by the energy of the agent.

"Think so! We shall have your image, sir, in pottery—we shall see your Hamlet upon twelfth-cakes with a sugar-plum skull in his hand. But, sir, you must be seen to be appreciated. Now, sir, the Greenwich Whitsuntide Theatre will hold a thousand people: you will play Hamlet—that is all

the marrow of him—fifteen times a day for three days. I will not pay you so ill a compliment as to conceive that the house will not be crammed. Now, sir, see what you have done! You have played Hamlet to five-and-forty thousand people"—

"So many?" asked Shadowly, moved by the flattering prospect.

"No—I am wrong: of course, many will see you repeat the part seven or eight times; it will not always be entirely a new audience: I will deduct five thousand for enthusiasts. Well, sir, with that deduction, see what you have done! You have inoculated forty thousand people with the divine *virus* of your Hamlet, and sent them loose upon society to spread your complaint against London managers. Ha! what say you now, Mr. Shadowly?" and Goodfellow looked upon the tragedian as all his own.

"It would be a great triumph to be carried on the very back of the public to the London house," said Shadowly.

"John Bull, sir, is slow to rouse, but when he is roused," observed the agent, "there is no knowing where his tricks will stop. It would not at all surprise me, if you were drawn by the populace to the stage-door, and Mr. Allgag was compelled by the overwhelming influence of public opinion,

not only to take you in, but to give you the very highest salary in the theatre."

"I can hardly hope that; still, people can't know what my Hamlet is, unless they see it. And yet, do adequate judges attend the"—

"The Greenwich Whitsuntide Theatre? The best, sir; for there is a very—very limited free-list, and that on the days and nights of your performance will of course be suspended. Besides, it is a well-known fact, that several managers make it a point of their professional religion to attend the theatre to look out for rising talent. Mr. Flyblow—you know him—great man for the Newgate Calendar, always goes to Greenwich; but in disguise, that he mayn't look too much like a gentleman. Well, Mr. Shadowly, what shall we say?"

"Why, egad! I—I have a great mind—the salary is sure, of course—I have a great mind, if only for the freak"—

"Henry the Fifth, sir, played his youthful pranks, why should not you? I shall write to Mr. Phœnix directly, informing him of his good fortune. You are lucky, sir—lucky in one another. And now, sir," and the agent turned to Applejohn, "what may I have the paramount felicity of doing for you?"

"Oh! I was about to say," observed Shadowly,

"don't you think he would do for something? At present, he is very nearly starving."

"All in his favour," answered Goodfellow, "if he would adopt the stage; for he has nothing to lose, except his hunger, which to be sure, may be somewhat difficult to get rid of."

"What should you like to act, Applejohn?" asked Shadowly.

"I! lord bless you! Nothing," cried John. "I should die to think of it."

"Don't think of it, sir," said the agent, "but die first. If you have an honest calling, sir, stick to it—if,—what have you there, Spalatro?" and Goodfellow addressed himself to a little boy, another son, who entered, carrying in his hand a neck of mutton. "What is that, Spalatro?"

"Mutton, papa—mother bought it," answered Spalatro.

"Put it in the buttery," said Goodfellow—"what, ho! come hither, sirrah? What meanest thou by this?" and the agent pointed to a play-bill which half enveloped the joint. "What is this, sirrah?"

"A play-bill, papa," said Spalatro.

"And is it thus, sir, that you desecrate the archives of our art? Speak, sirrah! is it thus?"—

"The butcher wrapt it up," answered the boy.

"Enough! his soul is untouched by the softer influences of the profession; but had I a thousand

sons, I would disinherit them all did I apprehend them in so barbarous an act. In the buttery," and Goodfellow waved the boy hence. "The fair—I mean the Greenwich Whitsun Theatre opens on Monday; you will be punctual?"

"Depend upon me, sir; and on the receipt of the salary, I"—

"Speak not of it, sir: we are gentlemen both; what I expect, you will confer. No more words, sir. Farewell, and may the gods of Rome watch over and protect you!"

Applejohn and the tragedian quitted Mr. Goodfellow, and in due time the agent sits down to his neck of mutton. And let the reader be assured of this;—should some destitute, way-faring actor make a call whilst a morsel of mutton shall lie upon the dish, somewhat of that morsel will be set before him, sweetened and recommended by a hearty welcome.

Were not fortune incurably blind, surely to those frank souls who do noble things with meagre necks of mutton, she would now and then send with her especial compliments, a savoury haunch. One man shall be at best a splendid wretch with a hundred covers; whilst a Tom Goodfellow shall play Lucullus with a neck of mutton.—Yea, on a plate of sprats shall sup his friends "in the Apollo."

Droll, honest, hospitable Goodfellow,—for every

year of thy whimsical life, may the blessing of three hundred and sixty five dinners fall upon thee!

CHAPTER XVIII.

"BEWARE, sir, beware of modesty," was the counsel of Shadowly to Applejohn, as side-by-side they walked down the Kent-road. "Beware of the rock modesty; I have almost wrecked my fortunes on it."—John to the pressing solicitations of Shadowly to turn actor, urged his utter ignorance of the art, his want of taste for it, with many other disqualifications too numerous to mention; still, the tragedian would not so be answered: he insisted upon the infallibility of his own judgment, which assured him that John Applejohn was destined to make a very showy figure in the future history of the English stage.

"Bless your heart!" cried the simple John, "in such matters, you can't think what a fool I am; I'm worth nothing."

"Never say that—never own it, though it should be the truth. When a man tells the world he's worth nothing,—'tis no matter whether he is or not, the world always takes him at his own valuation. Now, there can't be a greater folly; because, the same man has only to go into highways and market-

places, and blow the key-bugle of his own praise to have all caps go off to him."

"Then, with submission, Mr. Shadowly, how is it that you, knowing the use of this, have never done it?" asked the acute Applejohn.

"There it is—there it is! I hadn't courage to follow my own precept out. It doesn't serve, for a man to sound two or three notes, and then blush and take to his heels, astonished at his own impudence; no—he must stand and blow away against all comers; and though his trumpet may be in itself but a poor cracked thing, still in time people's ears become accustomed to it, and then they begin to say a good word for it, then to vehemently praise it, and at last to own that there never was, and never will be, such another trumpet."

"But surely all people can't be so deceived?" said Applejohn.

"Perhaps, not all—but out of the mob, there's always a sufficient number to swear by any tin trumpet be it never so bad.—The only care is, that it be continually blown to them."

"What a pity! that you who know all this, should never,"—

"I know what you would say, John; but it's a defect I have in my face: there is, I own it, there is brass in it, but not enough: now, 'tis of little use to a man to have one cheek metal, if the blushes

will come through the other; no, sir; to go through with success, he must be hardcased all over."

Such was part and parcel of the very instructive lecture on worldly wisdom read by Shadowly on his way to Greenwich to present himself to Mr. Phœnix, proprietor of the Whitsuntide Theatre. The reader may, probably, wonder at the sudden intimacy between the tragedian and our hero: the mystery may be explained by one word,—vanity; Mr. Shadowly found in John Applejohn a most deferential admirer, and patronised him accordingly. The praise of John—rapt, astonished by the passionate speeches of the actor—was delicious incense to the nostrils of Shadowly, starving for admiration. The actor declaimed, and John vowed that never in his whole life had his nature been so moved, elevated—never had he caught such glimpses of poetic light!

"I'm sure, Mr. Shadowly," said John, the actor having finished one of Hamlet's soliloquies—"I'm sure, sir, you make me feel proud of myself, that you think me fit for your companion—me, who am a poor ignorant fellow, knowing nothing."

"I'll make a man of you, John: yes, you shall be the first Horatio of the day."

"I can't hope it, sir," and John shook his head.

"The first Horatio, as I am the first Hamlet: we'll storm the town and take it together. I'll read

all Hamlet to you—the whole of the tragedy left in the hackney-coach," said Shadowly, with a significant laugh.

"Now, what could have made that man deal in such wicked lies?" observed John, reminded of the poetic vapourings of the young tailor.

"What? Why, a strange and ravenous desire for praise," said the actor. "Of all weaknesses, perhaps, the most absurd and ridiculous; a folly that makes a man a laughing-stock to all the world. But, step out, John; we have little time to lose: I have a thousand things to settle with Phœnix, for it isn't often that he has an artist like myself, eh, John?"

"No, indeed, sir; I don't know much about it, but"—

"That's why I value your applause, John: you are not hackneyed in the ways of criticism; no, no; when I move you, I feel that I have struck upon the natural note of passion—I feel that I have done what only real genius can do, eh, John?"

"You may say that, sir."

"It's easy enough to play conventional tricks—to have a set grin—to gargle your throat with syllables—to shake your head—to stand and roll your eyes, and then to tap your forehead, as if there was something there too great to come out,—all

such pranks are easily played, and catch the admirers of a certain school.—But I hope I know how to despise all such antics. I hope that, taking the divine goddess nature for my guide, I arrive at the sources of feeling by simple, dignified, unerring means—eh, John?"

"You do, indeed, sir. I never heard anything like it; never."

"I believe not: yet, I must say, John, if there was more unsophisticated nature among audiences, more of that pure, natural intelligence, of which you possess so much"—

"Not I, sir—I'm sure, sir, I know nothing."

"Know nothing, John! What would I give to play before a pit full of such ignorance! Then my Hamlet might hope for fair dealing, then it's peculiar originality might gain due reward."

"And it must, sir; depend upon it, Mr. Shadowly, it must. If it's all as good as the bits you've said to me,"—

"Much better, John; very much better."

"Then it must be the noblest thing that human creature ever listened to."

"That's not the point, John: I was merely about to say, that I would back your opinion on acting—your simple, uneducated opinion in all its natural freshness,—against the voices of ten thousand. Believe me, John," and Mr. Shadowly took his compa-

nion's hand, "believe me, I think you the finest judge of natural acting,—I say, natural acting, that I ever met with. I say this; and I flatter no man."

Pursuing this pleasant discourse, the two friends arrived at that point of Greenwich allotted by authority to the sports of Whitsun merry-makers. The theatre—the principal dramatic establishment in the fair—presented itself to the lofty looks of the tragedian. He paused, and had inward wrestlings with his dignity—the struggle lasted but a few seconds, for putting his hands in his pockets, he there found conquering odds. He approached the unfinished building—he *would* not think it a booth—and mounting the steps, saw the proprietor Phœnix superintending "the clink of hammers."

"My name, sir, is Shadowly," said the actor, with a dignity that inferred he had said all that could be said. He repeated to the unmoved Phœnix—"Shadowly."

Mr. Phœnix was a big, burly man; with a round yellow face, small eyes winking in pits of flesh, the nose of a bull-dog, and the mouth of a fish. He wore a loose white coat, red waistcoat, corded breeches, and top-boots. A gold chain, large as the chain of a smoke-jack, dangling from his fob gave token of the man of wealth. He also displayed a large brooch of hair—the relic of a first love, a

slack-wire dancer, twenty years deceased,—surrounded with superb brilliants. Mr. Phœnix looked at the tragedian with the same intelligence that the reader, passing through a meadow, may have seen suddenly lighted up in the face of an ox.

"Shadowly, sir;" repeated the actor.

"Is it," observed the proprietor—"and what of that?"

"The name is of course, known to you?" and Mr. Shadowly bent himself back.

"Oh! ha! well, how d'ye do? to be sure," and Phœnix nodded a familiar welcome.

"I believe, Mr. Phœnix, I may without vanity say I have made some noise in the world," said the actor.

"By what I've heard, pretty well. I was sorry to hear of your misfortune in London," observed Phœnix.

"'Tis no matter, sir," replied Shadowly, believing of course that the proprietor alluded to the brutality of the manager. "It's no matter, sir. I appeal from Allgag to Phœnix; and have no fear of the result. When can we rehearse?"

"Whenever you like—you've brought all your traps with you?" asked Phœnix.

"They will be here per coach. The young lady who will play with me, I"—

"By-the-bye,—how is she? She was only a baby when I first come into the profession. Times is changed with some of us. Ha! I'm not too proud to own it—but I started in life with nothing to my back but a learned pig."

"Doubtless," said Shadowly, recurring to his immediate interests, "doubtless, the young lady has played Ophelia?"

"Ha! eight-and-twenty years ago—how the time does pass!—she was showed in a caravan: I recollect, she was the very first Spotted Girl as come out."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed Shadowly—"a Spotted Girl?"

"Yes, and when that went off—for the public is so very variable,—she was a wild Zealander—and then a mermaid—and then she took to the rope, and warn't it a little after that, when you married her?"

"I—I marry a—a Spotted Girl!" exclaimed Hamlet.

"My friend's a bachelor, sir," said Applejohn.

"Pray, Mr. Phœnix, do you know who I am—I ask you, sir,—who I am?"

"Why, Jack Shakerly, isn't it"—

"Shakerly!"

"Ha! Shakerly, as married little Nancy Tumtum

the Spotted Girl?—I heard she'd run away from you in London with the Wild Man from Madagascar—but I 'spose you've took her back?"

"And pray, sir," it was with heroic strength of mind that Shadowly subdued his mounting rage,—"pray, sir, am I to understand that you expect a Mr. John Shakerly and his wife, late Nancy Tumtum, the original Spotted Girl? Do such persons make part of your company?"

"Well! I thought," said Phœnix, shading his eyes with his hand, and staring at the tragic actor, "I thought if you was Jack Shakerly, you wasn't half the fine fellow you used to be, when you was the Indy Conjuror. I thought so," and Mr. Phœnix made no other reply.

"I come, sir," said Shadowly, and he frowned, "armed with the introduction of Mr. Goodfellow, agent."

"Oh! I see—you're the tip-top chap he wrote about?" said Phœnix, and Shadowly with a sickly smile acknowledged the homely compliment. "Well, I'm glad to see you: but, it's only fair in me to tell you that you'll have your work to do."

"I am aware, Mr. Phœnix, of the arduous task imposed upon me."

"You come after a great favourite, I can tell you: never was no one liked more than Bill Gale: something like an actor—took a pride and pleasure

in his business, as you may judge when I tell you he broke three blood-vessels in as many months."

"I trust, Mr. Phœnix, to achieve equal triumphs by wholly different means. Pray, how much do you act of Hamlet?"

"Why, as for Hamlet, you see we've taken the ghost out of it, and put him in a better piece of our own, and that's all we do of it."

"Not play Hamlet!" exclaimed Shadowly.

Mr. Phœnix thrust his hands in his pockets, and sucking his teeth, tranquilly asked—"Do you want to ruin me?"

It would, we fear, enlarge our story considerably beyond readable dimensions, did we attempt to give a faithful report of the very animated conversation that hereupon ensued between the actor and the manager: the tragedian taking Melpomene to witness, that no power in this sublunar world, no reward to be enjoyed in this transitory existence, should induce him to play anything less than Hamlet; whilst on the other hand, the manager spoke in terms of very equivocal respect of Shakspeare and all his works, and more especially of the bantling prince of Denmark. Shadowly spoke on the side of genius, taste, elevated passion, discoursing largely and learnedly thereon; Mr. Phœnix confined himself to profit and loss: the tragedian soared into the boundless ether of imagination—the master-

showman ensconced himself in his breeches-pocket. A compromise was at length effected; the negotiation being greatly assisted by the state of Shadowly's finances. It was finally agreed, that the actor should play the part in the drama written expressly by the author for the Greenwich Whitsuntide Theatre, the tragedian securing to himself the full privilege of introducing as much of the language of Hamlet as would harmonize with the mind and feelings of a Barbary corsair, such being the original character in the forthcoming dramatic poem. This treaty was no sooner concluded than the dramatist of the booth—he was, rare union! dramatist and money-taker too,—ventured to appeal against the measure.

"I tell you what, sir," said the dramatist, approaching the stolid Phœnix—"I tell you what, sir; I have my bread to get as well as Shakspeare—choose between us, if you please; all Shakspeare or all me, but I stand no partnerships."

Mr. Phœnix was a very powerful man; and his decision was equal to his strength. Therefore, the dramatist had no sooner delivered himself of his "unalterable determination," than Mr. Phœnix laid his hand upon the bard's collar, with startling dexterity turned him round, and applying his foot to that region where, when Minerva kept a sixpenny day-school in Olympus she applied the birch, he sent

the poet down a flight of steps, calling him a son of not the muses; and telling him to go to that place which we all earnestly hope to avoid, as soon as he could conveniently reconcile himself to the journey. The dramatist, fortunately for him, alighted on the head of the great drum. "Not the first time you've been saved by my music," cried the satirical drummer, at the time assisting in the erection of the orchestra.

"I trust, sir, that some of the soliloquies which I shall feel it my duty to introduce," said Shadowly, "will not be found too long?"

"Don't trouble yourself at all about that," said Phœnix; "'cause if they are, depend upon it, there'll be somebody polite enough in front to tell you to cut 'em short. And pray, what line are you in?" and the proprietor addressed himself to John. "What are you?"

"I'm nothing," said John, modestly.

"I beg your pardon,—he is a young man of very great promise," said Shadowly, "and if you would only give him an appearance,"—

"Quite full," replied Phœnix, to the great relief of Applejohn; "but I tell you what, could you eat raw beef?"

"I prefer it cooked," answered John.

"But I mean in the way of business—because Solomon's cannibal has struck for wages, and you

may have an opening in his caravan. I think, young man, you'd do very well for a cannibal—Solomon gives seven shillings a day besides the raw meat. That's his van over there," and Mr. Phœnix pointed to a huge green vehicle.

"Thank you, Mr. Phœnix—thank you, sir," said Shadowly, and taking Applejohn by the arm, the actor prepared to drag his passive friend down the steps.

"Stop, sir—stop; we begin at five, and you hav'n't got your part," said the showman to Shadowly.

"Depend on me, sir; an extraordinary study—get every line of it while I'm pulling off my boots," said Shadowly, and he hurried away, carrying Applejohn with him. When fairly out of the hearing of Phœnix, the actor said very confidentially to John—"Now, mark me; not one line do you hear from me that isn't in Hamlet: a Barbary corsair! yes, you'll see how I'll civilize him.—But John," and Shadowly pausing before Solomon's van, contemplated the human and inhuman wonders painted thrice the size of life, and exhibited as the exterior sign of the rarities to be seen for one penny within,—"John, this really promises something."

"Don't be deceived! bless you, there's nothing

like that when you get inside," said John, "I've been cheated too often."

"Pooh! Pooh! I mean, John, that with tolerable dressing—and if you'll pledge yourself to keep the service a secret from all mankind, I'll mark your face for you—with very little pains, you'd make a much better cannibal than that," and Shadowly pointed to the portrait of a wild man with pink flesh, and hair descending to the toes, holding a live rabbit to his ravenous jaws.

"What *do* you mean, Mr. Shadowly?" asked John.

"I mean, without flattery to assert, that if you'll give your natural qualifications proper play, there's not a cannibal in the fair that can stand against you. John, you're a lucky fellow—here's an opening that mayn't occur to a man in your situation once in his life."

"You really never mean, Mr. Shadowly, to advise me to show myself as a wild man, and eat raw meat?"

"And why not? Doesn't the philosophy of life tell you that raw meat is infinitely better than no meat at all—cookery, when all is said, is nothing more than a prejudice; one of the effeminate inventions of extreme civilization."

"I—I can't answer all you say," replied John,

modestly, "but I'd rather starve, Mr. Shadowly, as a decent Christian, than get my bread by turning half-naked cannibal."

"Starve!" echoed Shadowly, and looking with melancholy eyes on John, the actor asked—"do you know what starvation is? Don't talk of it,—but follow me this instant. I insist that"—

"Ha! What—Hamlet! all full—not an engagement to be had—just hired a wild man—great pity—very man!"

"Mr. Oldjoe!" exclaimed Applejohn, as that eccentric vintner descended the steps of the caravan, followed by a well-dressed boy of about ten years old,—"I hope, Mr. Oldjoe that,"—

"Quite well; never better—for a plain young man, and you know Mr. Shadowly, I never boasted of my beauty,—never could look better. Don't go in—don't think of going in," said Oldjoe, laying his hand on Shadowly's shoulder, "now I and my little boy have come out, there's nothing worth seeing."

"Your little boy, Mr. Oldjoe?" asked Shadowly.

"Child of my mind—offspring of my immortal part—you don't know it; but this little boy's a great man," said Oldjoe.

"Not an English child, eh?" asked Shadowly.

"Look at his open face,—tallow, hemp, and hides, eh? Hush! he's a Russian prince," said

Oldjoe, confidentially, "I'm his tutor; hence, as I say, he's offspring of my mind."

"A Russian prince!" cried Applejohn, "is it possible, sir?"

"His father's now at my house; the celebrated Prince Kickhisownwhiskeroff; with his wife, the Princess Kickherownwhiskeroff, and their daughters, Catharine and Elizabeth Kicktheirownwhiskersoff—sweet girls; one of 'em—but it isn't for me to betray the tenderness of a lady."

"And you are the young gentleman's tutor?" asked Shadowly.

"I have taken upon myself to teach him the beauties of the English Constitution; and so, with the consent of the prince, his papa, I've brought him down to Greenwich Fair. Nice, docile little fellow! Such affection—such sweetness of temper! Do you know why we went into that caravan? You'd hardly believe it in a child: when he looked upon the pictures outside, he burst into tears at the Swiss giantess, and would have it she was his own wet-nurse that he'd left at St. Petersburgh: took the dear baby in to pacify him; whilst there—he didn't think I heard him—I listened to the proprietor making an engagement with a Spitalfields weaver for a new cannibal."

"What a pity!" exclaimed Shadowly, turning to Applejohn—"we're too late."

"Why, you never wanted the engagement?" asked Oldjoe—"Hamlet come to raw beef?"

"I, sir!" shouted Shadowly, "No! sir—I trust, Mr. Oldjoe, when fortune comes to the worst, that I have sufficient magnanimity to starve."

"Always thought you a spirited fellow," said Oldjoe; "always said too that Allgag didn't use you well—but you shouldn't mind that, and for this reason—he uses nobody well. Come, Paul, my dear; you must go in the round-about," and Oldjoe was moving on.

"Prince Paul Kickhisownwhiskeroff in a round-about!" cried the astonished Shadowly.

"To be sure; you mayn't know it—but little Paul may some day be prime-minister in his own country: can't begin the round-about too early. Besides, as I said to his papa this morning—'Kick-yourownwhiskeroff,' said I, 'of course, you'd wish his highness to know all the ramifications'—that's not a bad word, is it?—'all the ramifications of English politics?' On which, Kick. lifted up his shoulders, and made a sound with his mouth as if he was blowing his soup—'I thought you would,' said I; and therefore, Mr. Hamlet, in the round-about Prince Paul goes."

"But, Mr. Oldjoe," cried Shadowly, "I presume the young prince has never seen me act? Allow me to state that in compliance with the

wishes, frequently expressed, of the nobility, gentry, and public of Greenwich, I have consented to appear for a limited number of days at a"—

"Booth?" observed Oldjoe.

"Theatre!" exclaimed Shadowly, "under the most respectable and liberal patronage that"—

"I tell you what,—Mr. Shadowly! I have a respect for your talents, and as you are one of the sights of the fair, I shall feel that I have not fulfilled my duty to Prince Paul Kickhisownwhiskeroff if he quits Greenwich without seeing you."

"Mr. Oldjoe, though we have met but once before, I then considered your judgement to be"—

"Exactly," said Oldjoe, interrupting the actor —"exactly. And now can you inform me—but were you ever at Bartlemy Fair?"

"Allow me to say," replied Shadowly, with dignified emphasis—"never. This is my first appearance at"—

"I didn't mean that," said Oldjoe.

"I thought you wished to ask about my Hamlet," observed Shadowly.

"Not I, indeed," said Oldjoe; "I wanted to ask you a question concerning sausages."

"Sir!" cried the actor; but Oldjoe was not a man to be startled from his purpose.

"Concerning sausages," he repeated. "By the way, you were never at Strasburg? Ha! Ca-

pital sausages there—once went a pilgrimage of the Rhine upon a single sausage. Capital tour! Cheap, savoury, and romantic. But I was about to say, Mr. Shadowly, if you've been at Smithfield, you may remember that at the festive season they make remarkably small yet toothsome sausages, that hiss away—you know what hissing is, eh?"

"Not as Hamlet, sir," replied Shadowly, stiffly.

"That's extraordinary," continued Oldjoe.—"Now, I wished particularly to know if sausages of precisely the same character—cooked by elderly ladies—and partaken of under the open sky by the lower orders, were to be had at Greenwich?"

"I think not—I've seen none, sir," said Applejohn.

"That's a pity—or otherwise I should certainly have treated the little Prince Paul to a sample of real old English hospitality. However, Mr. Shadowly, to return to your Hamlet. We have now various engagements; the first is for his highness to try his fortune in the lucky-bag; as an infant politician, who knows what's in store for him? Stop—the round-about first,—no, not so; the round-about as a politician he may take according to circumstances. Next, he must have at least a pennyworth of sticks: he may knock down a tobacco-box, and save it until his years of discretion—after that, he must visit the gypsies; then he must ring-the-bull; then

take a lesson in the curious and interesting game of pea-and-thimble, the whole to conclude with the learned pig, and"—

"I don't think there is a learned pig," said Applejohn.

"All the better for you, Mr. Shadowly," said Oldjoe; "for I can tell you, we shall then have a better chance of seeing your Hamlet."

"Sir," observed the actor, "as he is to come after the pig, the Prince of Denmark is much obliged to you."

"Egad! Prince of Denmark—so he is! I'd forgotten—I'm afraid we can't come: the fact is, the Kicktheirownwhiskersoff family and the Crown of Denmark have an old grudge between them: I'm not much of a politician—but I think, yes I think it's about an old right of catching mermaids in the Baltic, and pickling them for the London market."

"You are pleasant, Mr. Oldjoe," observed Shadowly with a contemptuous look.

"Always was from a child," answered Oldjoe. "I'm sorry for the mermaids—very sorry; but so it is, you see—I can't go against family prejudices. If, now, you could play and dress Hamlet as the Emperor of Austria, the prince might take it a compliment, and"—Mr. Shadowly turned away—"you won't? Very well—always the case with geniuses—will do things their own way. I turned

off a waiter yesterday who was a genius—would knock off the necks of his bottles, because he said 'twas beneath a genius to draw corks."

"I—I beg your pardon," said Applejohn, hanging at the skirts of Oldjoe, "but have you heard anything of my old master, Mr. Gruelthorpe?"

"Ha! there, sir—there," said Oldjoe, stopping short, and addressing himself to Shadowly, "there's a fatal instance of prejudice; beware of it, Mr. Shadowly. I've scarcely time to—Paul, my dear," and Oldjoe stopped and spoke affectionately to little .Kickhisownwhiskeroff—"Paul, my dear, if you must eat that chanticleer-in-trowsers,"—

"What do you call it?" asked Shadowly, staring at the gallinaceous gilt gingerbread in the hands of the Russian Prince. "Chanticleer-in-trowsers!"

"I assure you," said the solemn Oldjoe, "the name in polite circles.—Didn't you hear of that dreadful case of suicide? A lovely girl of eighteen, a nursery-maid in a noble family flung herself into the Thames."

"When! what for?" asked the tender-hearted Applejohn.

"Last Easter," replied Oldjoe very seriously. "She had been with the children to the fair, and bestowing upon them gingerbread like that in the hands of his Highness—wipe it off, and don't suck

the gold, love, if you must eat the bird,—yes, giving each of them just such a cake, she unfortunately gave with it the vulgar name. There was a talk of taking her before a magistrate for corrupting youth—the tutor of the family said that one Socrates had been made to drink bitters for no greater an offence; however, she was only turned away; when, she was so haunted by her conscience, that she drowned herself in the Thames. There was of course an inquest on the body."

"Is it really true?" inquired John.

"True!" cried Oldjoe with a stern look,—"I was foreman of the jury."

"But, Mr. Oldjoe, you spoke something of the danger of prejudice?" said Shadowly.

"I did, sir—listen to a tale of blighted love. Mr. Benjamin Gruelthorpe—I'm sorry, John, to have heard what I did of you. I thought you an honest man but it's clear, faces are made differently now—don't speak—I hav'n't time to hear you. Well, sir, Mr. Gruelthorpe—lay this story to your heart,—was in youthful life a pawnbroker; perhaps, you have met him? Never mind; his father died, and left him a heap of money—'tis but a few months since,— a heap of money. He went to Paris, fell in love with an English lady of rank and title, and everything was settled. He had as I say a heap of money, and there were no questions

asked. Being one day with the lady of his love, her mamma requested him to put a shawl upon Emily: in a moment of abstraction, he took the shawl, but instead of laying it on the alabaster shoulders of his mistress, he, no doubt thinking of bygone times, held up the article to the light, and stood looking at the shawl, as looks a pawnbroker. Nothing was said at the time," continued Oldjoe in a solemn voice, "but inquiries were set afoot, when the pawnbroker was discovered in Benjamin Gruelthorpe, Esq., and by means of a letter, written in a crowquill hand on pink paper, politely requested to forget the number of Emily's house. Now, sir, there's the effect of early prejudice."

"And what became of my young master?" inquired Applejohn very anxiously.

"When I was last in Paris, John, I endeavoured to discover. Walking towards Notre Dame with my friend Victor Hugo—'Vic.' said I, 'either my dear departed French tutor Têtedeveau, he was an emigrant duke—I've known two or three Dukes Têtedeveaus—who lived at Turnham Green when I went to school, either he misinformed my youthful mind, or not far distant from the towers of Notre Dame stands the Morgue. It was remarkable, but Hugo with little hesitation said—'*C'est vrai*;' and what was most strange, he at the same

moment pointed to the edifice. I entered the Morgue"—

"Isn't that the place,"—began Shadowly.

"It is," interrupted Oldjoe, "the place for the waifs and strays of death. I made every inquiry there for Benjamin,—and discovered to my considerable grief that an English gentleman with the recent marks of a pawnbroker had been buried from that benevolent establishment only three weeks before."

"Did you hear nothing more of Mr. Gruelthorpe,—nothing more certain?" asked Applejohn.

"Nothing at that time; but I received a letter yesterday from Dusseldorf informing me that Mr. Benjamin Gruelthorpe was at that moment residing there in the best of health, and in much better spirits."

"Why, then, all you've been telling us about his probable death"—

"I know what you were going to say, Mr. Shadowly, but permit me to remark as a gentleman—how fond these foreigners are of our gold!—look at the little prince, if he hasn't licked the gingerbread bare—how they do swallow our gold to be sure!—but I was about to remark, that we are now come to that very minute when it will give

me inexpressible satisfaction to wish you a very good day."

Mr. Shadowly instantly stopt, and with a lofty air was about to make doubtless a very dignified speech, when Oldjoe patted him upon the shoulder, and observed—"Sorry—very sorry that the pickled mermaids won't let me hear your Hamlet; but if, as I said, you could only make it the Emperor of Austria, I should be too happy. Now, Paul, my dear," and Oldjoe without deigning another word to the actor, addressed himself to the little Russian —"now, Paul, there is first the lucky-bag—then the sticks—then the ringing-the-bull—then the round-a-bout—ha! won't you think of me when you're prime minister?—and last of all, if you're a very good prince, and keep your hands clean, you shall be rewarded with a swing."

At this moment the prince pointing to a circle of men, exclaimed—"Oh! oh! oh!"

"Paul, I see it," was the prediction of Oldjoe, "I see it—you'll be a great man and a greater minister. My little love, that is one of our venerable institutions—that is a game originally invented by the first rulers of the world, and used very much among the Druids—that institution is no other than the thimble-rig!" The boy looked up at Oldjoe, who composing his features, said—"May it please your highness, pronounce thimble-rig."

The juvenile Prince Kickhisownwhiskeroff stared in the face of Oldjoe, and, for a first experiment, pronounced the words with a very creditable accent. "Say it again," said Oldjoe, when the Prince repeated the words. "Ha!" exclaimed Oldjoe, patting the cheek of the Prince, "oughtn't your country to give me a pension? Well, well, I suppose I must be content with an order or two: if, my dear, your father should ask you what you think I'd prefer, you may say the black eagle. And now—hush!—here is the table—here the professors!—You now behold the boast of Britons—the real thimble-rig!"

Shadowly and Applejohn were about to join the lookers-on at the table, when they were accosted by an almost breathless messenger despatched in search of them by Mr. Phœnix.

"He can't want me," said Applejohn.

"He does, though," said the messenger. "I can tell you, we're ruined without you."

"There must be some mistake," said John to the actor.

"None at all," replied Shadowly, and grasping the arm of Applejohn, he led him back to the booth.

CHAPTER XIX.

APPLEJOHN had no sooner mounted the platform, than Mr. Phœnix ran forward to greet him. "You hav'n't settled for the wild man?"

"Certainly not," said John. "I tell you, I'd starve first. I'm not without a shilling yet, and"—at this moment John placed his hand in his pocket, but immediately started and turned as pale as if a reptile there had stung him.

"What's the matter—are you ill?" asked Shadowly.

"Not a penny—as I'm a Christian, not a penny!" said Applejohn. "The lord forgive him, whoever he is!—but whilst we stood gaping before the van, some thief has picked my pocket—seven and sixpence, as I hope to be saved."

"Never mind—I'll fill your pocket for you;" said Mr. Phœnix; who then taking a studied view of John's anatomy, exclaimed in a burst of admiration—"why, you are the very thing, and not a shade of mistake!"

"I can't do anything," cried the modest John, "upon my word, I can't."

"Ten shillings a day," said Phœnix aside to Shadowly, "and he must do it."

"Let the skin be brought after us," said the actor in a low voice to Phœnix; and then to Applejohn—"John, follow me." Our hero, humbled by his recent loss, desponding at his present state of destitution, obeyed without a word the mandate of the actor; and speedily found himself behind the scenes, among a crowd of artists preparing for the business of the time.

"Gentlemen," said the actor, "my name is Shadowly; the name is, I trust, a sufficient introduction—I greet ye as brethren—men devoted like myself to an elevated art: enough for myself. I have now, gentlemen, in obedience to the wishes of Mr. Phœnix, to introduce to your fraternal indulgence Mr. John Applejohn, who is engaged to represent at a very short notice all the statues hitherto made attractive by the grace and strength of Mr. Jawbone, who, for reasons undiscovered, has absented himself at this critical moment from the theatre."

It is only due to the liberal feelings of the artists assembled, to state that they bestowed the heartiest welcome upon John; who was so astonished at the introduction, so overwhelmed by the cordiality of his companions, that for some moments he stood

staring about him, bereft of speech. At length he was able to exclaim—"I play statues—I never did such a thing in my life! Not for the world! Mr. Shadowly,—there must be a mistake!"

"Mr. Applejohn," said Shadowly, "I have ventured to answer for your consent in this very trifling matter. I well knew the benevolence of your disposition—your readiness to oblige your fellow-creatures—your goodness of heart—in short, all those virtues which I will spare myself the trouble and you the confusion of remembering—and I therefore on my private knowledge of your admirable character, pledged myself for your acquiescence."

"I wish I could be of any use, but I—I"—and again John stammered and stared.

"Unless you comply," said Shadowly, "Mr. Phœnix must forego the advantages of the present very limited season, and close the theatre. I appeal to your humanity, Mr. Applejohn.—Here are ten gentlemen before you, each with a wife and some with two families—their beds, their dinners for the next month are in your hands."

"But, I don't see how," cried the amazed Applejohn.

"Rival booths, I mean"—and Shadowly hastily corrected himself—"I mean theatres, have a stone Hercules walking outside; such a person has hitherto been the great attraction of this establishment:

Mr. Jawbone, you hear is not to be found—you are the only man with a figure for Hercules—the only man,"—

"But I can't play," said Applejohn.

"We don't require it: all we desire to save the theatre from destruction is,—that you should dress yourself and promenade outside."

"But if I'm known," cried John, "I'm ruined for life."

"Wherefore ruined, sir?" asked Shadowly.

"What do you mean by ruin?" exclaimed half-a-dozen voices.

"Are any of these gentlemen ruined?" inquired Shadowly; "stand they not as well with the world as they have ever done?"

"I didn't mean," said Applejohn, and he vainly attempted to apologise—"I assure you, I only meant to say that"—

"That you would prepare yourself this minute;—here is the dress," and Shadowly presented John with an elastic web made to fit the naked figure, muscular developments being assisted by proper padding.

"Anything but that—I couldn't Mr. Shadowly—I"—and John endeavoured to make good his retreat, when Shadowly seized, and then addressed him.

"Mr. Applejohn, I again appeal to your humanity

—still, when you have put on the dress, if you shall continue to feel a diffidence in your natural powers—and you'll have nothing to do but to walk about, as the mob are not to know that you are not Jawbone himself—if, however, you remain doubtful of your abilities, you may doff the dress and"—

"Well, I'm sure I sha'n't like it, but to show you that I," and John took off his coat.

"I expected no less, Mr. Applejohn, from your philanthropy," said Shadowly; who with others assisted John to dress, and in a few minutes our hero to his own consternation found himself clothed, wigged, and whitened for a stone Hercules.

"I can't do it—I should die if anybody was to see me—I—where's my clothes?" and Applejohn looked for his every-day garments. "I should be very happy to oblige you, gentlemen, but I feel that this is—hallo!—what are you about? Gentlemen! I insist! Murder!"—

"Hold your tongue, you fool!" said an actor, one of the four who had suddenly lifted John Applejohn, the new Hercules off his legs, and were now running to deposit him on the platform without.

"If you say a word, we'll pitch you into the mob," said a second of the bearers, and in a trice John found himself set down among the mummers

without. A loud cheer from the surrounding crowd welcomed the wretched Applejohn; who, so much was he alarmed, appalled by his situation, could see nothing distinctly. His sight grew dim—his throat became suddenly dry—the blood sang in his ears—his tongue was glued to his mouth—his knees knocked together, and he would certainly have fallen on the boards, had not a young lady in a Highlander's costume—one of the gentle actresses, —caught him by the arm, and to rally him into self-possession, insisted on his immediately making one in a three-handed reel, with herself and a grand Turk.

The fair had now begun. Showman strove to out-bellow showman, cymbals clashed, drums beat —and all was holyday uproar. As the evening advanced, the crowd became more dense and more vociferous, now taunting John with his awkardness —now, with his idleness, as like a strayed goose he wandered to and fro, devoutly praying for midnight. He had in vain begged for his clothes to be restored to him, that he might cease to be a statue, and run away. To all these entreaties Mr. Phœnix deigned nothing more consolatory than a very coarse command for John to attend to his business, with subsequent permission when the fair was over to go to the same place, whither in the morning the proprietor had despatched the dramatist. John

wandered inconsolably backwards and forwards, when he was rudely accosted by a tall, robust, clownish, drunken fellow, who had forced his way through the crowd, and had mounted the platform. "Perhaps, you don't know me?" said the stranger, glaring at Applejohn.

"I—I have not that pleasure," said John.

"Well, then, it's time you did: my name is Jawbone—I've been in this troop since I played the fairies"—

"What! my dear fellow," and John's heart leapt at the prospect of deliverance—"the Jawbone so celebrated as the statues?"

"Exactly: and now, I'll let you know—because an artist of my standing gets drunk a little—I'll let you know what it is for sneaking rascals like you to come and try to take the bread out of his mouth!"

"I take your bread? if you'll believe me, Mr. Jawbone,"—but John was not allowed to conclude his sentence; for the tipsy Hercules with a power worthy of the arm of his namesake, threw our hapless hero from the platform into the midst of the mob. Fortunately for John, his weight was very equally divided upon the heads of half-a-dozen of his former spectators, who, however, proceeded to resent the freedom by falling upon the innocent offender. A yell from the mob—a rejoicing shout

—attended the descent of John from the platform, and a hundred fellows in the crowd rushed to the spot where Hercules had alighted. In the midst of this uproar, several sparkish holyday makers broke through the press, and seized upon the astounded Applejohn.—"Here's fun!—glorious fun! lend me a knife—must have his nose—give a hundred for the nose of a living statue—hurrah!—glorious fun!" Such were the cries of five individuals who, it may be sufficient to say, are not to be considered strangers by the reader, and who were bearing away with triumphant cries the helpless Applejohn, who roared, but as it appeared roared in vain for rescue, when a sailor broke through the mob, laid right and left about him, and seizing the captive Hercules, swore he would murder any number of rascals who should dare to lay a finger on him.

"Well, I'm glad you sung out!—I knew your voice—but lord! that I should find you in such a pickle!" said the sailor.

"Why—it isn't Seabright!—Ned Seabright?" exclaimed Applejohn, and with no further words, he flung his arms about his deliverer, covering him with classic chalk.

"Jack, Jack—how could you so disgrace yourself?—how could—but here they come!—here comes Sarah and her father!"

Vol. II. Page 321.

FINAL REWARD OF JOHN APPLEJOHN.

Published by Henry Colburn, Great Marlborough Street, 1838

At these words, Applejohn breaking from his friend, endeavoured to escape. "No, Jack; we've had a pretty dance to find you, and now you don't slip your cable, I can tell you. Farmer, give us your coat—here's a hat—and now, come along to the Compasses."

John in silence, the blushes burning through his whitened face, suffered himself to be wrapt in the farmer's great coat, to have his stone-coloured wig replaced by his friend's hat, and trembling with surprize and shame, to be hurried through the crowd to a neighbouring ale-house.

"I ha' done thee wrong," said Farmer Twopenny, holding forth his hand to the confounded Applejohn, who was never so much a statue—"Ned Seabright ha' cleared it all up—and when you're in Christian shape again, if you like to ha' Sarah, why"—

The next instant Sarah Twopenny was in the arms of her bewildered Hercules.

CHAPTER XX.

We trust that a short chapter will be sufficient to clear up the plot to the satisfaction of the reader, who, we hope, has not forgotten our introduction

of Applejohn, seated on a door-step in Chancery-lane. "Aye, he was seen there, drunk," says the reader.

By no means: hear the story. John Applejohn on the twentieth of June, a burning evening, had been summoned to a certain hospitable roof in Chancery-Lane to bail Edward Seabright, master-mariner, and John's schoolfellow, maliciously arrested for an exorbitant debt. The room of the prison was stifling hot, and John, awaiting certain preliminaries walked to the door, and seated himself upon the step. With his head in his hand he awaited the coming of a humble functionary despatched upon some cautionary duty. In this attitude he was seen by an uncharitable acquaintance, and duly reported drunk—for, it was reasonably asked, would any respectable man be found in such a situation if he were sober? John meant well—no man better; but the story of his drunkenness flew from mouth to mouth; his clothier refused him credit—Farmer Twopenny denied him a promised wife—misfortune followed misfortune—and John, still meaning well, at length found himself upon the stage of a mountebank, to be flung thence as a sneaking interloper, an underhand varlet with a mean design upon another's bread!

Captain Seabright returned to London, having made a prosperous voyage. He sought for John,

and learned the story of his vice from the Farmer, who dwelt with great emphasis on the drunkenness of Applejohn on a particular night when he was seen sitting intoxicated on a step in Chancery-lane. The sailor immediately explained away the calumny; showed how much poor Applejohn had been abused—tracked him from place to place—and at length, with the Farmer and Sarah came to Greenwich Fair, at the very minute Hercules Applejohn, like a mangy cur, was flung among the bellowing crowd.

If the reader admire simple, honest meaning, cheerfully pursued—despite all calumny, despite all suffering,—for its simple, honest sake, we think he will rejoice that John Applejohn obtained Sarah Twopenny for wife, and that fortune, tired of persecuting him, rewarded him for troubles past with the three great blessings of this mortal stage—health, competence, and the respect of men.

END OF VOL. II.

PRINTED BY W. WILCOCKSON, ROLLS BUILDINGS, FETTER LANE.

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA
3 0112 079561244